# A BOOK of LULLABIES

ELVA S. SMITH

This fine book is strictly not a juvenile, although very definitely concerned with young children. It is a comprehensive collection of Cradle Songs selected from many sources. Folk lullabies of different lands are included as well as poems by individual authors. The old-time favorites are here; but many other less well known selections will also be found, and writers of to-day, Padraic Colum, Seumas MacManus, Helen Coale Crew, Louise Ayres Garnett, Elizabeth Shane, Francis Carlin, Richard Le Gallienne, William B. Yeats, Alfred Noyes, and others, are represented as well as the authors of an earlier period. The selections are arranged in groups under appropriate headings, such as Hush Rhymes, Nature Lullabies, Rewards and Punishments, Fairies and Enchantments, and Lullabies for the Christ-Child. There are notes of sources, and references to additional literature; also author, title, and first-line indexes. The illustrations are reproductions from famous paintings. An unusual and interesting anthology, which will be especially valuable for reference use.

# A BOOK OF LULLABIES

## BOOKS

Edited by ELVA S. SMITH

Cataloguer of Children's Books, Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh

Illustrated Cloth

GOOD OLD STORIES for Boys and Girls
MYSTERY TALES for Boys and Girls
PEACE AND PATRIOTISM
HEROINES OF HISTORY AND LEGEND
MORE MYSTERY TALES for Boys and Girls
A BOOK OF LULLABIES

---

Edited by ELVA S. SMITH and ALICE I. HAZELTINE

St. Louis Public Library

CHRISTMAS IN LEGEND AND STORY

ADAGIO.

*From Painting by Hans Herterich.*

# A BOOK OF LULLABIES

Compiled by

ELVA S. SMITH

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM FAMOUS PAINTINGS

BOSTON
LOTHROP, LEE & SHEPARD CO.

33760

Copyright, 1925,
By Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.

*All Rights Reserved*

A Book of Lullabies

PN
6110
C4
S57

Printed in U. S. A.

Norwood Press
BERWICK & SMITH CO.
Norwood, Mass.

# PREFACE

In the course of a usual day's work librarians are frequently called upon to trace the source of some half-remembered lines of poetry; and there are occasions when reference books and well-trained memories fail to provide the necessary clues. Requests for lullabies prove particularly tantalizing. They exist in large numbers and there are naturally many similarities in thought and sometimes in expression, especially in refrains. This collection originated in research of this kind and its primary purpose is to help librarians who may receive inquiries of a similar nature. It is hoped, however, that the volume will be of value for other purposes also. The lullaby goes back in its history to the very beginnings of literature and its development is well worth special study. The simple croon, used instinctively by the primitive mother to lull her child to rest, and the modern slumber song are akin in the feeling which they express. This common sentiment, with its universal appeal, links together diverse ages and races, and provides a common bond for men and women in widely different stations in life. But however strong the family likeness may seem, however frequently the same images are employed, there are countless variations in character and in manner. The folk lullabies reflect not only the emotions of the peo-

ple but also the customs and the beliefs of those who first sang them. Into the later poems has passed something of the personality of the individual writer; they differ in method and in artistry. It is interesting, therefore, to trace the resemblances and to note the differences between the cradle songs of different times and climes, between the old and the new.

In order to serve the purpose intended the collection has been made comprehensive in character rather than narrowly selective; and a few poems other than lullabies, but which may be useful in connection with them, have been added. Some of the selections included are of interest more for the idea and the feeling expressed than for their art; but others will be found that possess the "very poetry of poetry." The poems and songs have been chosen from a variety of sources; but there has been no attempt to form an exhaustive compilation, and the collection has been limited to those which were available in English renderings. An adequate presentation of the lullaby literature of different lands would have required not only extended research, for which both time and opportunity were lacking, but would have exceeded the limits of the proposed volume. Many cradle songs by modern writers have necessarily been omitted because of copyright restrictions; and authors, such as Eugene Field and Laurence Alma Tadema, who have written numerous lullabies, are represented by a selection only. Refer-

ences to some of the cradle songs not included will be found in the notes which are appended.

Most lullabies were made to be sung, and these naturally lose greatly by their enforced separation from the melodies with which they are generally associated. The omission may seem especially serious in some cases; but the inclusion of music would have necessitated a different type of book and, therefore, seemed inadvisable.

The problem of the best arrangement was a matter of concern; but the division of the lullabies into subject groups seemed to offer special elements of interest which were lacking in the other forms considered. Such an arrangement is manifestly imperfect, for many lullabies might have been assigned with equal appropriateness to several of the different groups and some could not easily be classed with any other poem included. The difficulties inherent in this plan will, it is hoped, be overcome to some extent by the various indexes which have been added.

An effort has been made to verify texts from authoritative sources whenever this has been possible; but no attempt has been made to indicate all the variations in text for the older songs and carols which are extant in several versions. Also, many of the lullabies included are fugitive little poems whose source is unknown; and others first appeared in volumes which have long been out of print and which could not be obtained for verification.

One of the pleasures connected with the work of compilation has been the renewed acquaintance with the poetry of the various authors represented; and it may be that some user of the book may also be interested to turn to some of the many delightful volumes from which the selections have been drawn. Folk literature has a fascination all its own and, for an introduction to this subject, "Essays in the Study of Folk-Songs," by the Countess Martinengo-Cesaresco, will be found entertaining and exceedingly valuable. Another book which merits special commendation in this connection is Grace Warrack's "Florilegio di Canti Toscani" which contains a number of lovely Italian lullabies and children's prayers with English translations. "Songs of the Hebrides," by Marjory Kennedy Fraser and Kenneth Macleod, also indicates what may be done in the collection of folk-songs of special localities.

It only remains to express my very cordial appreciation of the courtesy of the publishers and of the individual authors who have so generously permitted the use of selections from their works. Without their coöperation this collection would not have been possible. I wish also to inscribe here my sincere gratitude to Miss Ruth Carpenter for many helpful suggestions.

ELVA S. SMITH.

*Pittsburgh,*
*February, 1925.*

## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

THE compiler is indebted to the following authors, periodicals, and publishers for permission to use the selections indicated, all rights in which are in each case reserved by the owner of the copyright.

Miss Laurence Alma Tadema: "A Lullaby"; also, "A Blessing for the Blessed," "A Wintry Lullaby," and "The Warm Cradle," from "Songs of Womanhood."

D. Appleton & Company: "Hush Song," from "By Bog and Sea in Donegal," by Elizabeth Shane.

Edward Arnold & Company: "The Land o' Nae Surprise," from "Pat M'Carty, Farmer of Antrim; His Rhymes," by John Stevenson.

Atlantic Monthly Press: "Lullaby," by J. R. Taylor, from *The Atlantic Monthly;* "Dolly's Lullaby," from "Many Children," by Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer.

Mrs. Josephine Daskam Bacon: "The Sleepy Song," from "Poems."

Mr. Richard G. Badger: "A Lullaby," from "Poems," by Mary N. Prescott.

A. & C. Black: "Cradle Song," from "Some Nursery Rhymes of Belgium, France and Russia," by L. Edna Walter.

The Bobbs–Merrill Company: "A Lullaby," from "Comes One with a Song," by Frank L. Stanton.

Mr. E. A. Brininstool: "A Prairie Mother's Lullaby" and "The Voyage to Lullaby Land."

Dr. Richard Burton: "Say, Little Maiden," from "Collected Poems" of Arthur Upson.

Jonathan Cape, Limited, and Mr. W. H. Davies: "A Mother to Her Sick Child," from "Collected Poems" of Mr. Davies.

*The Canadian Magazine:* "An Indian Lullaby," by Claude Bryan.

Mr. Francis Carlin and Henry Holt and Company: "The Haymakers' Lullaby," from "The Cairn of Stars" and "The Virgin's Slumber Song," from "My Ireland."

Chatto & Windus and Miss Eleanor Hull: "The Fairies' Lullaby," from "The Poem-Book of the Gael." Chatto & Windus, Duffield & Company, and Miss Edith Rickert: "Lullaby, Mine Liking" and "By-By, Lullaby," from "Ancient English Christmas Carols."

Mr. Padraic Colum: "Lullaby," from "Wild Earth, and Other Poems."

*The Cornhill Magazine:* "The Virgin's Lullaby," by Nora Hopper.

The Cornhill Publishing Company: "You's Sweet to Yo' Mammy Jes' de Same," from "Fifty Years, and Other Poems," by James Weldon Johnson.

*The Cosmopolitan:* "Indian Lullaby," by Sarah Comstock; "Lullaby," by Nannie Fitzhugh Maclean; "The Sandman," by Mary White Slater.

Mr. Algernon Crapsey: "Cradle-Song," from "Verse," by Adelaide Crapsey.

Mrs. Helen Coale Crew and the *New York Evening Post:* "In a Low Rocking-Chair."

Dodd, Mead & Company: "A Child's Song of Christmas," from "Lamp of Poor Souls," by Marjorie L. C. Pickthall; "Slumber Song," from "Poems," by Marie Van Vorst.

George H. Doran Company: "Lullaby for a Baby Fairy," from "Poems, Essays, and Letters" of Joyce Kilmer, copyright 1918, by George H. Doran Company, Publishers.

E. P. Dutton & Company: "A Lullaby," from "A Chant of Love for England, and Other Poems," by Helen Gray Cone; "Slumber Fairies," from "Fairy Gold," by Katharine Lee Bates; "The Stars' Song," from "Jack and Jill," by Greville MacDonald; also, folk lullabies from "Essays in the Study of Folk-Songs," by the Countess Martinengo-Cesaresco.

Forbes & Company: "Lullaby" and "Three Lullabies;" by Fred Emerson Brooks.

Mrs. Louise Ayres Garnett and *Contemporary Verse:* "De Li'l' Jesus-Baby" and "Li'l' Yaller Cradle"; Mrs. Garnett and *Harper's Bazar:* "The Dream Boat."

Mrs. Augustus McK. Gifford (Fannie Stearns Davis): "Evening Song," from "Crack o' Dawn."

Mr. Charles Buxton Going: "Sleepy Song," from "Star-Glow and Song."

Mr. Alfred Perceval Graves: "An Irish Lullaby," "As a Blossom Sweet and Rosy," and "The Cradle of Gold."

Thomas P. Halpin Company: "A Lullabye,"

from "A Ballad of the White Ship, and Other Poems," by William Noble Roundy.

Harcourt, Brace and Company: "A Dixie Lullaby," from "Canzoni," by T. A. Daly, by permission of Harcourt, Brace and Company, Inc., the holders of the copyright.

Mr. Arthur S. Hardy: "Lullaby," from "Songs of Two."

Harper and Brothers: "Lullaby," from "An Ode to Girlhood, and Other Poems," by Alice A. Sewall.

*Harper's Bazar:* "A Romany Lullaby," by Edith de Charms, and "The Dream Boat," by Mrs. Louise Ayres Garnett.

Mr. Robert E. Healy: "His Lullaby."

Mrs. Ella Higginson: "Cradle-Song of the Fisherman's Wife," from "When the Birds Go North Again"; also, "The Childless Mother's Lullaby."

Henry Holt and Company: Three poems by Walter De la Mare: "Dream-Song," from "Down-adown-Derry"; "Lullaby," from "Poems"; "Peak and Puke," from "Peacock Pie."

Houghton Mifflin Company: The selections by Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Alice Cary, Mrs. Florence Earle Coates, Mrs. Grace Hazard Conkling, Richard Watson Gilder, Lucy Larcom, Josephine Preston Peabody, Elizabeth Prentiss, Frank D. Sherman, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Elizabeth Stoddard, Celia Thaxter, Edith M. Thomas, and Margaret Vandegrift are used by permission of, and by

special arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Company, the authorized publishers.

Mr. B. W. Huebsch: "Lullaby," from "Dreams Out of Darkness," by Jean Starr Untermeyer.

*The Independent:* "Black Mammy's Lullaby," by Wightman F. Melton.

*The Irish Monthly:* "Slumber Song," by Alice Furlong; "A Hush Song," by Paul Gregan; "Mary to Her Babe," by L. L. O'K.; "Seaside Nursery Song," by M. La T.

Mrs. Carrie Jacobs-Bond: "A Sleepy Song"; also, "His Lullaby," by Robert E. Healy.

The Jewish Publication Society of America: "A Ghetto Cradle-Song," from "Songs of a Wanderer," by Philip M. Raskin.

Mr. James B. Kenyon: Selections from "Little Book of Lullabies."

Mr. Alfred A. Knopf: "Lullaby," from "Grenstone Poems," by Witter Bynner; "Cradle-Song," from "Verse," by Adelaide Crapsey.

*The Ladies' Home Journal:* "My Baby Dear," by Samuel Abbott.

Mr. Edmund S. Leamy and The Devin-Adair Company: "Lullaby," from "My Ship, and Other Verses."

Mr. Richard Le Gallienne: "A Child's Evensong."

Mr. Shane Leslie: "Rebel Mother's Lullaby."

Little, Brown & Company: "Johnny's By-Low Song," and "Song of the Little Winds," by Laura E. Richards. From "In My Nursery." Copyrighted by Little, Brown & Company.

Longmans, Green & Company: "Cecil," from "Songs of Childhood," by Walter De la Mare; "Hazeleye's Lullaby," by Chief Simon Pokagon, from "Indian Sketches," by Cornelia S. Hulst.

Mr. Seumas MacManus: "Lullaby," from "Ballads of a Country-Boy"; also, "Neece the Rapparee," from "The Four Winds of Eirinn," by Ethna Carbery (Anna Johnston MacManus). Published by M. H. Gill & Son.

The Macmillan Company: "Lullaby," from "Wild Earth and Other Poems," by Padraic Colum; "Evening Song," from "Crack o' Dawn," by Fannie Stearns Davis; "Cradle-Song of the Fisherman's Wife," from "When the Birds Go North Again" and "The Childless Mother's Lullaby," by Ella Higginson; "Lullaby," from "You and I," by Harriet Monroe; "Hushaby," from "The Little Flag on Main Street," by McLandburgh Wilson; two cradle songs by William B. Yeats.

Macmillan & Company, Ltd., London: "Mother-Song," from "Prince Lucifer," by Alfred Austin.

Mr. Edwin Markham: "A Prayer," from "The Man with the Hoe, and Other Poems," copyrighted in 1899.

Mr. Elkin Mathews: "A Lullaby," "A Song of Mary," and "Unto Us a Child is Born," from "Christmas Songs and Carols," by Agnes H. Begbie.

Mrs. Madeleine Sweeny Miller and The Methodist Book Concern: "A Winter Lullaby," from

"Songs from the Smoke," by Madeleine Sweeny Miller, copyright, 1914. Used by permission of The Methodist Book Concern.

Mr. Leigh Richmond Miner and The Outlook Company: "De Li'l' Road to Res'" and "Dey Don' Know." Reprinted from *The Outlook,* September 17, 1919.

Mr. Langdon E. Mitchell: "Carol."

Miss Harriet Monroe: "Lullaby," from "You and I."

The Norman, Remington Company: "Lullaby," from "An Epilogue," by Seumas O'Sullivan.

Mr. Vincent O'Sullivan: "Norman Cradle-Song."

*Overland Monthly:* "Syrian Lullaby," by Alice Hathaway Cunningham.

L. C. Page & Company: "A Child's Prayer at Evening" and "Sleepy Man," from "Poems," by Charles G. D. Roberts. Copyrighted, 1903.

Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co.: "Sea Slumber-Song" and "Cradle Song for Summer," from "Collected Poems" of Roden Noel.

Mr. Harry Noyes Pratt: "Lullaby-O, By-O, Babe," and "Hushabye Sea," from "Hill Trails and Open Sky; a Book of California Verse."

G. P. Putnam's Sons: "Cossack Cradle-Song," by Lermontoff, from "Romance of Russia," by Mrs. Elizabeth Champney. Courtesy of G. P. Putnam's Sons, Publishers, New York and London.

Fleming H. Revell Company: "Harvest Slumber

Song," by Wilfred Campbell; also three lullabies from "Chinese Mother Goose Rhymes," by Dr. Isaac T. Headland.

G. Schirmer, Inc.: "Hottentot Cradle-Song," by Fanny Raymond Ritter; "Lullaby," translated by Dr. Theo. Baker.

Charles Scribner's Sons: "The Sleepy Song," from "Poems," by Josephine Daskam Bacon; "Bye, Baby, Night is Come," from "Rhymes and Jingles," by Mary Mapes Dodge; "A Mother-Song," from "Afternoon Songs," by Julia C. R. Dorr; "Christmas Eve," "Little Blue Pigeon," "Norse Lullaby," and "The Rock-a-By Lady," by Eugene Field; "An Invocation to Sleep," by J. G. Holland; "Cradle Song," from "Bitter-Sweet," "Rockaby, Lullaby," from "Mistress of the Manse," "Where Shall the Baby's Dimple Be?" from "The Puritan's Guest, and Other Poems," "Cradle-Song at Twilight," from "Poems," by Alice Meynell; "The Wild Woman's Lullaby," by Constance Lindsay Skinner, from *Scribner's Magazine;* "Little Boatie," from "Poems," by Henry Van Dyke.

Mrs. William Sharp: "Lullaby," "Hushing Song," and "St. Bride's Lullaby," from "Poems and Dramas" of "Fiona Macleod" (William Sharp).

Constance Lindsay Skinner: "The Wild Woman's Lullaby."

Small, Maynard & Company: "Slumber Song," from "Child Verse," by Father Tabb, and "A Cradle-Song," from his "Poems"; "Cra-

dle-Song," from "The Heart of Peace," by Laurence Housman. Used by and with the permission of Small, Maynard & Co., Inc.

Judge Wendell P. Stafford: "Lullaby," from "The Land We Love."

Frederick A. Stokes Company: "Hammock Lullaby," by Charlotte Brewster Jordan, from "Mother-Song and Child-Song"; "Lullaby of the Pict Mother," from "Masters of the Guild," by Louise Lamprey; "Slumber-Songs of the Madonna," from "Collected Poems" of Alfred Noyes, copyrighted, 1913–1920.

M. Witmark & Sons: "Go Sleep, Ma Honey," by E. D. Barker. Printed by permission of M. Witmark & Sons, publishers and owners of the copyright.

Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer: "Dolly's Lullaby," from "Many Children"; also "Cradle-Song," from "Poems," the Macmillan Company, 1910.

Miss McLandburgh Wilson: "Hushaby," from "The Little Flag on Main Street."

Miss Elizabeth Hays Wilkinson: "Good-night," and "The Land of Nod," from "The Lane to Sleepy Town, and Other Verses."

*The Youth's Companion:* "A Lullaby," by George Edgar Montgomery, from the issue for March 26, 1896; "Cradle Song," by Eben E. Rexford, from the issue for November 6, 1890.

# CONTENTS


| | PAGE |
|---|---|
| PREFACE | v |
| ACKNOWLEDGMENTS | ix |
| HUSH RHYMES | 1 |
| THE BABY'S CHARMS | 5 |
| THE CHILD'S THOUGHTS | 16 |
| INFANT WOE | 18 |
| THE WEARY CHILD | 23 |
| THE CHILD ASLEEP | 26 |
| THOUGHTS OF THE CHILD'S FUTURE | 37 |
| THE PRAYER FOR THE CHILD'S WELFARE | 60 |
| THE LOVE AND PROTECTION OF MOTHER AND FATHER | 69 |
| THE PROTECTION OF THE HEAVENLY POWERS | 105 |
| The Guardian Angels | 128 |
| NATURE LULLABIES | 155 |
| The Winds and the Waves | 181 |
| The Seasons | 198 |
| Animals, Birds, and Flowers | 206 |
| AN INVOCATION TO SLEEP | 243 |
| WAYS TO LULLABY LAND | 248 |
| THE LAND OF DREAMS | 292 |
| REWARDS AND PUNISHMENTS | 300 |
| FAIRIES AND ENCHANTMENTS | 321 |
| SORROW AND WOE | 337 |
| HUMOROUS LULLABIES | 385 |
| LULLABIES FOR DOLLS | 390 |

LULLABIES FOR THE CHRIST-CHILD . . . 395
Latin Hymns and Inscriptions . . . 395
Mediæval Folk-Songs and Carol Lullabies . 399
Modern Poems and Songs . . . . 420
THE CHILD AND THE INFANT CHRIST . . 456
CHRISTMAS LULLABIES . . . . . 468
EVENING PRAYERS AND HYMNS . . . 474
NOTES . . . . . 499
INDEX OF AUTHORS . . . . . 537
INDEX OF TITLES . . . . . 541
INDEX OF FIRST LINES . . . . . 550
LINES FROM REFRAINS . . . . . 561
LULLABIES IN THE NEGRO DIALECT . . . 563

# ILLUSTRATIONS

Adagio . . . . . *Frontispiece*
*From Painting by Hans Herterich*

FACING PAGE

Mother's Joy . . . . . 28
*From Painting by Oskar Begas*

Madonna . . . . . 78
*From Painting by Albert Neuhuys*

The Virgin and the Angels . . . . 122
*From Painting by Adolphe William Bouguereau*

Gift from Heaven . . . . . 144
*From Painting by Bernhard Plockhorst*

Madonna . . . . . 160
*From Painting by Louis Loeb*

Motherly Cares . . . . . 174
*From Painting by Josef Israels*

The Shepherdess of the Abruzzi . . . 198
*From Painting by Francesco Paolo Michetti*

The End of the Day . . . . . 268
*From Painting by Sergeant Kendall*

Mother and Child . . . . . 292
*From Painting by Albert Neuhuys*

Mother and Child . . . . . 332
*From Painting by J. W. Alexander*

Star of Bethlehem . . . . . 396
*From Painting by Bruno Piglheim*

Madonna and Child . . . . . 438
*From Painting by Giovanni Sassoferrato*

Rest on the Flight to Egypt . . . 466
*From Painting by Anton Van Dyck*

Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep . . . 474
*From Painting by Jessie Willcox Smith*

The Infant Samuel . . . . . 488
*From Painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds*

I love the cradle songs the mothers sing
In lonely places when the twilight drops,
The slow enduring melodies that bring
Sleep to the weeping lids.

*Francis Ledwidge.*

# A Book of Lullabies

## HUSH RHYMES

### English and Scotch

Bee baw babby lou, on a tree top,
When the wind blows the cradle will rock,
When the wind ceases the cradle will fall,
Down comes baby and cradle and all.

Bee baw bunting,
Daddy's gone a-hunting,
To get a little lamb's skin,
To lap his little baby in.

Rock-a-bye, baby, thy cradle is green;
Father's a nobleman, mother's a queen;
Betty's a lady, and wears a gold ring;
And Johnny's a drummer, and drums for
the king.

Hush thee, my baby,
Lie still with thy daddy,
Thy mammy has gone to the mill,
To grind thee some wheat,
To make thee some meat,
And so, my dear baby, lie still.

Hush-a-bye, baby,
Daddy is near;
Mamma is a lady,
And that's very clear.

Good-night,
Sleep tight,
Wake up bright
In the morning light,
To do what's right,
With all your might.

Hush and balou, babie,
Hush and balou;
A' the lave's in their beds—
I'm hushin' you.

Trylle the ball, again, my Jacke,
And be content to make some play;
And I will lull thee on my lappe,
With hey be bide, now say not nay!

Hush, hush, hush!
And I dance mine own child,
And I dance mine own child,
Hush, hush, hush!

*Thomas Dekker.*

Lie a-bed,
Sleepy head,
Shut up eyes, bo-peep;
Till day-break
Never wake:—
Baby, sleep.

*Christina Rossetti.*

ITALIAN

If Granny but knew how,
In golden bands she'd swathe thee,
In a golden cradle lay thee;
Sleep, treasure, sleep!

CORSICAN

Hush-a-by, hush-a-by!
Sleepily nod;
Mother's own joy,
Sleep, pretty, sleep !

SWEDISH

Hush, hush, baby mine;
Pussy climbs the big green pine,
Mother turns the mill-stone,
Father, to kill the pig has gone;
Sister's in the garden there,
Culling buds and flowers fair,
Sweetest flowers for baby.

EAST INDIAN

Sleep make, baby,
Sleep make;
Sleep, little baby,
Sleep, oh! oh!
Golden is thy bed,
Of silk are thy curtains,
From Cabul the Mogul woman comes
To make my master sleep.

ALBANIAN

De! de! lambskin mine,
Where didst thou this even dine?
In the fields where waters flow,
'Neath the trees where cherries grow.

ZULU

Hush thee, my baby,
Thy mother's o'er the mountains gone,
There she will dig the little garden-patch,
And water she'll fetch from the river.
Ah! hush thee, my baby,
Thy mother's o'er the mountains gone,
There she will dig the little garden-patch,
And wood she will bring from the forest.
Hush thee, my baby!

# THE BABY'S CHARMS

## FOLK LULLABIES

### English

My dear cockadoodle, my jewel, my joy,
My darling, my honey, my pretty sweet boy,
Before I do rock thee with soft lullaby,
Give me thy dear lips to be kissed, to be kissed.

### Sardinian

Give me thy hand, pretty, pretty,
Reach it me yet once again;
In silken attire will I clothe thee,
In silk that's blue as the sky.
Reach out thy hand, pretty, pretty!

Lullaby, sweet lullaby,
You our happiness supply;
Fair your face, and sweet your ways,
You, your mother's pride and praise.
As the coral, rare and bright,
In your life does father live;
You, of all the dear delight,
All around you pleasure give.

All your ways, my pretty boy,
Of your parents are the joy;
You were born for good alone,
Sunshine of the family!

Wise, and kind to every one.
Light of every kinsman's eye;
Light of all who hither come,
And the gladness of our home.
Lullaby, sweet lullaby.

SICILIAN

My little son, I wish you well, your mother's comfort when in grief,
My pretty boy, what can I do? Will you not give one hour's relief?

Sleep has just passed, and me he asked if this my son in slumber lay.
Close, close your little eyes, my child; send your sweet breath far leagues away.

You are the fount of rose water; you are with every beauty fraught.
Sleep, darling son, my pretty one, my golden button richly wrought.

Hush, my little round-faced daughter; thou art like the stormy sea.
Daughter mine of finest amber, godmother sends sleep to thee.
Fair thy name, and he who gave it was a gallant gentleman.
Mirror of my soul, I marvel when thy loveliness I scan.

Flame of love, be good. I love thee better far
than life I love.
Now my child sleeps. Mother Mary, look upon
her from above.

My love, I wish thee well; so lullaby!
Thy little eyes are like the cloudless sky,
My little lovely girl, my pretty one,
Mother will make of thee a little nun:
A sister of the Saviour's Priory
Where noble dames and ladies great there be.
Sleep, moon-faced treasure, sleep, the while I
sing:
Thou hadst thy cradle from the Spanish king.
When thou hast slept, I'll love thee better still.
(Sleep to my daughter comes and goes at will
And in her slumber she is made to smile
By certain ladies whom I dare not style.)
Breath of my body, thou, my love, my care,
Thou art without a flaw, so wondrous fair.
Sleep then, thy mother's breath, sleep, sleep,
and rest,
For thee my very soul forsakes my breast.
My very soul goes forth, and sore my heart:
Thou criest; words of comfort I impart.
Daughter, my flame, lie still and take repose,
Thou art a nosegay, culled from off the rose.

VENETIAN

Lullaby, child of the Madonna,
Lullaby, my little soul, I am here to watch
over thee.

Lullaby, pine cone of thy grandmother,
And of thy grandfather fair ruddy apple.
Best hope of thy dear father,
My jessamine, my beautiful lily!
Lullaby, dear little heart, now, so that in time to come
Thou mayst be a buckler of St. Mark.

Hush! lulla, lullaby! So mother sings;
For hearken, 'tis the midnight bell that rings.
But, darling, not thy mother's bell in this:
St. Lucy's priests it calls to prayer, I wis.
St. Lucy gave thee eyes—a matchless pair—
And gave the Magdalen her golden hair;
Thy cheeks their hue from heaven's angels have;
Her little loving mouth St. Martha gave.
Love's mouth, sweet mouth, that Florence hath for home,
Now tell me where love springs, and how doth come? . . .
With music and with song doth love arise,
And then its end it hath in tears and sighs.

GREEK

O slumber; washed on Saturday,
On Sunday dressed in clean array,
On Monday morn to school away,
As sweet as apple, bright and gay.

Sleep the mighty all has flown,
To Alexandria she has gone;
Nani, thou canary bright,
Who my brain bewilders quite.

### Chinese

My baby is sleeping,
My baby's asleep,
My flower is resting,
I'll give you a peep;
How cunning he looks
As he rests on my arm!
My flower's most charming
Of all them that charm.

### Syrian Lullaby

Sleep, little moon of my delight,
My damask rose.
Thine eyes—twin pools of light,
Now softly close.

Sleep warm, my arms will shelter thee,
My wee sweetmeat,
Grow tall, my straight young cypress tree,
Be strong and fleet.

Sleep sweet, thou wilt be wise and good,
My brave gazelle,
Thy cradle is of sandalwood,
Small dove, sleep well!

*Alice Hathaway Cunningham.*

## ANDALUSIAN CRADLE-SONG

*From "Mercedes"*

Who is it opens her blue bright eye,
Bright as the sea, and blue as the sky?—
Chiquita!
Who has the smile that comes and goes
Like sunshine over her mouth's red rose?
Muchachita!

What is the softest laughter heard,
Gurgle of brook or trill of bird,
Chiquita?
Nay, 'tis thy laughter makes the rill
Hush its voice and the bird be still,
Muchachita!

Ah, little flower-hand on my breast,
How it soothes me and gives me rest!
Chiquita!
What is the sweetest sight I know?
Three little white teeth in a row,
Three little white teeth in a row,
Muchachita!

*Thomas Bailey Aldrich.*

## THE CRADLE SONG

Baloo, baloo, my wee, wee thing,
O saftly close thy blinkin' e'e!
Baloo, baloo, my wee, wee thing,
For thou art doubly dear to me.

Thy daddie now is far awa',
A sailor laddie o'er the sea;
But hope ay hechts his safe return
To you, my bonnie lamb, an' me.

Baloo, baloo, my wee, wee thing,
O saftly close thy blinkin' e'e!
Baloo, baloo, my wee, wee thing,
For thou art doubly dear to me.
Thy face is simple, sweet an' mild,
Like ony simmer e'ening fa';
Thy sparkling e'e is bonnie black;
Thy neck is like the mountain snaw.

Baloo, baloo, my wee, wee thing,
O saftly close thy blinkin' e'e!
Baloo, baloo, my wee, wee thing,
For thou art doubly dear to me.
O but thy daddie's absence lang
Would break my dowie heart in twa,
Wert thou na left a dautit pledge,
To steal the eerie hours awa'!

*Richard Gall.*

## A LULLABY

*Mo cheann ban beag,* lie still and rest,
I'll pillow thee here on my breast,
The sun is tired and turning west,
*Mo mhuirnin ceann ban beag.*

Hush O, Hush O, Hush O, my love,
O close thine eyes and sleep, my dove,
The winds are crooning in the cove,
*Mo mhuirnin ceann ban beag.*

*Mo cheann ban beag,* thy lids of snow,
Are loth to hide the gems below,
They close and open sweet and slow,
*Mo mhuirnin ceann ban beag.*
Hush O, Hush O, Hush O, my love,
O close thine eyes and sleep, my dove,
The winds are crooning in the cove,
*Mo mhuirnin ceann ban beag.*

*Mo cheann ban beag,* thy golden hair
Lies like the halo angels wear;
No angel like thee, none so fair,
*Mo mhuirnin ceann ban beag.*
Hush O, Hush O, Hush O, my love,
O close thine eyes and sleep, my dove,
The winds are crooning in the cove,
*Mo mhuirnin ceann ban beag.*

*Mo cheann ban beag,* thy sleeping face,
Is beauty's quiet dwelling place,
Where dawn rests in the snow's embrace,
*Mo mhuirnin ceann ban beag.*
Hush O, Hush O, Hush O, my love,
O close thine eyes and sleep, my dove,
The winds are crooning in the cove,
*Mo mhuirnin ceann ban beag.*

*Mo cheann ban beag,* 'tis bliss to be
The mother of a babe like thee,
Thank God who gave the gift to me,
*Mo mhuirnin ceann ban beag.*
Hush O, Hush O, Hush O, my love,
O close thine eyes and sleep, my dove,
The winds are crooning in the cove,
*Mo mhuirnin ceann ban beag.*

*Mary Anne O'Reilly.*

## A LULLABY

Sich a li'l feller, en he settin' up so wise!
Say he like his daddy, but he got his mammy's eyes;
Angel tuck en drap him fum a winder in de skies—
By-bye, honey, twell de mawnin'.

Sich a li'l feller, in de cunnin'es' er cloze!
Say he love his daddy, but his mammy's what he knows!
Foun' him in de springtime, en dey tuck him fer a rose—
By-bye, honey, twell de mawnin'.

Sich a li'l feller, en he talkin' like a man!
By-bye, by-bye, kiss yo' li'l han';
Lots er li'l chillun in de sleepy lan'—
By-bye, honey, twell de mawnin'.

*Frank L. Stanton.*

## MY LITTLE BO-PEEP

My little Bo-Peep is fast asleep,
  And her head on my heart is lying;
I gently rock, and the old hall clock
  Strikes a knell of the day that's dying;
But what care I how the hours go by,
  Whether swiftly they go or creeping?
Not an hour could be but dear to me,
  When my babe on my arm is sleeping.

Her little bare feet, with dimples sweet,
  From the folds of her gown are peeping,
And each wee toe like a daisy in blow,
  I caress as she lies a-sleeping;
Her golden hair falls over the chair,
  Its treasures of beauty unfolding;
I press my lips to her finger-tips,
  That my hands are so tightly holding.

Tick, tock, tick, tock; you may wait, old clock,
  It was foolish what I was saying;
Let your seconds stay, your minutes play
  And your days go all-a-Maying.
O Time! stand still—let me drink my fill
  Of content, while my babe is sleeping;
As I smooth her hair, my life looks fair,
  And to-morrow—I may be weeping.

## NOW LET ME LAY THE PEARL AWAY

Now let me lay the pearl away,
That on my breast I've worn all day;
How sweet, how soft the casket fair,
Where hides all night my jewel rare.

My snow-white lamb, thy gambols o'er,
Thy sportive limbs must sport no more;
Now to thy rest, let slumber creep
With gentle tread to bid thee sleep.

My winsome one! my heart's delight!
I give thee to the arms of night;
O darksome night! with soft caress
My darling little baby bless.

My heart's delight! my pearl, my lamb!
How rich, how blest, how glad I am!
In sweetest sleep I see thee lie;
Good-bye, good-night! good-night, good-bye!

*Elizabeth Prentiss.*

# THE CHILD'S THOUGHTS

## CRADLE SONG

*From "Bitter-Sweet"*

What is the little one thinking about?
Very wonderful things, no doubt!
  Unwritten history!
  Unfathomed mystery!
Yet he laughs and cries, and eats and drinks,
And chuckles and crows, and nods and winks,
As if his head were as full of kinks
And curious riddles as any sphinx!
  Warped by colic, and wet by tears,
  Punctured by pins, and tortured by fears,
  Our little nephew will lose two years,
    And he'll never know
    Where the summers go;—
He need not laugh, for he'll find it so!

Who can tell what a baby thinks?
Who can follow the gossamer links
  By which the mannikin feels his way
Out from the shore of the great unknown,
Blind, and wailing, and alone,
  Into the light of day?
Out from the shores of the unknown sea,
Tossing in pitiful agony;—

Of the unknown sea that reels and rolls,
Specked with the barks of little souls;—
Barks that were launched on the other side,
And slipped from Heaven on an ebbing tide!

What does he think of his mother's eyes?
What does he think of his mother's hair?
What of the cradle-roof that flies
Forward and backward through the air?
What does he think of his mother's breast—
Bare and beautiful, smooth and white,
Seeking it ever with fresh delight;—
Cup of his life and couch of his rest?

What does he think when her quick embrace
Presses his hand and buries his face
Deep where the heart-throbs sink and swell
With a tenderness she can never tell,
Though she murmur the words
Of all the birds—
Words she has learned to murmur well?

Now he thinks he'll go to sleep!
I can see the shadows creep
Over his eyes, in soft eclipse,
Over his brow, and over his lips,
Out to his little finger-tips!
Softly sinking, down he goes!
Down he goes, down he goes!
See! he is hushed in sweet repose!

*Josiah Gilbert Holland.*

# INFANT WOE

## FOLK LULLABIES

### Sardinian

Oh! ninna and anninia!
Sleep, baby boy;
Oh! ninna and anninia!
God give thee joy,
Oh! ninna and anninia!
Sweet joy be thine;
Oh! ninna and anninia!
Sleep, brother mine.

Sleep, and do not cry,
Pretty, pretty one,
Apple of mine eye,
Danger there is none;
Sleep, for I am by,
Mother's darling son.

### Chinese

The heaven is bright,
The earth is bright,
I have a baby who cries all night;
Let those who pass read what I write,
And they'll sleep all night,
Till broad daylight.

## CHILD-SONG

*To the tune of Basciami Vita Mia*

Sleepe, babie mine, Desire's nurse, Beautie, singeth;
Thy cries, O babie, set mine head on aking.
The babe cries, " 'Way, thy loue doth keepe me waking."
Lully, lully, my babe, Hope cradle bringeth
Unto my children alway good rest taking.
The babe cries, " 'Way, thy loue doth keepe me waking."
Since, babie mine, from me thy watching springeth,
Sleepe then a little, pap Content is making.
The babe cries, " Nay, for that abide I waking."

*Sir Philip Sidney.*

## LULLABY

*From " Patient Grissil "*

Golden slumbers kiss your eyes,
Smiles awake you when you rise.
Sleep, pretty wantons, do not cry,
And I will sing a lullaby.
Rock them, rock them, lullaby.

Care is heavy, therefore sleep you.
You are care, and care must keep you.
Sleep, pretty wantons, do not cry,
And I will sing a lullaby.
Rock them, rock them, lullaby.

*Thomas Dekker.*

## MOTHER-SONG

*From "Prince Lucifer"*

White little hands!
  Pink little feet!
Dimpled all over,
  Sweet, sweet, sweet!
What dost thou wail for?
  The unknown? the unseen?
The ills that are coming,
  The joys that have been?

Cling to me closer,
  Closer and closer,
Till the pain that is purer
  Hath banished the grosser.
Drain, drain at the stream, love,
  Thy hunger is freeing,
That was born in a dream, love,
  Along with thy being!

Little fingers that feel
  For their home on my breast;
Little lips that appeal
  For their nurture, their rest!
Why, why dost thou weep, dear?
  Nay, stifle thy cries,
Till the dew of thy sleep, dear,
  Lies soft on thine eyes.

*Alfred Austin.*

## HOTTENTOT CRADLE-SONG

Why dost thou weep, my child?
  Wherefore dost thou weep?
Hush, darling, calm thee,
  And sleep, my child, and sleep.

The sky is bright, the sun is shining,
  All the silver rivers sing;
Amid the trees the flow'rs are twining,
  Gay green birds are on the wing.
    Hush, sleep and rest on mother's
      breast;
    Sleep and rest, sleep and rest.

Thy father to his heart will press thee,
  Bring thee shells from yonder shore;
Oh, let him kiss, let him caress thee,
  Laugh and dance, and grieve no more.
    Hush, sleep and rest on mother's
      breast;
    Sleep and rest, sleep and rest.

*Fanny Raymond Ritter.*

## LULLABY, O LULLABY

Lullaby, O lullaby!
Baby, hush that little cry!
  Light is dying,
  Bats are flying,

Bees to-day with work have done;
So, till comes the morrow's sun,
Let sleep kiss those bright eyes dry!
Lullaby, O lullaby!

Lullaby, O lullaby!
Hushed are all things far and nigh;
Flowers are closing,
Birds reposing,
All sweet things with life are done.
Sweet, till dawns the morning sun,
Sleep, then kiss those blue eyes dry.
Lullaby, O lullaby!

*William Cox Bennett.*

## THE WEARY CHILD

### MAMMY'S LI'L BOY

Who all time dodgin' en de cott'n en de corn?
Mammy's li'l boy, mammy's li'l boy!
Who all time stealin' ole massa's dinner horn?
Mammy's li'l baby boy.

Byo, baby boy, oh bye,
By-o li'l boy!
Oh, run ter es mammy
En she tek 'im in 'er arms,
Mammy's li'l baby boy.

Who all time runnin' ole gobble roun' de yard?
Mammy's li'l boy, mammy's li'l boy!
Who tek 'e stick'n hit ole possum dog so hard?
Mammy's li'l baby boy.

Byo, baby boy, oh bye,
By-o li'l boy!
Oh, run ter es mammy
En climb up in 'er lap,
Mammy's li'l baby boy.

Who all time stumpin' es toe ergin er rock?
Mammy's li'l boy, mammy's li'l boy!
Who all the time er-rippin' big hole en es frock?
Mammy's li'l baby boy.

Byo, baby boy, oh bye,
By-o li'l boy!
Oh, run ter es mammy
En she wipe es li'l eyes,
Mammy's li'l baby boy.

Who all time er-losin' de shovel en de rake?
Mammy's li'l boy, mammy's li'l boy!
Who all de time tryin' ter ride 'e lazy drake?
Mammy's li'l baby boy.

Byo, baby boy, oh bye,
By-o li'l boy!
Oh, scoot fer yer mammy
En she hide yer f'om yer ma,
Mammy's li'l baby boy.

Who all de time er-trottin' ter de kitchen fer er bite?
Mammy's li'l boy, mammy's li'l boy!
Who mess 'essef wi' taters twell his clothes dey look er sight?
Mammy's li'l baby boy.

Byo, baby boy, oh bye,
By-o li'l boy!
En 'e run ter es mammy
Fer ter git 'im out er trouble,
Mammy's li'l baby boy.

Who all time er-frettin' en de middle er de day?
Mammy's li'l boy, mammy's li'l boy!
Who all time er-gettin' so sleepy 'e can't play?
Mammy's li'l baby boy.

Byo, baby boy, oh bye,
By-o li'l boy!
En 'e come ter es mammy,
Ter rock 'im en 'er arms,
Mammy's li'l baby boy.
Shoo, shoo, shoo-shoo-shoo,
Shoo, shoo, shoo!

Shoo, shoo, shoo-shoo-shoo,
Shoo, li'l baby, shoo!
Shoo, shoo, shoo-shoo-shoo,
Shoo, shoo, shoo,
Shoo. . . .

*H. S. Edwards.*

# THE CHILD ASLEEP

## A CRADLE SONG

Sleep! sleep! beauty bright,
Dreaming o'er the joys of night;
Sleep! sleep! in thy sleep
Little sorrows sit and weep.

Sweet babe, in thy face
Soft desires I can trace,
Secret joys and secret smiles,
Little pretty infant wiles.

As thy softest limbs I feel,
Smiles as of the morning steal
O'er thy cheek, and o'er thy breast
Where thy little heart does rest.

O! the cunning wiles that creep
In thy little heart asleep.
When thy little heart does wake
Then the dreadful lightnings break,

From thy cheek and from thy eye,
O'er the youthful harvests nigh.
Infant wiles and infant smiles
Heaven and Earth of peace beguiles.

*William Blake.*

## CRADLE SONGS

*To a Tune of Blake's*

### I

Baby, baby bright,
Sleep can steal from sight
Little of your light:

Soft as fire in dew,
Still the life in you
Lights your slumber through.

Four white eyelids keep
Fast the seal of sleep
Deep as love is deep:

Yet, though closed it lies,
Love behind them spies
Heaven in two blue eyes.

### II

Baby, baby dear,
Earth and heaven are near
Now, for heaven is here.

Heaven is every place
Where your flower-sweet face
Fills our eyes with grace.

Till your own eyes deign
Earth a glance again,
Earth and heaven are twain.

Now your sleep is done,
Shine, and show the sun
Earth and heaven are one.

*Algernon Charles Swinburne.*

## TO A SLEEPING CHILD

Lips, lips, open!
Up comes a little bird that lives inside—
Up comes a little bird, and peeps, and out he flies.

All the day he sits inside, and sometimes he sings,
Up he comes, and out he goes at night to spread
his wings.

Little bird, little bird, whither will you go?
Round about the world, while nobody can know.

Little bird, little bird, whither do you flee?
Far away around the world, while nobody can see.

Little bird, little bird, how long will you roam?
All round the world and around again home;

Round the round world, and back through the air,
When the morning comes, the little bird is there.

Back comes the little bird and looks, and in he
flies,
Up wakes the little boy, and opens both his eyes.

Sleep, sleep, little boy, little bird's away,
Little bird will come again, by the peep of day;

MOTHER'S JOY.

*From Painting by Oskar Begas.*

Sleep, little boy, the little bird must go
Round about the world while nobody can know.

Sleep, sleep sound, little bird goes round,
Round and round he goes; sleep, sleep sound.
*Arthur Hugh Clough.*

## TO AN INFANT SLEEPING

Oh drinking deep of slumber's holy wine,
Whence may the smile that lights thy countenance be?
We seek in vain the mystery to divine;
For in thy dim unconscious infancy
No games as yet, no playfellows are thine,
To stir in waking hours such thoughts of glee,
As, recollected in thine innocent dream,
Might shed across thy face this happy gleam.

It may be, though small notice thou canst take,
Thou feelest that an atmosphere of love
Is ever round thee, sleeping or awake:
Thou wakest, and kind faces from above
Bend o'er thee; when thou sleepest, for thy sake
All sounds are hushed, and each doth gently move:
And this dim consciousness of tender care
Has caused thy cheek this light of joy to wear.

Or it may be, thoughts deeper than we deem
Visit an infant's slumbers: God is near,
Angels are talking with them in their dream,
Angelic voices whispering sweet and clear;

And round them lies that region's holy gleam,
  But newly left, and light which is not here;
And thus has come that smile upon thy face,
At tidings brought thee from thy native place.

But whatsoe'er the causes which beguiled
  That dimple on thy countenance, it is gone;
Fair is the lake disturbed by ripple mild,
  But not less fair when ripple it has none:
And now what deep repose is thine, dear child,
  What smoothness thy unruffled cheek has won!
Oh! who that gazed upon thee could forbear
The silent breathing of an heartfelt prayer!

*Richard Chenevix Trench.*

## SLEEPING AND WATCHING

### I

Sleep on, baby, on the floor,
  Tired of all the playing;
Sleep with smile the sweeter for
  That, you dropped away in.
On your curls' full roundness stand
  Golden lights serenely;
One cheek, pushed out by the hand,
  Folds the dimple inly;
Little head and little foot
  Heavy laid for pleasure,
Underneath the lids half shut
  Slants the shining azure.

Open-soul in noonday sun,
So you lie and slumber;
Nothing evil having done,
Nothing can encumber.

II

I, who cannot sleep as well,
Shall I sigh to view you?
Or sigh further to foretell
All that may undo you?
Nay, keep smiling, little child,
Ere the sorrow neareth;
I will smile, too! patience mild
Pleasure's token weareth.
Nay, keep sleeping before loss:
I shall sleep though losing!
As by cradle, so by cross,
Sure is the reposing.

III

And God knows who sees us twain,
Child at childish leisure,
I am near as tired of pain
As you seem of pleasure.
Very soon, too, by His grace
Gently wrapt around me,
Shall I show as calm a face,
Shall I sleep as soundly.
Differing in this, that you
Clasp your playthings, sleeping,
While my hand shall drop the few
Given to my keeping;

Differing in this, that I
  Sleeping shall be colder,
And in waking presently,
  Brighter to beholder:
Differing in this beside—
  (Sleeper, have you heard me?
Do you move, and open wide
  Eyes of wonder toward me?)—
That while you I thus recall
  From your sleep, I solely,
Me from mine an angel shall,
  With reveille holy.

*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

## CRADLE SONG

In the darken'd alcove
  Of an humble shed,
Sleeps the baby shadow'd
  By its mother's bed.
As he sleeps his eyelids,
  Tinted with the rose,
Open up to heaven,
  While to earth they close.

And his dreams are many,
  He sees all the strand
Strewn with sunlike diamonds,
  Flashing through the sand.
And he sees fair ladies,
  Bearing, as they go,
Hearts of men enchanted
  In their arms of snow.

And he sees bright rivers
  In a happier dream,
And a sweet voice singeth
  Out of every stream.
All his fair young sisters,
  And his sire, are there,
And his mother smiling,
  White wings seems to wear.

Brighter things and brighter
  Haunt him as he sleeps,
Roses red and lilies
  Lie around in heaps.
And blue lakes delightsome,
  Where the white fish feeds,
And the soft wave murmurs
  To the golden reeds.

Dream on, bonny baby,
  Sleep, sweet love of mine,
Ere thy young heart knoweth
  How man's days decline;
How the tide shall bear thee
  On its backward sweep,
Like a broken seaweed,
  Sleep, my darling, sleep.

Careless, thoughtless, joyous,
  Sleep while yet you may,
Ere remorseless sorrow
  Meet thee in the way;

Ere her icy fingers
  On thy sunny brow,
Write the word to-morrow
  Where no stain is now.

Innocent he sleepeth,
  Angels calm and fair,
Knowing well beforehand
  All that he must bear,
Seeing him defenceless,
  Without care or fears,
Wet his little fingers,
  Kissing them with tears.

He, their kisses meeting,
  Saw the tears that fell,
And his lips of honey
  Whisper Gabriel.
But the tender angel
  Bids the cradle move,
On his lip one finger,
  And one raised above.

Then the watchful mother,
  Rocking soft and low,
Dreaming some dark vision
  Hath disturbed him so;
When she hears him sighing,
  Proud and glad the while,
With a rain of kisses
  Makes her darling smile.

*Victor Hugo.*

## SAY, LITTLE MAIDEN

I

Say, little maiden with dewdrop eyes
  Caught in a moonbeam's silver trace,
What is the meaning of this surprise
  Written across your lily-face?
Thrice has the cricket said good-night
  In the sleepy valley below you there,
And still I look at the starry light
  That gleams in your golden hair.
    *Maiden afloat on the emerald stream*
      *Of the mighty Slumber Sea,*
    *In all of the beautiful dreams you dream*
      *Is there one little place for me?*

II

What do you see in the wonderlands
  Along the starbright thoroughfare,
Led by the touch of spirit hands,
  And what do the spirits whisper there?
Are there silver worlds we know not of
  They lead your immaculate soul among?
Are there songs they sing of an unknown love
  That never on earth were sung?
    *And do they as they hang o'er the*
      *bloom-set stream*
      *To loop you a diadem,*
    *Ask, too, if in all of the dreams you*
      *dream*
      *Perchance there is one for them?*

*Arthur Upson.*

## MY DROWSY LITTLE QUEEN

My little girl is nested
  Within her tiny bed,
With amber ringlets crested
  Around her dainty head;
She lies so calm and stilly,
  She breathes so soft and low,
She calls to mind a lily
  Half-hidden in the snow.

A weary little mortal
  Has gone to Slumberland;
The pixies at the portal
  Have caught her by the hand.
She dreams her broken dolly
  Will soon be mended there,
That looks so melancholy
  Upon the rocking-chair.

I kiss your wayward tresses,
  My drowsy little queen;
I know you have caresses
  From floating forms unseen.
O, Angels, let me keep her
  To kiss away my cares,
This darling little sleeper,
  Who has my love and prayers!

*Samuel Minturn Peck.*

# THOUGHTS OF THE CHILD'S FUTURE

## FOLK LULLABIES

### English

Dance my baby diddy,
What shall thy mother do with thee?
  But sit in her lap
  And give it some pap,
And dance a baby diddy.

Smile, my baby bonnie,
What shall time bring on thee?
  Sorrow and care,
  Frowns and gray hair,
So smile my baby bonnie.

Laugh, my baby beauty,
What will time do to thee?
  Furrow your cheek,
  Wrinkle your neck,
So laugh, my baby beauty.

Dance, my baby deary,
Thy mother will never be weary,
  Frolic and play
  Now while you may,
And dance, my baby deary.

HUNGARIAN

Hush, my darling; hush, my darling;
Hark, thy mother sings a lay;
She, who bore thee; she, who clasps thee,
Her only joy, that takes her many griefs away!
Soon thou wilt grow and leave thy mother's roof;
Soon thou to manhood wilt attain.
Happy may thy lot be then!
Happy may thy lot be then!

ROUMANIAN

Sleep, my daughter, sleep an hour,
Mother's darling gilliflower.
Mother rocks thee, standing near,
She will wash thee in the clear
Waters that from fountains run,
To protect thee from the sun.

Sleep, my darling, sleep an hour,
Grow thou as the gilliflower.
As a tear-drop be thou white,
As a willow, tall and slight;
Gentle as the ring-doves are,
And be lovely as a star!

Lullaby, my little one,
Thou art mother's darling son;
Loving mother will defend thee,
Mother she will rock and tend thee,
Like a flower of delight,
Or an angel sheathed in white.

Sleep with mother, mother well
Knows the charm for every spell.
Thou shalt be a hero as
Our good lord, great Stephen, was,
Brave in war, and strong in hand,
To protect thy fatherland.

Sleep, my baby, in thy bed;
God upon thee blessings shed.
Be thou dark, and be thine eyes
Bright as stars that gem the skies.
Maidens' love be thine, and sweet
Blossoms spring beneath thy feet.

### Corsican

Hushaby, my darling boy;
Hushaby, my hope and joy.
You're my little ship so brave
Sailing boldly o'er the wave;
One that tempests doth not fear,
Nor the winds that blow from high.
Sleep, a while, my baby dear;
Sleep, my child, and hushaby.

Gold and pearls my vessel lade,
Silk and cloth the cargo be,
All the sails are of brocade
Coming from beyond the sea;
And the helm of finest gold,
Made a wonder to behold.
Fast a while in slumber lie;
Sleep, my child, and hushaby.

After you were born full soon
You were christened all aright;
Godmother she was the moon,
Godfather the sun so bright;
All the stars in heaven told
Wore their necklaces of gold.
Fast a while in slumber lie;
Sleep, my child, and hushaby.

Pure and balmy was the air,
Lustrous all the heavens were;
And the seven planets shed
All their virtues on your head;
And the shepherds made a feast
Lasting for a week at least.
Fast a while in slumber lie;
Sleep, my child, and hushaby.

Nought was heard but minstrelsy,
Nought but dancing met the eye,
In Cassoni's vale and wood
And in all the neighborhood;
Hawk and Blacklip, staunch and true,
Feasted in their fashion, too.
Fast a while in slumber lie;
Sleep, my child, and hushaby.

Older years when you attain,
You will roam o'er field and plain;
Meadows will with flowers be gay,
And with oil the fountains play,

And the salt and bitter sea
Into balsam changèd be.
Fast a while in slumber lie;
Sleep, my child, and hushaby.

And these mountains, wild and steep,
Will be crowded o'er with sheep,
And the wild goat and the deer
Will be tame and void of fear;
Vulture, fox, and beast of prey,
From these bounds shall flee away.
Fast a while in slumber lie;
Sleep, my child, and hushaby.

You are savoury, sweetly blowing,
You are thyme, of incense smelling,
Upon Mount Basella growing,
Upon Mount Cassoni dwelling;
You the hyacinth of the rocks
Which is pasture for the flocks
Fast a while in slumber lie;
Sleep, my child, and hushaby.

RUSSIAN

Sleep, my dear one, sleep, my laddie,
While the moon shines clear!
I will sing you songs and stories
While your cradle's near.

Soon, too soon, a time is coming
When away you'll ride,
With your foot within the stirrup,
Your gun at your side.

I with silks will sew your saddle;
  I shall watch you start.
Rich and noble you'll appear, but
  Cossack in your heart.

You will wave your farewell to me,
  But that night in bed
I with sleepless eyes and sorrow
  Bitter tears will shed.

I shall break my heart with longing,
  I shall pray all day:
All my thoughts will travel to you
  When you're far away.

Dreams will tell me you are homesick
  In those foreign lands.
Sleep, then, now while care's far from you,
  While I kiss your hands.

Keep your holy Eikon near you
  That to you I'll give;
Kneel in front of it in prayer,
  Guard it while you live.

You'll remember ere the battle
  All my love for you.
Sleep on now, my son, my darling,
  "*Bai-ush-ki-bayu.*"

*English version by L. Edna Walter.*

## THE HIGHLAND BALOU

Hee balou, my sweet wee Donald,
Picture o' the great Clanronald!
Brawlie kens our wanton Chief
Wha gat my young Highland thief.

Leeze me on thy bonie craigie!
An thou live, thou'll steal a naigie,
Travel the country thro' and thro',
And bring hame a Carlisle cow!

Thro' the Lawlands, o'er the Border,
Weel, my babie, may thou furder,
Herry the louns o' the laigh Countrie,
Syne to the Highlands hame to me!

*Robert Burns.*

## A LULLABY

Hush thee, my baby boy, hush thee to sleep,
Soft in my bosom laid, why should'st thou weep?
Hush thee, my pretty babe, why should'st thou fear?
Well can thy father wield broadsword and spear.

Lullaby, lullaby, hush thee to rest,
Snug in my arms as a bird in its nest;
Sweet be thy slumbers, boy, dreaming the while
A dream that shall dimple the cheek with a smile.

Helpless and weak as thou'rt now on my knee,
My eaglet shall yet spread its wings and be free—

Free on the mountainside, free in the glen,
Strong-handed, swift-footed, a man among men.

Then shall my "*dalt*" bring his "*muim*" a good
store
Of game from the mountains, and fish from the
shore;
Cattle and sheep and goats—graze where they
may—
My "*dalta*" will find ere the dawn of the day.

Thy father and uncles with target and sword,
Will back each bold venture by ferry and ford;
From thy hand I will yet drain a beaker of wine,
And the toast shall be—"Health, and the lowing
of kine!"

Then rest thee, my foster-son, sleep and be still;
The first star of night twinkles bright on the hill;
My brave boy is sleeping—kind angels watch o'er
him,
And safe to the light of the morning restore him.

Lullaby, lullaby, what should he fear,
Well can his father wield broadsword and spear!

*Alexander Stewart.*

## LULLABY OF AN INFANT CHIEF

O, hush thee, my babie, thy sire was a knight,
Thy mother a lady, both lovely and bright;

The woods and the glens, from the towers which we see,
They all are belonging, dear babie, to thee.
*O ho ro, i ri ri, cadul gu lo,*
*O ho ro, i ri ri, cadul gu lo.*

O, fear not the bugle, though loudly it blows,
It calls but the warders that guard thy repose;
Their bows would be bended, their blades would be red,
Ere the step of a foeman draws near to thy bed.
*O ho ro, i ri ri, etc.*

O, hush thee, my babie! the time soon will come,
When thy sleep shall be broken by trumpet and drum;
Then hush thee, my darling! take rest while you may;
For strife comes with manhood, and waking with day.
*O ho ro, i ri ri, etc.*

*Sir Walter Scott.*

## EAST COAST LULLABY

Day has barred her windows close, and gangs wi' quiet feet;
Nicht, wrapt in coat o' gray, steals saftly doon the street;
Birdies deep in feathered nest bid the warld adieu—
Lullaby and lullaloo; sleep, lammie, noo.

One by one the glimmerin' een aboot the harbor dark
Wink an' blink an' fa' to gloom; scarce is left a spark.
Ne'er a thing but wind and waves'll moan the lang nicht through—
Lullaby and lullaloo; sleep, lammie, noo.

Frae the sea the wind blaws wild like a pibroch shrill;
Grant the Lord there's naucht to fear, naucht o' wae or ill!
When ye're grown my heart'll ache, sonnie, jist for you—
Lullaby and lullaloo; sleep, lammie, noo.

Will ye sail awa' at dawn to net the herrin' fine?
Will ye track the monster whale yon where north-lichts shine?
Mither-heart's a bonnie star, steady, clear and true—
Lullaby and lullaloo; sleep, lammie, noo.

*Lady Lindsay.*

## HUSHABY, DARLING

Hushaby, darling, and hushaby, dear, O,
Hushaby; darling will yet be a hero.
None will be bigger or braver or stronger.
Lullaby, little one, crying no longer.

Lullaby, little one, bonnie wee baby,
He'll be a hero and fight for us maybe;
Cattle and horses and sheep will his prey be,
None will be bolder or braver than baby.

Softly and silently eyelids are closing,
Dearest wee jewel, so gently he's dozing;
Softly he's resting, by slumber o'ertaken,
Soundly he's sleeping and sweetly he'll waken.

Placidly, peacefully, slumber has bound him.
Angels are lovingly watching around him;
Beautiful spirits, his sorrow beguiling,
Sweetly they whisper and baby is smiling.

*Lachlan Macbean.*

## COSSACK CRADLE-SONG

Sleep, my little flax-haired fairy,
  Fold thine eyes in sleep!
Silver moonbeams, bright and airy,
  O'er thy cradle creep:
I will sing to thee a story
  Of the peaceful deep;
Close thine eyes in dreams of glory,
  Sleep, my baby, sleep!

Hark! The Terek dark and foaming,
  Welters through the glade,
Where the Kirghiz in the gloaming
  Whets his bloody blade;

But thy father, brave in battle,
Guards thee from all ill,
Cease thy silly infant prattle,
Hush, my babe, lie still!

Bitter days shall soon befall thee,
Peril will betide—
On a charger fleet and fiery
Swiftly shalt thou ride,
And a silken saddle peerless
I for thee will keep.
Sleep, my little Cossack, fearless!
Sleep, my baby, sleep!

When I think, my blood-begotten,
Soon a Cossack true,
Thou wilt leave thy home forgotten,
Bid me last adieu;
Ceaseless through long nights of sorrow
I will wail and weep.
Tranquilly until the morrow,
Sleep, my baby, sleep!

Breathlessly I'll wait thy coming
While long days drag by,
Praying for thy speedy homing,
Fearing thou wilt die;
Fearing thou wilt grow a stranger
To my longing deep—
Sleep, my fair-one; free from danger,
Sleep, my baby, sleep!

Thee I'll give an image holy
'Gainst all dire dismay;
To it, faithful, kneeling lowly,
Fold thine hands and pray!
It shall keep thee safe in battle
While I wail and weep.
Hush thy silly infant prattle,
Sleep, my baby, sleep!

*Mikhail Yurievitch Lermontoff.*
*English version by Mrs. Elizabeth Champney.*

## HUSH SONG

*Och, hush ye then, och hush ye—*
There's herrin's in the bay,
An' you'll be the wee fisherman
Some day—some day.

*Och, rest ye then, och rest ye—*
The herrin's do be small,
An' you're the boy when you'll be big
Will catch them all.

*Och, hush ye then, och hush ye—*
The night is dark an' wet,
An' you too wee, och heart o' mine,
For fishin' yet.

*Och, hush ye then, och hush ye—*
'Tis cowld upon the sea,
But this wee house is warm itself
For you an' me.

*Och, sleep ye now, och sleep ye—*
For sure a night will come
When you'll be wakin' on the sea,
An' me at home.

*Elizabeth Shane.*

## SLUMBER SONG

Slumber and dream of the fast coming years,
That are unfolding before thee;
Dream thou of those whom love endears,
Who now so fondly watch o'er thee;
Who now so fondly watch o'er thee.
Gathering clouds will not fail to o'ertake thee.
Only a true love will never forsake thee.

Bide but a little longer!
Bide but a little longer!
Bide thou but a little longer!

Slumber and dream of the splendor of Spring,
Joy to o'erflowing is given;
Hark! how the birds so tenderly sing,
Love reigns on earth as in heaven;
Love reigns on earth as in heaven.
Seasons pass o'er thee, but thou art not heeding,
Thy time of promise towards thee is speeding.

Bide but a little longer!
Bide but a little longer!
Bide thou but a little longer!

## AN INDIAN LULLABY

Sleep, my little papoose, sleep on,
Nor hark to the marsh-bird's cry;
The sighing breeze in the forest trees
Shall be thy lullaby.
Thy father tracketh the wounded bear,
The moose to its covert flies;
But my little papoose can have no care,
With sleep in his coal-black eyes.
So, sleep, my little papoose, sleep on,
Nor hark to the marsh-bird's cry;
The sighing breeze in the forest trees
Shall be thy lullaby.

Sleep, my little papoose, sleep on,
Sleep sound on the wigwam floor;
Soon thy shaft shall find the mountain hind,
And thy knife be dipped in war.
The Big Chief camps on the coyote's trail,
There's blood in the western sky;
But my little papoose hears not the wail,
With sleep in his coal-black eye.
So, sleep, my little papoose, sleep on,
Nor hark to the bittern's cry,
Lest the sombre rhymes in the sachem pines
Should be thy lullaby.

*Claude Bryan.*

## NORWEGIAN CRADLE-SONG

Hush, hush!
Baby grows quiet under mother's kiss,
Hush, hush!
The flower is shutting its bud anew,
Baby is shutting his eyes up too—
What, does the rogue peep again at this?
Good little baby, who will not cry,
But nestling close in his cradle lie,
While mother looks down at him, standing by.

Hush, hush!
Mother is lulling her child, and sings,
Hush, hush!
The bird lies safe in his downy nest,
The babe in his cradle is finding rest;
He cares not a whit for popes or kings,
Or lordly castles, high and strong,
Since under mother's hand and song
His world moves peacefully along!

Hush, hush!
Baby is sleeping and mother sings,
Hush, hush!
No one can harm thee, my darling, here,
While near is thy mother's heart, so near!
But soon the bird will get him wings,
Fly far away from my shelt'ring breast—
Can I tell whither, and what the quest,
Or where at last he will find his rest?

Hush, hush!
Sleep—and awake under mother's kiss.
Hush, hush!
Thine innocence still sleeps sorrow-free,
And thy mother's eye is over thee;
But when at thy waking thou shalt miss
That tender watcher sitting by,
Look then with faith and hope on high,
Up to a loving Father's eye.

*Natanaël Fransen.*
*English version by Alma Strettell.*

## LULLABY

"Rockaby, baby, thy cradle is green;
Father's a nobleman, mother's a queen."
Rockaby, lullaby, all the day long,
Down to the land of the lullaby song.
Babyland never again will be thine,
Land of all mystery, holy, divine,
Motherland, otherland,
Wonderland, underland,
Land of a time ne'er again to be seen;
Flowerland, bowerland,
Airyland, fairyland,
Rockaby, baby, thy cradle is green.

Rockaby, baby, thy mother will keep
Gentle watch over thine azure-eyed sleep;
Baby can't feel what the mother-heart knows,
Throbbing its fear o'er your quiet repose.

Mother-heart knows how baby must fight
Wearily on through the fast-coming night;
Battle unending,
Honor defending,
Baby must wage with the power unseen.
Sleep now, O baby dear!
God and thy mother near;
Rockaby, baby, thy cradle is green.

Rockaby, baby, the days will grow long;
Silent the voice of the mother-love song;
Bowed with sore burdens the man-life must own,
Sorrows that baby must bear all alone.
Wonderland never can come back again;
Thought will come soon—and with reason comes pain.
Sorrowland, motherland,
Drearyland, wearyland,
Baby and heavenland lying between.
Smile, then, in motherland,
Dream in the otherland,
Rockaby, baby, thy cradle is green.

## AMERICAN CRADLE-SONG

"Rock-a-bye, baby, in the tree-top,
When the wind blows, the cradle will rock;
When the bough breaks, the cradle will fall;
And down will come baby, cradle and all."

Rock-a-bye, baby, the meadows in bloom,
Laugh at the sunbeams that dance in the room;
Echo the birds with your own baby tune,
Coo in the sunshine and flowers of June.

Rock-a-bye, baby, as softly it swings,
Over the cradle the mother-love sings,
Brooding and cooing at even or dawn,
What will it do when the mother is gone?

Rock-a-bye, baby, so cloudless the skies,
Blue as the depths of your own laughing eyes,
Sweet is the lullaby over your nest,
That tenderly sings little baby to rest.

Rock-a-bye, baby, the blue eyes will dream
Sweetest when mamma's eyes over them beam;
Never again will the world seem so fair—
Sleep, little baby—there's sleep in the air.

Rock-a-bye, baby, the blue eyes will burn
And ache with the woe that your manhood will learn;
Swiftly the years come with sorrow and care,
With burdens the wee, dimpled shoulders must bear.

Rock-a-bye, baby, there's coming a day,
Whose sorrows a mother's lips can't kiss away;
Days when its song will be changed to a moan;
Crosses that baby must bear all alone.

Rock-a-bye, baby, the meadow's in bloom;
May never the frosts pall the beauty in gloom;
Be thy world ever bright as to-day it is seen;
Rock-a-bye, baby, " thy cradle is green."

*Robert J. Burdette.*

## CRADLE-SONG

In the embers shining bright,
A garden grows for thy delight,
With roses yellow, red, and white.

But, O my child, beware, beware!
Touch not the blossoms blowing there,
For every rose a thorn doth bear.

*Richard Watson Gilder.*

## A CRADLE-SONG

Sing it, Mother! sing it low:
  Deem it not an idle lay.
In the heart 'twill ebb and flow
  All the life-long way.

Sing it, Mother! softly sing,
  While he slumbers on thy knee;
All that after-years may bring
  Shall flow back to thee.

Sing it, Mother, Love is strong!
  When the tears of manhood fall,
Echoes of thy cradle-song
  Shall its peace recall.

Sing it, Mother! when his ear
Catcheth first the Voice Divine,
Dying, he may smile to hear
What he deemeth thine.

*John B. Tabb.*

## MATER AMABILIS

Down the goldenest of streams,
Tide of dreams,
The fair cradled man-child drifts;
Sways with cadenced motion slow,
To and fro,
As the mother-foot poised lightly, falls and lifts.

He, the firstling,—he, the light
Of her sight,—
He, the breathing pledge of love,
'Neath the holy passion lies,
Of her eyes,—
Smiles to feel the warm, life-giving ray above.

She believes that in his vision,
Skies elysian
O'er an angel-people shine.
Back to gardens of delight,
Taking flight,
His auroral spirit basks in dreams divine.

But she smiles through anxious tears;
Unborn years

Pressing forward, she perceives.
Shadowy muffled shapes, they come
  Deaf and dumb,
Bringing what? dry chaff and tares, or full-
    eared sheaves?

What for him shall she invoke?
  Shall the oak
Bind the man's triumphant brow?
Shall his daring foot alight
  On the height?
Shall he dwell amidst the humble and the
    low?

Through what tears and sweat and pain,
  Must he gain
Fruitage from the tree of life?
Shall it yield him bitter flavor?
  Shall its savor
Be as manna midst the turmoil and the strife?

In his cradle slept and smiled
  Thus the child
Who as Prince of Peace was hailed.
Thus anigh the mother breast,
  Lulled to rest.
Child-Napoleon down the lilied river sailed.

Crowned or crucified—the same
  Glows the flame

Of her deathless love divine.
Still the blessed mother stands,
  In all lands,
As she watched beside thy cradle and by
    mine.

Whatso gifts the years bestow,
  Still men know,
While she breathes, lives one who sees
(Stand they pure or sin-defiled)
  But the child
Whom she crooned to sleep and rocked upon
    her knees.

*Emma Lazarus.*

## THE PRAYER FOR THE CHILD'S WELFARE

---

### LULLABY

*From the Irish*

I'll put you, myself, my baby, to slumber,
Not as 'tis done by the clownish number,—
A yellow blanket and coarse sheet bringing,
But in golden cradle that's softly swinging
To and fro, lu la lo,
To and fro, my bonnie baby!
To and fro, lu la lo,
To and fro, my own sweet baby!

I'll put you, myself, my baby, to slumber,
On sunniest day of the pleasant summer,
Your golden cradle on smooth lawn laying,
'Neath murmuring boughs that the birds are swaying
To and fro, lu la lo,
To and fro, my bonnie baby!
To and fro, lu la lo,
To and fro, my own sweet baby!

Slumber, my babe! may the sweet sleep woo you,
And from your slumbers may health come to you—
May all diseases now flee and fear you,
May sickness and sorrow never come near you!

To and fro, lu la lo,
To and fro, my bonnie baby!
To and fro, lu la lo,
To and fro, my own sweet baby!

Slumber, my babe! may the sweet sleep woo you,
And from your slumbers may health come to you,
May bright dreams come, and come no other,
And I be never a sonless mother!
To and fro, lu la lo,
To and fro, my bonnie baby!
To and fro, lu la lo,
To and fro, my own sweet baby!
*English version by Dr. George Sigerson.*

## MY LITTLE DEAR

My little dear, so fast asleep,
Whose arms about me cling,
What kisses shall she have to keep,
While she is slumbering?

Upon her golden baby-hair,
The golden dreams I'll kiss
Which Life spread through my morning fair,
And I have saved, for this.

Upon her baby eyes I'll press
The kiss Love gave to me,
When his great joy and loveliness
Made all things fair to see.

And on her lips, with smiles astir,
Ah me, what prayer of old
May now be kissed to comfort her,
Should Love or Life grow cold.

*Dollie Radford.*

## A LULLABY

Sleep, my dear one, sleep:
What though men laugh, what though men weep?
What though the wind and rain
Murmur their rapture or their pain?
Love watches over thee
Like the still moon above the sea.

Sleep, my dear one, sleep:
What though men toil, what though they reap?
What though the devious days
Lead radiant lives in darkened ways?
Sorrow is not for thee,
Soul of my soul and heart of me.

Sleep, my dear one, sleep:
Time in its tenderness shall keep
Thy sweetly budding soul
In its divinely wise control;
Hope sings its song for thee,
Hope that is now and yet to be.

Sleep, my dear one, sleep:
The hours move fast, they rush, they leap;
Red sunrise, then the noon—
A life is lived and lost so soon!
May fate be kind to thee,
Soul of my soul and heart of me.

*George Edgar Montgomery.*

## MY BABY DEAR

Sleep, little one, in thy tiny bed:
A white star is hovering overhead:
A bird flies west through the darkening day:
Sleep, little one, while I kneel and pray—
Mother of Jesus, may thy tear
Never be mine for my baby dear.

A spirit waits at the door of dream,
With lips asmile and with eyes agleam,
To lead into the woods that lie
Beyond the gates of the evening sky.
Mother of Jesus, roads are wide;
Bring him back if he leave my side.

Go. Fly with him where the bird has flown
And see the field with the stars o'erstrown;
And I will bide in my Land of Bliss
To bring thee home with a morning kiss.
Mother of Jesus, thou dost know
Why it is that I love him so.

*Samuel Abbott.*

## CRADLE SONG

O lullaby, my baby. The bee has gone to sleep;
The dew is on the clover and peace is on the deep,
While mother sings above thee a little slumber song,
And prays beneath her singing, God save my babe from wrong.
O sleep, my baby, sleep.

O lullaby, my baby. The stars shine overhead
To light the way of angels who come about thy bed
To keep their watch above thee until the morning breaks,
And from the dreams they brought him my little darling wakes.
O sleep, my baby, sleep.

O lullaby, my baby: take thou this good-night kiss,
And may it tell thee, darling, what love a mother's is.
Take thou this kiss to dream of the while I breathe a prayer
That God who gave shall have thee forever in His care.
O sleep, my baby, sleep.

*Eben E. Rexford.*

## CRADLE SONG

In the wingèd cradle of sleep I lay
My darling gently down;
Kissed and closed are his eyes of gray,
Under his curls' bright crown.

Where, oh, where will he fly and float,
In the wingèd cradle of sleep?
Whom will he meet in the worlds remote,
While he slumbers soft and deep?

Warm and sweet as a white blush rose,
His small hand lies in mine,
But I cannot follow him where he goes,
And he gives no word nor sign.

Keep him safe, ye heavenly powers,
In dreamland vast and dim,
Let no ill, through the night's long hours
Come nigh to trouble him.

Give him back, when the dawn shall break,
With his matchless baby charms,
With his love and his beauty all awake,
Into my happy arms!

*Celia Thaxter.*

## CUDDLE DOON

The bairnies cuddle doon at nicht
Wi' muckle faucht an' din;
"Oh, try an' sleep, ye waukrife rogues,
Your faither's comin' in."

They never heed a word I speak;
I try to gie a froon,
But aye I hap them up an' cry,
"O bairnies, cuddle doon."

Wee Jamie wi' the curly heid—
He aye sleeps next the wa'—
Bangs up an' cries, "I want a piece";
The rascal starts them a'.
I rin an' fetch them pieces, drinks,
They stop awee the soun'.
Then draw the blankets up an' cry,
"Noo, weanies, cuddle doon."

But, ere five minutes gang, wee Rab
Cries oot, frae 'neath the claes,
"Mither, mak' Tam gie ower at ance,
He's kittlin' wi' his taes."
The mischief's in that Tam for tricks,
He'd bother half the toon;
But aye I hap them up an' cry,
"O bairnies, cuddle doon."

At length they hear their father's fit,
An', as he steeks the door,
They turn their faces to the wa',
While Tam pretends to snore.
"Hae a' the weans been gude?" he asks,
As he pits aff his shoon;
"The bairnies, John, are in their beds,
An' lang since cuddled doon."

An' just afore we bed oorsels,
We look at oor wee lambs;
Tam has his airm roun' wee Rab's neck,
And Rab his airm roun' Tam's.
I lift wee Jamie up the bed,
An' as I straik each croon,
I whisper, till my heart fills up,
"O bairnies, cuddle doon."

The bairnies cuddle doon at nicht,
Wi' mirth that's dear to me;
But soon the big warl's cark and care
Will quaten doon their glee.
Yet, come what will to ilka ane,
May He who sits aboon,
Aye whisper, though their pows be bauld,
"O bairnies, cuddle doon."

*Alexander Anderson.*

## A BLESSING FOR THE BLESSED

When the sun has left the hill-top,
And the daisy-fringe is furled,
When the birds from wood and meadow
In their hidden nests are curled,
Then I think of all the babies
That are sleeping in the world. . . .

There are babies in the high lands
And babies in the low,
There are pale ones wrapped in furry skins
On the margin of the snow,
And brown ones naked in the isles,
Where all the spices grow.

And some are in the palace,
  On a white and downy bed,
And some are in the garret
  With a clout beneath their head,
And some are on the cold hard earth,
  Whose mothers have no bread.

O little men and women,
  Dear flowers yet unblown—
O little kings and beggars
  Of the pageant yet unshown—
Sleep soft and dream pale dreams now,
  To-morrow is your own.

Though some shall walk in darkness,
  And others in the light,
Though some shall smile and others weep
  In the silence of the night,
When Life has touched with many hues
  Your souls now clear and white:

God save you, little children!
  And make your eyes to see
His finger pointing in the dark
  Whatever you may be,
Till one and all, through Life and Death,
  Pass to Eternity. . . .

*Laurence Alma Tadema.*

# THE LOVE AND PROTECTION OF MOTHER AND FATHER

## FOLK LULLABIES

### English

My heart is like a fountain true
That flows and flows with love to you.
As chirps the lark unto the tree
So chirps my pretty babe to me.
And it's O! sweet, sweet! and a lullaby.

There's not a rose where'er I seek,
As comely as my baby's cheek.
There's not a comb of honey-bee,
So full of sweets as babe to me.
And it's O! sweet, sweet! and a lullaby.

There's not a star that shines on high,
Is brighter than my baby's eye.
There's not a boat upon the sea,
Can dance as baby does to me.
And it's O! sweet, sweet! and a lullaby.

No silk was ever spun so fine
As is the hair of baby mine.
My baby smells more sweet to me
Than smells in spring the elder tree.
And it's O! sweet, sweet! and a lullaby.

A little fish swims in the well,
So in my heart does baby dwell.
A little flower blows on the tree,
My baby is the flower to me.
And it's O! sweet, sweet! and a lullaby.

The Queen has sceptre, crown, and ball,
You are my sceptre, crown, and all.
For all her robes of royal silk,
More fair your skin, as white as milk.
And it's O! sweet, sweet! and a lullaby.

Ten thousand parks where deer run,
Ten thousand roses in the sun,
Ten thousand pearls beneath the sea,
My baby more precious is to me.
And it's O! sweet, sweet! and a lullaby.

BRETON

Toutouie la, la, my little child,
Toutouie la, la.

Your mother is here, my little child,
To rock you softly, little dear.

Your mother is here, my little lamb,
She will sing you a little song.

The other day she wept sorely;
Now she smiles, the little mother.

Toutouie la, la, my little bird,
In the sweet breath of thy rose tree.

To fly to heaven, my little angel,
Do not spread your little wing.

ITALIAN

Drowsily hum, drowsily hum,
Mother's own darling!
Yield thee to sleep,
She watches beside thee,
Heedless of cockcrow,
Or midnight alarum.

SARDINIAN

Duru, duru, duru, lia!
There's a pear in my vineyard,
There's a pear in the court,
Who seeks it to steal
His leg he will break;
My leave he must seek
Who dares walk round about there.
Duru, duru, duru, lia!

VENETIAN

Hope of my heart, in thy cradle reposing,
Spare her who bore thee and brought thee to life;
Tired out and weary she sits by thy cradle,
To sing thee to sleep counts nothing too wearing.

BOHEMIAN

Eiapopeia, my baby, sleep on,
Mother is rocking her darling alone.
Eiaheia, baby, sleep on,
Mother will rock thee alone, precious one!

Rest thee, my baby, to slumber beguiled!
Peacefully rest thee, my beautiful child!
Eiaheia, darling, sleep on,
Shut fast thine eyelids, my own precious one!

## A MOTHER'S SONG

Love me,—I love you,
  Love me, my baby;
Sing it high, sing it low,
  Sing it as may be.

Mother's arms under you,
  Her eyes above you;
Sing it high, sing it low,
  Love me,—I love you.

*Christina G. Rossetti.*

## A MOTHER'S SONG

*From "Balder"*

Happy eve, happy eve!
But the mavis singing in the eve,
Singeth for the silence of the eve.

Happy flower, happy flower,
But the golden secret of the flower,
Hidden honey sweeter than the flower.

Happy moon, happy moon,
But the loving moonlight of the moon,
Tender wonder fairer than the moon.

Little child, little child,
As the evening mavis unto me,
As the twilight mavis unto me.

Little child, little child,
As the hidden honey unto me,
As the golden honey unto me.

Little child, little child,
As the wondrous moonlight unto me,
As the better moonlight unto me.

*Sydney Dobell.*

## HUSHING SONG

Eilidh, Eilidh,
My bonnie wee lass:
The winds blow,
And the hours pass.

But never a wind
Can do thee wrong,
Brown Birdeen, singing
Thy bird-heart song.

And never an hour
But has for thee
Blue of the heaven
And green of the sea:

Blue for the hope of thee,
Eilidh, Eilidh;
Green for the joy of thee,
Eilidh, Eilidh.

Swing in thy nest, then,
Here on my heart,
Birdeen, Birdeen,
Here on my heart,
Here on my heart!

*"Fiona Macleod" (William Sharp).*

## CRADLE SONG

Thy heart and mine are one, my dear,
At dawn and set of sun;
When skies are bright, when days are drear,
Thy heart and mine are one!

About us move the hapless folk
Whom paltry things estrange;
The friends that feel their bond a yoke,
The loves that lightly change;

But thou and I, my bonny child,
Their dangers blithely shun,
Nor can by folly be beguiled,—
For thou and I are one!

*Florence Earle Coates.*

## CRADLE-SONG

*From the Swedish*
*(Sung by Jenny Lind)*

Light and rosy be thy slumbers,
Rock'd upon thy mother's breast,
She can lull thee with her numbers,
To the cradled heav'n of rest.

In her heart is love revolving,
  Like the planets or the moon;
Hopes and pleasures fondly solving,
  Keeping ev'ry thought in tune.

When thy look her care inviteth,
  All the mother turns to thee,
And her inmost life delighteth,
  Drinking from thy cup of glee.
O'er thee now her spirit bendeth;
  Child of promise, cherish'd well!
With thine own her being blendeth,
  Hallow'd by affection's spell.

## CRADLE-SONG

*From the Italian*

Sleep, my baby, sleep, my darling,
  While I hush thee with my song
Sleep, until the new sun rises,
  Sleep in peace the whole night long.
Slumber without care or sorrow,
  My torment, and ah! my bliss;
Slumber till the Lord's own angel
  Wake thee with his gentlest kiss.
Slumber, slumber, slumber!

Dream of birds, of sun and flowers,
  Dream of all that's bright and fair;
Of the sky, blue after showers,
  And the rainbow in the air.

Sleep, my babe, in thy existence,
  All my joy and sorrow lies;
Thy dear smiles, thy childish prattle,
  Are thy mother's paradise.
Slumber, slumber, slumber!

## MOTHER'S SONG

Don't grow old too fast, my sweet!
  Stay a little while
In this pleasant baby-land,
  Sunned by mother's smile.

Grasp not with thy dimpled hands
  At the world outside;
They are still too rosy soft,
  Life too cold and wide.

Be not wistful, sweet blue eyes!
  Find your rest in mine,
Which through life shall watchful be
  To keep all tears from thine.

Be not restless, little feet!
  Lie within my hand;
Far too round these tiny soles
  Yet to try to stand.

For a while be mine alone,
  So helpless and so dear;
By-and-by thou must go forth,
  But now, sweet, slumber here!

## SLUMBER SONG

Thou little child, with tender, clinging arms,
Drop thy sweet head, my darling, down and rest
Upon my shoulder, rest with all thy charms;
Be soothed and comforted, be loved and blessed.

Against thy silken, honey-colored hair
I lean a loving cheek, a mute caress;
Close, close I gather thee and kiss thy fair
White eyelids, sleep so softly doth oppress.

Dear little face, that lies in calm content
Within the gracious hollow that God made
In every human shoulder, where He meant
Some tired head for comfort should be laid!

Most like a heavy-folded rose thou art,
In summer air reposing, warm and still.
Dream thy sweet dreams upon my quiet heart;
I watch thy slumber; naught shall do thee ill.

*Celia Thaxter.*

## SLEEP, BABY, SLEEP

Sleep, baby, sleep!
Fondly I keep
Watch o'er my darling when darkness is nigh.
Have no alarm,
Nothing will harm;
Slumber, my little one, by, baby, by.

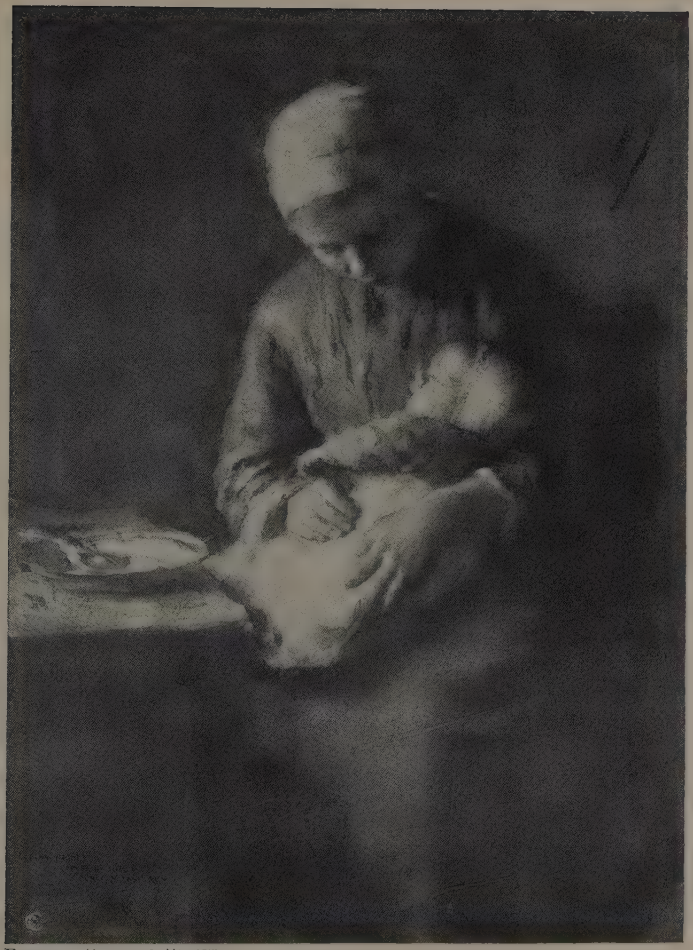
*I. L. Jones.*

## LULLABY

My heart makes mock at the long day's harms,
Thou dearest one!
I shall hold thee safe in my own glad arms,
When day is done.
Peace, that my life doth fill when fraught
With toil for thine—
Joy, that my soul doth thrill at thought
That thou art mine—
Would that thy tender life might share
Without the toil, without the care;
Peace that thy mother hath,
Joy that thy mother hath,
Dearest one!

So sweet is rest when the day grows late—
But, ah! not best;
Better thy drowsy head's dear weight
Upon my breast.
Shadows that pass, are the long day's harms;
How should I weep
When at evening-tide in my own glad arms
Thou liest asleep?
Far through the years' unceasing flow,
Would I might nightly hold thee so!
Hush thee, thou dearest one,
Rest thee, thou dearest one,
Rest.

*Nannie Fitzhugh Maclean.*



From a Copley Print.
Copyright by Curtis & Cameron, Boston, Mass.

MADONNA.

*From Painting by Albert Neuhuys.*

## A LULLABY

Close to the heart that is throbbing in love for you,
Innocent, sleep.
Mother love watches in tenderness over you,
Quietly sleep.
Circled by arms that are guarding thy purity,
While from the ocean great waves of futurity
Impotent break on thy bars of security,
Little one, sleep.

Fresh from the portals of Heaven's infinity,
Peacefully rest.
Peace was thy gift from the hand of Divinity—
Exquisite rest.
Tuned is the heart to the heavenly harmony,
Love hath imprinted its ravishing charm on thee,
Innocent soul, with no vestige of harm in thee,
Sweet is thy rest.

*Willis Walton Franz.*

## RIZPAH'S LULLABY

Sleep, sleep,—the south wind blows,
Rocking the bee in the thornless rose,
The baby birds have gone to bed—
The drowsy bluebell hangs her head—
Bluebell and baby—bee and rose.

Sleep—the south wind softly blows;
The tide ebbs—the tide flows—
Night comes—night goes;
While the stars their still watch keep—
Lullaby, baby—sleep—sleep!

Hush, hush, thy restless cries;
Close the drowsy, bluebell eyes;
On thy mother's love-warm breast
Fold thy hidden wings and rest;
Till the blossom-eyes unclose—

Sleep; the south wind softly blows;
In the mother-heart, my rose,
Love comes, but never goes—
Mother-love has tides so deep!
Lullaby, baby—sleep—sleep!

## LULLABY

Lay thy head upon this pillow,
With its curly golden crown,
Rocking, swaying like the willow!
Fairies close thine eyelids down—
On thy sweet lips lay a blessing,
With a fairies' good-night kiss!
But no touch of their caressing
Ever can be sweet as this!
Lul-la-by-o, by-lo-baby!
Angels brought thee from above;
Deeming any gift of Heaven
Safe within a mother's love!

Cheeks like apples, fair and rosy,
  Pillowed on thy mother's breast!
Never babe had couch more cozy,
  Never love a sweeter rest.
Artist, can you tell the story?
  Can you paint a face like this,
Haloed with an infant glory?
  Can you paint a mother's kiss?
    Lul-la-by-o, by-lo-baby!
    Angels brought thee from above;
    Deeming any gift of Heaven
    Safe within a mother's love!

*Fred Emerson Brooks.*

## HUSHABY

Hushaby, hushaby,
  Baby, do not weep,
On thy downy pillow lie,
  Softly, softly sleep.

Hushaby, hushaby,
  Now thine eyelids close;
While thy mother sitting nigh,
  Watches thy repose.

Hushaby, hushaby,
  Slumber sweet be giv'n;
On thy downy pillow lie,
  Precious gift from heav'n.

*Thomas Hastings.*

## CRADLE SONG

Low in the troubled west,
  Storm clouds are trailing,
And from the woodland nest,
  Night birds are wailing.

Oh, baby, soft and warm,
  On my breast lying,
What do I care for storm,
  Or daylight dying?

What for the night so drear,
  Waking or sleeping,
When thou art folded here
  Safe in my keeping.

## SLEEP, BABY DEAR

All is still and restful now,
So, my darling, slumber thou!
Only sighs the wind anear,
Lullaby, sleep, baby dear.

Softly close each azure eye,
Like twin Maybuds let them lie;
And when morning shines anew,
They, like flowers, shall open, too.

Thus while flowers like thee I greet,
Softly kissing eyelids sweet,
Why need mother look without,
Though the spring is all about?

## SLEEP, SLEEP, MY BABE

Sleep, sleep, my babe, night will not harm thee,
Nor care disturb thy happy rest;
Here shalt thou lie, here shalt thou warm thee,
Safe sheltered on thy mother's breast.

Sleep, baby, sleep, my heart thy pillow;
Thee love from evil hap shall guard;
The moon hangs bright o'er yonder willow;
Above, dear God keeps watch and ward.

O, baby mine, what peace infolds thee!
Beneath thee is Love's tender arm;
The Gentle Shepherd sweetly holds thee—
He shields His helpless lambs from harm.

Then sleep, my babe, no tongue shall chide thee;
On thee shall blow no wind unblest;
O baby, in my heart I hide thee,
There make thy bed, there take thy rest.

*James B. Kenyon.*

## LULLABY

Sleep, my baby, sleep, my boy;
Rest your little weary head;
'Tis your mother rocks her baby
In his little cradle bed.
Lullaby, sweet lullaby!

All the little birds are sleeping,
Every one has gone to rest,
And my precious one is resting
In his pretty cradle nest.
Lullaby, sweet lullaby!

Sleep, O, sleep, my darling boy;
Wake to-morrow fresh and strong;
'Tis your mother sits beside you,
Singing you a cradle song.
Lullaby, sweet lullaby!

*Eliza Lee Follen.*

## SLEEP, BELOVED, SLEEP

Sleep, beloved, sleep;
Round thee watch we keep;
List how the rain doth fall,
How the neighbor's dog doth call;
He hath bitten some one straying,
That's the cause of all this baying,
Round thee careful watch we keep,
Sleep, beloved, sleep.

Close thy weary eye;
Wind doth rustle by;
Hare doth lift a list'ning ear,
As the hunter's foot draws near;
Coat of green is hunter wearing
But the hare is little caring;
Hunter cannot come him nigh.
Close thy weary eye.

Sleep till morn arise
In yon azure skies;
Watch-dog now hath ceased to bark;
Beggar hides where all is dark;
Little dove her young is tending
Where no hunter's foot is wending;
Hare is hid in verdure deep,
Sleep, my darling, sleep.

## BABY DEAR

*Cradle Song of the Buccaneer's Wife*

In thy hammock gently sleeping,
Dearest baby, have no fear;
While thy mother watch is keeping
Danger never can come near.
I am here
Baby dear,
Mother's eyes
Watch her prize;
Pois'nous wing
Nor noisome sting
Shall harm thy sleep,
Tho' I may weep,
Weep for one that's far from me
Far across the stormy sea.
Let me dash the tear away!
Better far to hope and pray;
Oh, solace rare!
A tear may mingle with a pray'r,

A pray'r for thee, my baby dear,
And one, alas! that is not here.
Baby dear, baby dear,
In thy hammock calmly swinging,
Gently is thy mother singing
Lullaby to thee.

*Samuel Lover.*

## A LULLABY

Suppose I put my baby to sleep
In a nest in a tree-top high,
Where the wind would blow it to and fro
And sing this lullaby:
Rest, rest, babe in a nest!
Little white bird in a tree!
The old tree shall keep a watch o'er thy sleep,
The little leaves guard over thee;
And one little leaf lays its palm on thy brow—
Soft, cool little leaf—
Go to sleep, baby—now! now! soon ceaseth thy grief.
"Sh! Sh! Sh!" say the leaves—that is their lullaby;
But old tree-mother and green little leaves,
My baby still would cry.

Suppose I put my baby to sleep
In a tiny boat on the sea,
Where the waters would move it softly with love,

And sing this melody:
Waft, waft, wee little craft,
Afloat on the silver sea!
Rock on the deep, white little one! Sleep!
Canst trust thyself with me.
For each little wave holds a star in its hands,
To frighten away the dark;
And a far-off wind brings a song from the lands,—
Hear little baby! Hark!
"Sh! Sh! Sh!" breathe the waves—that is their lullaby;
But kind sea-mother and gray little waves,
My baby still would cry.

Suppose I put my baby to sleep
Upon her pillow white,
Where I can watch the golden head
Gleam through the lonely night;
Not near enough! Not close enough!
I strain her to my breast.
Now Rosy-lips! Now Finger-tips!
Now Weary-lids we rest!
Thou and mother the whole night through;
All night mother and thou;
At last my hungry arms are filled;
Thy homesick cry at last is stilled;
We both can sleep—sleep now!
With a smile on my lips for thy little hands,
And a prayer in my heart that understands,
For "Hush! oh hush!" says a voice in the sky,
And we—we do not cry.

*Kate Wisner McClusky.*

## "LITTLE BOATIE"

*A Slumber-Song for the Fisherman's Child*

Furl your sail, my little boatie;
  Here's the haven still and deep,
Where the dreaming tides in-streaming
    Up the channel creep.
Now the sunset breeze is dying;
Hear the plover, landward flying,
Softly down the twilight crying;
  Come to anchor, little boatie,
    In the port of Sleep.

Far away, my little boatie,
  Roaring waves are white with foam;
Ships are striving, onward driving,
    Day and night they roam.
Father's at the deep-sea trawling,
In the darkness, rowing, hauling,
While the hungry winds are calling,—
  God protect him, little boatie,
    Bring him safely home!

Not for you, my little boatie,
  Is the wide and weary sea;
You're too slender, and too tender,
    You must bide with me.
All day long you have been straying
Up and down the shore and playing;
Come to harbor, no delaying!
  Day is over, little boatie,
    Night falls suddenly.

Furl your sail, my little boatie,
  Fold your wings, my weary dove.
Dews are sprinkling, stars are twinkling
    Drowsily above.
Cease from sailing, cease from rowing;
Rock upon the dream-tide, knowing
Safely o'er your rest are glowing,
  All the night, my little boatie,
    Harbor-lights of love.

*Henry Van Dyke.*

## SONG FOR A BABE

Little babe, while burns the west,
Warm thee, warm thee, in my breast;
While the moon doth shine her best,
  And the dews distil not.

All the land so sad, so fair—
Sweet its toils are, blest its care.
Child, we may not enter there!
  Some there are that will not.

Fain would I thy margins know,
Land of work, and land of snow;
Land of life, whose rivers flow
  On, and on, and stay not.

Fain would I thy small limbs fold,
While the weary hours are told,
Little babe in cradle cold.
  Some there are that may not.

*Jean Ingelow.*

## AT THE DREAMLAND GATE

The winds go down in peace, dear child,
The birds are circling o'er the sea;
The Dreamland gate before thee swings
With murmur soft as drowsy bee;
Now enter in, dear child, nor fear, nor fear lest
harm should come to thee.

Beyond the gate I cannot go,
But here I'll stand, nor stir away,
While, with the Dreamland children, thou
Shalt frolic till the break of day;
Fear not to enter in, dear child; for close beside
the gate I'll stay.

And if in Dreamland's lovely woods
Some harmless giant lay in wait,
Some straggler from thy fairy tales,
He'll take to flight disconsolate—
Just say, "Away! or I will tell my mother at the
Dreamland gate!"

*Mary E. Wilkins.*

## GOOD-NIGHT

Little baby, lay your head
On your pretty cradle-bed;
Shut your eye-peeps, now the day
And the light are gone away;
All the clothes are tucked in tight;
Little baby dear, good-night.

Yes, my darling, well I know
How the bitter wind doth blow;
And the winter's snow and rain
Patter on the window-pane:
But they cannot come in here,
To my little baby dear;

For the window shutteth fast,
Till the stormy night is past;
And the curtains warm are spread
Round about her cradle-bed:
So till morning shineth bright,
Little baby dear, good-night.

*Jane Taylor.*

## A LULLABY

Sleep, my darling, sleep!
Thunders the pitiless storm;
Fiercely at window and door
Wrestle the winds and roar:
Thy slumber is deep and warm.
Sleep, my darling, sleep!

Sleep, my baby, sleep!
Over thy beautiful head,
Lightly, softly, and close,
Sweeter than lily or rose,
Thy mother's kisses are shed.
Sleep, my baby, sleep!

Sleep, my darling, sleep!
Safe in these arms, my own,
Summer shall wrap thee round;
Never harsh touch or sound
Break through that charmèd zone.
Sleep, then, darling, sleep!

*Celia Thaxter.*

## LULLABY

*From "Erminie"*

Dear mother, in dreams I see her
With loved face sweet and calm,
And hear her voice
With love rejoice,
When nestling on her arm.
I think how she softly press'd me,
Of the tears in each glist'ning eye,
As her watch she'd keep,
When she rock'd to sleep
Her child with this lullaby:

Bye, bye, drowsiness o'ertaking,
Pretty little eyelids, sleep—
Bye, bye, watching till thou'rt waking,
Darling, be thy slumber deep!
Bye, bye, bye, bye!

Ah! e'en when her life was ebbing,
Her words were all of me;
My future years
Were all her fears;

Her fate 'twas not to see.
My father, I hear you weeping,
As, in sorrow standing by,
Comes my mother's plaint
In her accents faint,
This tender, sweet lullaby:

Bye, bye, drowsiness o'ertaking,
Pretty little eyelids, sleep—
Bye, bye, watching till thou'rt waking,
Darling, be thy slumber deep!
Bye, bye, bye, bye!

## THE CRADLE OF GOLD

I'd rock my own sweet childie to rest
In a cradle of gold on the bough of the willow,
To the shoheen ho! of the Wind of the West
And the lulla lo! of the blue sea billow.
Sleep, baby dear!
Sleep without fear!
Mother is here beside your pillow.

I'd put my own sweet childie to float
In a silver boat on the beautiful river,
Where a shoheen! whisper the white cascades
And a lulla lo! the green flags shiver.
Sleep, baby dear!
Sleep without fear!
Mother is here with you forever!

Shoheen ho! to the rise and fall
Of mother's bosom, 'tis sleep has bound you!
And oh, my child, what cozier nest
For rosier rest could love have found you?
Sleep, baby dear!
Sleep without fear!
Mother's two arms are close around you!

*Alfred Perceval Graves.*

## LULLABY

Softly sink in slumbers golden,
Warm as nestled birdlings lie,
Safe in mother's arms enfolden,
While I sing thy lullaby,
Lullaby, lullaby, lullaby, lullaby,
Sweet one, sleep to my lullaby.

Tho' the night doth darken, darken,
Light will mother's slumbers lie;
Still my heart will hearken, hearken,
Lest my wee thing wake and cry.
Lullaby, lullaby, lullaby, lullaby,
Sweet one, sleep to my lullaby.

At thy golden gates of slumber,
Stands my spirit tiptoe high,
Filled with yearnings without number,
In thine inner heaven to fly.
Lullaby, lullaby, lullaby, lullaby,
Sweet one, sleep to my lullaby.

In that world of mystic breathing,
Spirit Sentinels, stand by!
Winnow, winnow, o'er my wee thing,
Wings of Love that hover nigh.
Lullaby, lullaby, lullaby, lullaby,
Sweet one, sleep to my lullaby.

Sleep! and drink the dew delicious!
Sleep! till the morrow dawn is high!
Sleep with mother near her precious,
Wake! with mother waiting nigh.
Lullaby, lullaby, lullaby, lullaby,
Sweet one, sleep to my lullaby.

*Gerald Massey.*

## AN INDIAN LULLABY

Rock-a-by, rock-a-by, little brown baby,
Safe on the green branch so high,
Shut your bright black eyes and go to sleep, baby,
While the wood-wind sings, "Hush-a-by-by."

"Hush-a-by-hush," 'tis the voice of the forest,
"Hush-a-by-hush," the leaves seem to say,
"Hush-a-by-hush," sing the wild birds in chorus,
Up in the tree-tops so far, far away.

Rock-a-by, rock-a-by, swinging so gently,
See, from the dark woods so cool and so deep,
The little gray squirrel, the timid brown rabbit,
Are coming to see if papoose is asleep.

Mother will watch by her little brown baby,
Swinging aloft on the green branch so high,
No harm can come to the little brown baby,
Hush-a-by, rock-a-by, hush-a-by-by.

## THE MOTHER TO HER INFANT

Slumber, my darling, no danger is near,
Thy mother sits by thee to guard thy repose;
Though the wind roars aloud, not a breath reaches here,
To shake the white curtains which round thee do close:
Then slumber, my darling, and sleep without fear,
Thou art safe from all danger, my dearest, while here.

What is it the angels do unto thee say
When thou dost lie smiling so sweet in thy sleep?
Are they trying, my sweetest, to lure thee away,
And leave me alone in my sorrow to weep?
Oh! sometimes I fancy they whisper thy name,
And would fain bear thee back to the land whence they came.

Then never, my darling, when thou growest old,
Forget her who on thy sweet infancy smiled,
To whom thou wert dearer than jewels and gold,
Who studied thy looks and thy wishes, my child,
Who, when thou didst need her, was never away,
In health or in sickness, by night or by day.

*Thomas Miller.*

## LULLABY

Sleep, my baby, all the night!
Star and star for candle-light
Shining softly all about.
Not a breeze to blow them out.
Not a saucy cloud but soon
Sails from off the placid moon.
Moon and star the watch will keep:
  Go to sleep!
  Go to sleep!

Go to sleep, my baby dear:
Never fear!
If the wind blow out the light,—
If the moon go out of sight,
All the hours of dark and dew
Will the mother watch by you.
Mother still her babe will keep:
  Go to sleep!
  Go to sleep!

*Wendell Phillips Stafford.*

## LULLABY-O, BY-O, BABE

When all the little birds have gone to rest
  An' night win's whispeh soft an' low;
When red an' gold am glowin' in the west,
  Then mammy holds her baby lovin', so,

An' sings to him this lullaby,
Lullaby-o, sleepy boy-o, lullaby:

"Silvah moon am sailin' low,
By-o babe, mah babe;
Off to slumbah lan' yoh go,
By-o babe, mah babe.
Baby dreams will come to yo',
Keep yoh happy long night through
Whilst yoh mammy watches yo',
By-o babe, mah babe."

The rivah's lappin' soft upon the shore,
Shy whip-po'-will am callin' sweet.
While star-gleams come a-peepin' more an' more,
Ol' mammy cuddles warm the little feet
An' sings to him this lullaby,
Lullaby-o, sleepy boy-o, lullaby:

"Silvah moon am sailin' high,
By-o babe, mah babe;
Slumbah lan' am comin' nigh,
By-o babe, mah babe.
Happy dreams am comin' fast,
Drowsy eyes am closed at last,
All the troubled day am past,
By-o babe, mah babe."

*Harry Noyes Pratt.*

## YOU'S SWEET TO YO' MAMMY JES' DE SAME

Shet yo' eyes, ma little pickaninny, go to sleep,
Mammy's watchin' by you all de w'ile;
Daddy is a-wu'kin' down in de cott'n fiel',
Wu'kin' fu' his little honey chile.
An' yo' mammy's heart is jes' a-brimmin' full o' lub
Fu' you f'om yo' head down to yo' feet;
Oh, no mattah w'at some othah folks may t'ink o' you,
To yo' mammy's heart you's mighty sweet.

You's sweet to yo' mammy jes' de same;
Dat's why she calls you Honey fu' yo' name.
Yo' face is black, dat's true,
An' yo' hair is woolly, too,
But, you's sweet to yo' mammy jes' de same.

Up der in de big house w'ere dey lib so rich an' gran'
Dey's got chillen dat dey lubs, I s'pose;
Chillen dat is purty, oh, but dey can't lub dem mo'
Dan yo' mammy lubs you, heaben knows!
Dey may t'ink you's homely, an' yo' clo'es dey may be po',
But yo' shinin' eyes, dey hol's a light
Dat, my Honey, w'en you opens dem so big an' roun',
Makes you lubly in yo' mammy's sight.

*James Weldon Johnson.*

## LULLABY

The rooks' nests do rock on the tree-top,
  Where few foes can stand;
The martin's is high and is deep
  In the steep clift of sand;
But thou, love, a-sleeping where footsteps
  Might come to thy bed,
Hast father and mother to watch thee
  And shelter thy head.
    Lullaby, Lilybrow, lie asleep;
    Blest be thy rest.

And some birds do keep under roofing
  Their young from the storm;
And some wi' nest-broodings o' moss
  And o' wool, do lie warm.
And we will look well to the house-roof
  That o'er thee might leak,
And the beast that might beat on thy window
  Shall not smite thy cheek.
    Lullaby, Lilybrow, lie asleep;
    Blest be thy rest.

*William Barnes.*

## LULLABY

O'er the haycocks comes the moon,
Father will be coming soon
Through the clover and the dew,
Home to mother and to you.

In the barnyard he will stay,
Just to put his scythe away.
Cows and sheep wait for him, too;
Dearer than his flocks are you.

Arms that labor all day long
Are for loving very strong.
Hearts that bear the heat of Junes
Know so many pretty tunes.
Fireflies and fire-stars
Twinkle through the pasture bars,
Miles of meadows are at rest;
Sleep, for father loves you best.

*Alice Archer Sewall.*

## AMANTIUM IRÆ

In going to my naked bed as one that would have slept,
I heard a wife sing to her child, that long before had wept;
She sighèd sore and sang full sweet, to bring the babe to rest,
That would not cease but crièd still, in sucking at her breast.
She was full weary of her watch, and grievèd with her child,
She rockèd it and rated it, till that on her it smiled.

Then did she say, Now have I found this proverb
true to prove,
The falling out of faithful friends renewing is of
love.

Then took I paper, pen and ink, this proverb for
to write,
In register for to remain of such a worthy wight:
As she proceeded thus in song unto her little brat,
Much matter utter'd she of weight, in place
whereas she sat:
And provèd plain there was no beast, nor creature
bearing life,
Could well be known to live in love without dis-
cord and strife:
Then kissèd she her little babe, and sware by God
above,
The falling out of faithful friends renewing is of
love.

She said that neither king nor prince nor lord
could live aright,
Until their puissance they did prove, their man-
hood and their might.
When manhood shall be matched so that fear can
take no place,
Then weary works make warriors each other to
embrace,
And left their force that failèd them, which did
consume the rout,
That might before have lived their time, their
strength and nature out:

Then did she sing as one that thought no man could her reprove,
The falling out of faithful friends renewing is of love.

She said she saw no fish nor fowl, nor beast within her haunt,
That met a stranger in their kind, but could give it a taunt:
Since flesh might not endure, but rest must wrath succeed,
And force the fight to fall to play in pasture where they feed,
So noble nature can well end the work she hath begun,
And bridle well that will not cease her tragedy in some:
Thus in song she oft rehearsed, as did her well behove,
The falling out of faithful friends renewing is of love.

I marvel much pardy (quoth she) for to behold the rout,
To see man, woman, boy and beast, to toss the world about:
Some kneel, some crouch, some beck, some check, and some can smoothly smile,
And some embrace others in arm, and there think many a wile,

Some stand aloof at cap and knee, some humble
and some stout,
Yet are they never friends in deed until they once
fall out:
Thus ended she her song and said, before she did
remove,
The falling out of faithful friends renewing is of
love.

*Richard Edwardes.*

# THE PROTECTION OF THE HEAVENLY POWERS

## FOLK LULLABIES

### Italian

Sleep, white little angel of God, a lullaby
The dear Madonna sings you from on high;
A lullaby that tells of holy things,
From heaven, the dear Madonna, to you sings.

### Sicilian

A-la-lò, my son is a beauty!
His face is like a lily;
His name is a charm;
The angels bestowed it;
The priest gave his blessing,
With bell, book, and stole.

A-la-lò, the Sanctus has rung,
The priest at the altar
The Mass doth intone;
Sleep, baby, sleep with the Lord.

A-la-lò, good fortune await thee,
Shut closely thine eyelids and slumber;
'Tis the hour of repose,
And sleep must seal up thine eyes.
A-la-lò, my heart's own beloved
Will not sleep unless sung to;

A-la-lò, my sweetest of treasures,
Sleep wrap thee as long as I would,
As long as I would and God wills;
A-la-lò, this holy baby must slumber,
Till the church bells to-morrow,
At mid-day with clamour,
The country-side fill;
May sleep thee thus visit, A-la-lò.

### Venetian

Sleep, a ni-na-na, a nice long sleep,
Close thine eyes and fall asleep.
A sleep to last the whole night long;
God give thee joy and good luck,
Good luck and good fortune;
The mother who bore thee is by thy cradle;
She's by thy cradle to rock and to sing.
Till thou sleep'st she'll not desert thee;
To God's guard she will leave thee
Should Fate call her hence.

### Danish

Now sleep, my baby, sweetly sleep,
  Come shut your eyelids to!
Our Father God, in Heaven above,
  Will keep guard o'er you.

He sends His angels down to stand
  Above your cradle near;
Then, baby, shut your eyes in peace,
  God's eyes are open, dear.

GERMAN

High up on the mountain the wind bloweth wild,
There sitteth Our Lady and rocketh her child,
Her snow-white hand rocks the cradle high,
Nor needs she a cord to rock it by.
Come, Sleep draws near,
Sleep, Baby dear!

FRENCH

Hush, my baby, sleep;
Soon my little child will slumber.
Hush! don't even peep,
But go right to sleep, my dear.
Holy Virgin, let me pray,
Rock my little child to sleep,
That he soon may crawl and creep,
And may call: Papa,—Mamma.

Foolish Wide Eyes! Lullaby!
Now, Saint Catherine, draw nigh,
Put to sleep my little one
Till her fifteenth year be done!
When the fifteen years are sped,
Then my daughter must be wed!

SPANISH

Slumber, slumber, darling, the old mocking-bird is singing:
Hichó, chimichó, hichó, chimichó; tuma coro, tuma coro, bimbambom!

The moon shines bright, and the snake darts swift
and light;
I see five baby bullocks, and a calf, young and
white.

The moon was a-chewing a mellow Indian fig;
The sun was gobbling a cabbage big.

And out in the hallway the Virgin sits alone,
Sewing a cloak for our dear Lord, her son.

GREEK

Santa Maria! cover the child,
Santa Sophia! sing him asleep!
Walk him about if the day is mild,
And give him at Nature's face a peep.

Let him see how the trees are in bloom,
And hear how nightingales trill their lay;
Then bring him back to his father's room,
Or else we shall have the devil to pay.

For soon his mother would rush in tears;
The carelessness of a single hour
Become the seed of wretched years,
And she be sick, and her milk be sour.

*English version by C. B. Sheridan.*

LULLABY

Rest, my babe, rest!
Under the pale stars dim clouds are rifting,
Over the long trees breezes are lifting;

Oh, baby, baby, babe of mine,
Hush now to slumber, heart divine!
Though fears assail, though griefs betide,
Yet God's dear arms are very wide,
And mother's love is thine;
So rest, my baby, rest!

## LULLABY

O sleep, sweet infant, for we all must sleep,—
And wake like babies, that we may wake with Him
Who watches still His own from harm to keep,
And o'er them spreads the wings of cherubim.

*Hartley Coleridge.*

## LULLABY

Evening shades are falling;
Time to go to rest;
Stars are softly calling
Darling to her rest.
Sweet the sleep before thee
Till morning light;
God in heav'n watch o'er thee,
My love, good-night.

Time to go to bed, love,
Lay thee down to sleep;
Weary little head, love,
God will safely keep.

Now the little kiss, love,
Arms clasp so tight;
Pleasant dreams of bliss, love;
My love, good-night.

## CRADLE SONG

*From the Arabic*

Sleep, my eye, sleep, sleep a slumber hale,
Like pilgrims in the Meena vale;
Sweetly rest till morning light,
My little farmer boy so bright;
Beauty mine supernal,
Like sweet flowers vernal;
Kept safe in the stronghold by God in the skies,
Kept safe in the stronghold by God in the skies.

Sleep, my eye, oh! sleep a slumber sweet!
May sorrow ne'er thy eyesight meet;
In thy cradle rest thy head,
Soft in the little silken bed;
Thy God will defend thee,
Fortune may attend thee,
The Lord of the heavens will His promise fulfil,
The Lord of the heavens will His promise fulfil.

## LULLABY

*From the Welsh*

Sleep, my babe, lie still and slumber,
All through the night;
Guardian angels God will lend thee,
All through the night;
Soft the drowsy hours are creeping,
Hill and vale in slumber sleeping,
Mother dear her watch is keeping,
All through the night.

God is here, thou'lt not be lonely,
All through the night;
'Tis not I who guards thee only,
All through the night.
Night's dark shades will soon be over,
Still my watchful care shall hover,
God with me His watch is keeping,
All through the night.

## LULLABY

*From the French*

Sleep, sleep, my darling,
Sleep tranquilly,
Mother is watching,
Praying for thee.
May holy angels
On wings of light,
Bring to my baby,
Dreams fair and bright.
Dodo, my darling, peacefully sleep.

Sleep, sleep, my darling,
  Sleep tranquilly,
Thy heav'nly Father
  Careth for thee.
In thy soft cradle
  Peacefully sleep;
While thou dost slumber,
  Watch He will keep.
Dodo, my darling, peacefully sleep.

## GOOD-NIGHT

*From the German*

Good-night!
Be thy cares forgotten quite!
  Day approaches to its close;
  Weary nature seeks repose.
Till the morning dawns in light,
  Good-night!

Go to rest!
Close thine eyes in slumber blest!
  Now 'tis still and quiet all;
  Hear we but the watchman's call,
And the night is still and blest.
  Go to rest!

Good-night!
Slumber till the morning light!
  Slumber till the dawn of day
  Brings its sorrow with its ray.
Sleep without or fear or fright!
Our Father wakes! good-night! good-night!

## LULLABY

Now bylow, baby, and slumber sweet and soundly,
Your tiny bed be of violets soft and even,
Your downy pillow of silk, smooth and shiny,
And all the bedclothes of golden sunbeams woven!

Now bylow, baby, and slumber soon will find you!
My darling daughter, now sleep and please your mother,
For she is weary with long rocking your cradle
All night and day, and one hour like the other.

Now bylow, baby, my love, my darling Ninna,
And may the Father repose and comfort bring you!
Now fall asleep, and a lullaby together
The Father, Son and Holy Ghost shall sing you.

O Holy Saviour, who art my consolation,
Thou who didst comfort two women sore afflicted,
Consoler Thou of Martha and Mary,
Be baby and mother by Thy love protected!

Thy consolation was giv'n to Mary and Martha,
In mercy daughter and mother Thou invitest!
Now bylow, baby, and over you a shower
Shall fall of golden rings and pearls the brightest.

## CRADLE SONG

'Tis night on the mountain,
'Tis night on the sea,
Mild dewdrops are kissing
The bloom-covered lea;
Like plumes gently waving,
The soft zephyrs creep;
The birds are all dreaming,
Then sleep, darling, sleep.

'Tis night on the mountain,
'Tis night on the sea,
Away in the distance
The stars twinkle free;
O'er all of His creatures
His watch He will keep
Who guardeth the sparrows—
Then, sleep, darling, sleep.

*Mary M. Bowen.*

## BY THE CRADLE

*From "Cottage Songs"*

Close her eyes; she must not peep!
Let her little puds go slack;
Slide away far into sleep:
Sis will watch till she comes back!

Mother's knitting at the door,
Waiting till the kettle sings;
When the kettle's song is o'er
She will set the bright tea-things.

Father's busy making hay
In the meadow by the brook,
Not so very far away—
Close its peeps, it needn't look!

God is round us everywhere—
Sees the scythe glitter and rip;
Watches baby gone somewhere;
Sees how mother's fingers skip!

Sleep, dear baby; sleep outright:
Mother's sitting just behind;
Father's only out of sight;
God is round us like the wind.

*George MacDonald.*

## LULLABY

Lennavan-mo,
Lennavan-mo,
Who is it swinging you to and fro,
With a long low swing and a sweet low croon,
And the loving words of the mother's rune?

Lennavan-mo,
Lennavan-mo,
Who is it swinging you to and fro?
I am thinking it is an angel fair,
The Angel that looks on the gulf from the lowest stair
And swings the green world upward by its leagues of sunshine hair.

Lennavan-mo,
Lennavan-mo,
Who swingeth you and the Angel to and fro?
It is He whose faintest thought is a world afar,
It is He whose wish is a leaping seven-moon'd star,
It is He, Lennavan-mo,
To whom you and I and all things flow.

Lennavan-mo,
Lennavan-mo,
It is only a little wee lass you are, Eilidh-mo-chree,
But as this wee blossom has roots in the depths of the sky,
So you are at one with the Lord of eternity—
Bonnie wee lass that you are,
My morning star,
Eilidh-mo-chree, Lennavan-mo,
Lennavan-mo.

*"Fiona Macleod"* (*William Sharp*).

## LULLABY

Sleep, baby, sleep!
Waiting near with outstretched hands,
See the slumber Angel stands.
Every bird has sought its nest;
Lambs are in the fold at rest;
Sleep, baby, sleep!
God and mother vigil keep.

Sleep, baby, sleep!
Through the trees the night winds wail;
Past the stars the dream-ships sail,
Clouds for canvas, dreams for freight;
Hush, my sweet, the hour grows late.
Sleep, baby, sleep!
God and mother vigil keep.

*Virginia Bioren Harrison.*

## LULLABY

Dream, dream, thou flesh of me!
Dream thou next my breast.
Dream, dream and coax the stars
To light thee at thy rest.

Sleep, sleep, thou breath of Him
Who watcheth thee and me.
Dream, dream, and dreaming,
Coax that He shall see.

Rest, rest thou fairy form
That presseth soft my breast.
Rest, rest and nestle warm,
And rest and rest and rest.

*Patience Worth.*

## A MOTHER-SONG

Soft sleeps the earth in moonlight blest;
Soft sleeps the bough above the nest;
O'er lonely depths the whippoorwill
Breathes one faint note and all is still.

Sleep, little darling; night is long—
Sleep while I sing thy cradle song.

About thy dream the drooping flower
Blows her sweet breath from hour to hour,
And white the great moon spreads her wings,
While low, while far, the dear earth swings.
Sleep, little darling; all night long
The winds shall sing thy slumber song.

Powers of the earth and of the air
Shall have thee in their mother-care,
And hosts of heaven, together prest,
Bend over thee, their last, their best.
Hush, little darling; from the deep
Some mighty wing shall fan thy sleep.

*Harriet Prescott Spofford.*

## CRADLE SONG

The winds are whispering over the sea,
And the waves are listening smilingly,—
They are telling tales of the shining sky,
And the dusky lands they travel by.

They are telling tales they have often told,—
Of faces new and feelings old,
Of hope and fear, of love and hate,
Of birth and death and human fate,

Of homes of joy and hearts of pain,
Of storm and strife, and peace again,
Of age and youth, of man and maid,
And of baby mine, in the cradle laid.

And the sun laughs down in his own kind way,
For the heart of the sun is as young as they;
And the sea looks up as a loved one should,—
They are old; they know it is good, all good.

You may feel the waves as the cradle swings,
And the air is stirred with the wind's soft wings,
And mother has heard from the sky and sea
That they send " sweet sleep and dreams " to thee.

Then hush! my baby, gently rest
In the night's wide arms, on the earth's broad breast,
The sky above, beneath the sea,
And a greater than all to shelter thee.

*Merle St. Croix Wright.*

## FALLING TO SLEEP

Evening is falling to sleep in the west,
Lulling the golden-brown meadows to rest;
Twinkle like diamonds the stars in the skies,
Greeting the two little slumbering eyes.
Sweetly sleep; Jesus doth keep;
And Jesus will give His beloved ones sleep.

Now all the flowers have gone to repose,
Closed are the sweet cups of lily and rose;
Blossoms rocked lightly on evening's mild breeze,
Drowsily, dreamily swing in the trees.

Sweetly sleep; Jesus will keep;
And Jesus will give His beloved ones sleep.

Sleep till the flowers shall open once more;
Sleep till the lark in the morning shall soar;
Sleep till the morning sun lighting the skies,
Bids thee from sweet repose joyfully rise.
Sweetly sleep; Jesus doth keep;
And Jesus will give His beloved ones sleep.

## CRADLE SONG

Sleep, little baby of mine,
Night and the darkness are near,
But Jesus looks down
Through the shadows that frown,
And baby has nothing to fear.

Shut, little sleepy blue eyes;
Dear little head, be at rest;
Jesus, like you,
Was a baby once, too,
And slept on His own mother's breast.

Sleep, little baby of mine,
Soft on your pillow so white;
Jesus is here
To watch over you, dear,
And nothing can harm you to-night.

O little darling of mine,
What can you know of the bliss,
The comfort I keep,
Awake and asleep,
Because I am certain of this?

## LULLABY OF A WOMAN OF THE MOUNTAIN

*From the Gaelic*

Little gold head, my house's candle,
You will guide all wayfarers that walk this country.

Little soft mouth that my breast has known,
Mary will kiss you as she passes.

Little round cheek, O smoother than satin,
Iosa will lay His hand upon you.

Mary's kiss on my baby's mouth,
Christ's little hand on my darling's cheek!

House, be still, and ye little gray mice,
Lie close to-night in your hidden lairs

Moths on the window, fold your wings,
Little black chafers, silence your humming.

Plover and curlew fly not over my house,
Do not speak, wild barnacle, passing over this mountain.

Things of the mountain that wake in the night time,
Do not stir to-night till the daylight whitens.
*English version by P. H. Pearse.*

## LULLABY

O Mary, mother, if the day we trod
In converse sweet the lily fields of God
From earth afar arose a cry of pain,
Should we not weep again?
(*Sings*) Hush, hush, O baby mine,
Mother's twain are surely thine,
One of earth and one divine.

O Mary, mother, if the day the air
Was sweet with songs celestial, came a prayer
From earth afar and mingled with the strain,
Would we not pray again?
(*Sings*) Sleep, sleep, my baby dear,
Mother's twain are surely near,
One to pray and one to hear.

O Mary, mother, if, as yesternight,
A bird sought shelter at my casement light,
A wounded soul should flutter to thy breast,
Would'st thou refuse it rest?
(*Sings*) Sleep, darling, peacefully;
Mary, mother, comforts me;
Christ, her son, hath died for thee.
*Arthur Sherburne Hardy.*

THE VIRGIN AND THE ANGELS.

*From Painting by Adolphe William Bouguereau.*

## A CRADLE SONG

O men from the fields!
  Come gently within.
Tread softly, softly,
  O men coming in!

Mavourneen is going
  From me and from you,
Where Mary will fold him
  With mantle of blue!

From reek of the smoke
  And cold of the floor,
And the peering of things
  Across the half-door.

O men from the fields!
  Soft, softly come thro'.
Mary puts round him
  Her mantle of blue.

*Padraic Colum.*

## CRADLE-SONG OF THE FISHERMAN'S WIFE

Swung in the hollows of the deep,
While silver stars their watches keep,
  Sleep, my seabird, sleep!
Our boat the glistening fishes fill,
Our prow turns homeward—hush, be still;
  Sleep, my seabird, sleep—
    Sleep, sleep.

The wind is springing from out the West,
Nestle thee deeper in mother's breast,
  Rest, my seabird, rest!
  There is no sea our boat could whelm
While thy brave father is at the helm,
  Rest, my seabird, rest—
    Rest, rest.

The foam flies past us like beaten cream,
The waves break over, the fierce winds scream;
  Dream, my seabird, dream!
Dream of the cot, where high and low,
Crimson and white, the roses blow;
  Dream, my seabird, dream—
    Dream, dream.

What though the tempest is on the deep?
Heaven will guard thee—do not weep;
  Sleep, my seabird, sleep!
Be brave as a fisherman's child should be,
Rocked in the hollows of the sea,
  Sleep, my seabird, sleep—
    Sleep, sleep.

*Ella Higginson.*

## GREEK MOTHER'S LULLABY

*From "A Doric Reed"*

Sleep, my child, no care can cumber
Thy young heart, nor break thy slumber,—
Love doth all thy moments number:

Let thy sleep
Be sweet and deep!
While thy mother's arms caress thee,
May great Zeus protect and bless thee!

Gentle zephyrs woo and kiss us,
Sweet with breath of dear Cephisus,
Soft with music of Ilissus.
Zephyr's wings
Are downy things.
While thy mother's lips caress thee,
May great Zeus protect and bless thee!

Sleep, and see Olympus shining,—
Where the Gods, in bliss reclining,
Know not pain nor mortal pining;
Heavenly beams
Shall light thy dreams.
While thy mother's hopes caress thee,
May great Zeus protect and bless thee!

Rest, and in thy dreaming follow,—
Through the flow'ry glade and hollow,—
In the chase, with swift Apollo;
Ne'er so fleet
Are mortal feet.
While thy mother's smiles caress thee,
May great Zeus defend and bless thee!

Dream, and see bright Eros springing
Through the air, his arrows flinging,—
Keenest joy and sorrow bringing.
Ah, his wings
Hide cruel stings!
While thy mother's tears caress thee,
May great Zeus defend and bless thee!

Soft as summer breezes calling,
Light as summer roses falling,
Slumber woos to dear enthralling.
Sweet and deep
My darling's sleep;
Love and joy and hope caress thee!
Zeus will guard thee, Zeus will bless thee!

*Zitella Cocke.*

## INDIAN LULLABY

Rock-a-by, hush-a-by, little papoose,
The stars come into the sky;
The whippoorwill's crying, the daylight is dying,
The river runs murmuring by.

The pine trees are slumbering, little papoose,
The squirrel has gone to his nest;
The robins are sleeping, the mother bird's keeping
The little ones warm with her breast.

The roebuck is dreaming, my little papoose,
  His mate lies asleep at his side;
The breezes are pining, the moonbeams are shining
  All over the prairie wide.

Then hush-a-by, rock-a-by, little papoose,
  You sail on the river of Dreams;
Dear Manitou loves you and watches above you
  Till time when the morning light gleams.

*Charles Myall.*

# THE GUARDIAN ANGELS

## FOLK LULLABIES

### Irish

Sweet babe, a golden cradle holds thee,
Soft a snow-white fleece enfolds thee,
Fairest flow'rs are strewn before thee,
Sweet birds warble o'er thee
Shoheen Sho lo! lu, lu, lo, lo!

Oh, sleep, my baby, free from sorrow,
Bright thou'lt ope thine eyes to-morrow;
Sleep, while o'er thy smiling slumbers
Angels chant their numbers.
Shoheen Sho lo! lu, lu, lo, lo!

### German

When the little children sleep,
Little stars are waking,
Angels bright from heaven come,
And, till morn is breaking,
They will watch the livelong night
By their beds till morning light.
When the little children sleep,
Stars and angels watch do keep.

Lullaby and good-night,
With roses bedight,
With lilies bested,
Is baby's wee bed.
Lay thee down now and rest,
May thy slumber be blest.

Lullaby and good-night,
Thy mother's delight;
Bright angels around
My darling shall stand;
They will guard thee from harm;
Thou shalt wake in my arms.

When children lay them down to sleep,
Two angels come, their watch to keep,
Cover them up safely and warm,
Tenderly shield them from ev'ry harm.

But when they wake at dawn of day,
The two bright angels go away;
Rest from their work of care and love,
For God Himself keeps watch above.

Good-night, good-night,
The stars are bright;
In the still moonlight
The angels hover!
'Neath thy flowery cover

Of roses and lilies and violets white,
Rest thy sweet limbs and gentle head.
If God wills, at dawning
Thou shalt rise from thy bed
At the swallow's good-morning!

DANISH

Sleep sweetly, little child; lie quiet and still;
As sweetly sleep as the bird in the wood,
As the flowers in the meadow.
God the Father has said, "Angels stand
On watch when the little ones are in bed."

RUSSIAN

Sleep, my darling, calm and fearless,
Close thine eyes of heavenly blue.
Sleep, my treasure; I am near thee,
And thy guardian angel, too.
'Neath his wings unseen, we nestle—
Babe and cradle, thou and I;
And he joins with mine his tender
Lulla—lulla—lullaby.

SPANISH

Isabellita, do not pine
Because the flowers fade away;
If flowers hasten to decay
Weep not, Isabellita mine.

Little one, now close thine eyes,
Hark, the footsteps of the Moor!
And she asks from door to door,
Who may be the child who cries?

When I was as small as thou
  And within my cradle lying,
  Angels came about me flying
And they kissed me on my brow.

Sleep, then, little baby, sleep:
  Sleep, nor cry again to-night,
  Lest the angels take to flight
So as not to see thee weep.

## CRADLE SONG

*From the German*

Sleep, my own baby, my darling thou art,
Close thy blue eyes now, thou joy of my heart!
All is as quiet as quiet can be,
Never a fly shall alight upon thee.

Angels from Heaven as lovely as thou,
Hover around thee, and smile on thee now.
What if the angels must go by and by?
Yet when thou weepest, thy tears they will dry.

Gold are the hours that are gliding away,
Dear one, to-morrow is never to-day;
Come to thy bedside will sorrow and pain,
Ne'er wilt thou slumber so sweetly again.

Sleep, then, my baby, the dark do not fear,
Mother is sitting, and guarding thee here;
Darling, though late or though early it be,
Mother will never grow weary for thee.

## CRADLE SONG

Sleep, baby, sleep!
Our cottage vale is deep;
The little lamb is on the green,
With woolly fleece so soft and clean.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
Down where the woodbines creep;
Be always like the lamb so mild,
A kind and sweet and gentle child.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
Thy rest shall angels keep,
While on the grass the lambs shall feed,
And never suffer want nor need.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

## SLUMBER SONG

All is still in sweetest rest,
Be thy sleep serenely blest!
Winds are moaning o'er the wild,
Lullaby, sleep on, my child;
Lullaby, sleep on, my child;
La lullaby, sleep on, my child;
May angel gleams
Pervade thy dreams!

Close each little, loving eye,
Let them like two roselets lie;
And when purpling morn shall glow,
Still as roselets freshly blow,
Still as roselets freshly blow;
La lullaby, sleep on, my child;
May angel gleams
Pervade thy dreams!

## BE HUSH'D

Be hush'd, my dear,
Thy mother's near,
Thou need'st no longer weep;
Soft melody
She sings to thee,
Now close thine eyes in sleep.

Be hush'd, my dear,
Dry every tear,
In sweetest quiet keep;
O weep not so
O'er infant woe,
But close thine eyes in sleep.

Be hush'd, my dear,
No thought of fear
Should break thy slumbers deep;
Angels above,
With wings of love,
Their vigils near thee keep.

*Thomas Hastings.*

## SLEEP, O SLEEP!

Sleep, O sleep!
While breezes so softly are blowing;
Sleep, O sleep!
While streamlets so gently are flowing,
Sleep, O sleep!

Sleep, O sleep!
While spring her rich verdure is wearing,
Sleep, O sleep!
While flow'rs in their pride are appearing,
Sleep, O sleep!

Sleep, O sleep!
While flocks in the meadows are straying;
Sleep, O sleep!
While lambkins are merrily playing,
Sleep, O sleep!

Sleep, O sleep!
While birds in the forest are singing;
Sleep, O sleep!
While echoes with music are ringing,
Sleep, O sleep!

Sleep, O sleep!
While angels are watching beside thee;
Sleep, O sleep!
May blessings forever betide thee,
Sleep, O sleep!

*Thomas Hastings.*

## SWEETLY SLEEP

Sweetly sleep in peaceful pleasure,
Now thy wearied eyelids close;
May some strain of blissful measure
Lull thy heart to calm repose.
Lost joys shall sleep restore thee,
Seraphs above watch o'er thee!
Heav'n's brightest joys before thee,
Sleep shall disclose.

Sweetly sleep! oh, what can sever
True affection's constancy?
Tho' thine eye should close forever,
Ne'er should sleep my love for thee.
Lost joys shall sleep restore thee,
Seraphs above watch o'er thee!
Heav'n's brightest joys before thee,
Sleep shall disclose.

Sweetly sleep, and may the morrow
Wake thee with its freshning light,
Wake to-day undimm'd by sorrow,
Sleep thou sweetly all the night.
Lost joys shall sleep restore thee,
Seraphs above watch o'er thee!
Heav'n's brightest joys before thee,
Sleep shall disclose.

## BOHEMIAN CRADLE-SONG

Hush thee, my baby, oh hush thee to sleep,
O'er thee may angels their watch e'er keep.

Slumber, darling, sleep well, sleep long,
Lulled by the sound of thy mother's song.
By-bye! by-bye, sleep on—sleep on,
Mother is rocking thee, by-bye, by-bye,
I will rock thee.

Softly the brook in the moon ripples by,
Bright are the stars in the heavens on high.
Bright as starling,
Soft as ripples,
Into our lives steals the wonder of love.

Child, when the sorrows of life shall arise,
Up from the earth to the stars raise thine eyes.
On thy pillow,
'Neath the willow,
Softly thy sorrows will fade into peace.
Hush thee, my baby, to sleep. I am with thee.

Hush thee, my baby, oh hush thee to sleep,
O'er thee may angels their watch e'er keep.
Slumber, darling, sleep well, sleep long,
Lulled by the sound of thy mother's song.
By-bye! By-bye, sleep on—sleep on,
Mother will watch o'er thee.

## BALOO, MY BAIRNIE, FA' ASLEEP

My bonnie wean! my darlin' bairn!
My sweet wee smilin' lammie!
Sae cosy in yer beddy-ba!
Crawin' to yer mammy!

Blessin's on yer cheekies red,
An' wee bit lauchin' ee,
Sparklin', like the gowden lift,
Wi' gladsome, sunny glee!
Baloo, my bairnie, fa' asleep!
O hushy, hushy ba'!

My ain pet! my honey doo!
My troutie o' the burn!
Sair, sair ye keep yer mammy back
Frae daein' mony a turn!
O fond's the look yer deddy tak's,
As guileless ye lie there,
Chasin' frae his honest broo
Mony a dowie care!
Baloo, my bairnie, fa' asleep!
O hushy, hushy ba'!

Yer eenie saftly close at last,
For oh! ye're tired an' weary;
O fa' asleep, my bonnie lamb!
O fa' asleep, my dearie!
An' as yer wee thocht tak's its flicht
Where joys immortal blossom,
May angels sing yer lullaby,
An' fauld ye in their bosom!
Baloo, my bairnie, fa' asleep!
O hushy, hushy ba'!

*James Smith.*

## WHERE SHALL THE BABY'S DIMPLE BE?

Over the cradle the mother hung,
  Softly crooning a slumber-song;
And these were the simple words she sung
  All the evening long:

"Cheek or chin, or knuckle or knee,
Where shall the baby's dimple be?
Where shall the angel's finger rest
When he comes down to the baby's nest?
Where shall the angel's touch remain
When he awakens my babe again?"

Still as she bent and sang so low,
  A murmur into her music broke;
And she paused to hear, for she could but
    know
  The baby's angel spoke.

"Cheek or chin, or knuckle or knee,
Where shall the baby's dimple be?
Where shall my finger fall and rest
When I come down to the baby's nest?
Where shall my finger's touch remain
When I awaken your babe again?"

Silent the mother sat, and dwelt
  Long in the sweet delay of choice;
And then by her baby's side she knelt,
  And sang with pleasant voice:

"Not on the limb, O angel dear!
For the charm with its youth will
disappear;
Not on the cheek shall the dimple be,
For the harboring smile will fade and flee;
But touch thou the chin with an impress
deep,
And my baby the angel's seal shall keep."

*Josiah Gilbert Holland.*

## A BABY SONG

Come, white angels, to baby and me;
Touch his blue eyes with the image of sleep,
In his surprise he will cease to weep:
Hush, child, the angels are coming to thee!

Come, white doves, to baby and me;
Softly whirr in the silent air,
Flutter about his golden hair:
Hark, child, the doves are cooing to thee!

Come, white lilies, to baby and me;
Drowsily nod before his eyes,
So full of wonder, so round and wise:
Hist, child, the lily-bells tinkle for thee!

Come, white moon, to baby and me;
Gently glide o'er the ocean of sleep,
Silver the waves of its shadowy deep:
Sleep, child, and the whitest of dreams to thee!

*Elizabeth Stoddard.*

## AS A BLOSSOM SWEET AND ROSY

As a blossom sweet and rosy
  Folds its petals for the night,
In my bosom curling cosy,
  Hush you, hush you, baby bright!
While I'm by thee, nothing cruel,
  Not one harmful sound or sight
Shall come nigh thee, O my jewel!
  O my armful of delight!

Little flow'rets in the meadows,
  Little nestlings in the trees,
Now are sleeping in the shadows
  To the cradling of the breeze;
But the blossom of my bosom,
  But the birdie on my knees,
While I lock him there and rock him,
  Has a warmer nest than these.

Start not! 'tis the ivy only,
  Tapping, tapping o'er and o'er;
Start not! 'tis the billow lonely
  Lapping, lapping on the shore;
Through your dreaming you are beaming,
  Oh, so purely now, my store,
You must see your angel, surely,
  Smiling through heaven's open door!

*Alfred Perceval Graves.*

*After the Welsh of Robert Began.*

## HOLY INNOCENTS

Sleep, little baby, sleep;
The holy angels love thee,
And guard thy bed, and keep
A blessed watch above thee.
No spirit can come near
Nor evil beast to harm thee;
Sleep, Sweet, devoid of fear
Where nothing need alarm thee.

The Love which doth not sleep,
The eternal Arms surround thee:
The Shepherd of the sheep
In perfect love hath found thee.
Sleep through the holy night,
Christ-kept from snare and sorrow,
Until thou wake to light
And love and warmth to-morrow.

*Christina G. Rossetti.*

## THE ANGEL'S WHISPER

A baby was sleeping;
Its mother was weeping;
For her husband was far on the wild raging sea;
And the tempest was swelling
Round the fisherman's dwelling;
And she cried, "Dermot, darling! Oh, come back to me!"

Her beads while she numbered
The baby still slumbered,
And smiled in her face as she bended her knee;
"Oh, blest be that warning,
My child, thy sleep adorning,
For I know that the angels are whispering with thee!"

"And while they are keeping
Bright watch o'er thy sleeping,
Oh, pray to them softly, my baby, with me!
And say thou would'st rather
They'd watch o'er thy father!
For I know that the angels are whispering with thee."

The dawn of the morning
Saw Dermot returning,
And the wife wept with joy her babe's father to see;
And closely caressing
Her child, with a blessing,
Said, "I knew that the angels were whispering with thee."

*Samuel Lover.*

## BYLO LAND

When out of the West long shadows creep,
And the stars peep out, a shining band,
Our baby—weary of fun and play—
Goes out thro' the gates to Bylo Land.

O which is the road to Bylo Land?
By the way of Grandpa's easy chair,
Or, better, by mother's loving arms,
With kisses pressed on the shining hair?

She nestles down with a weary sigh,
While the lashes touch the rounded cheek;
With her arms clasped close 'round mother's neck,
Who kisses the love she cannot speak.

A wonderful land is Bylo Land,
To judge by the smiles on baby's face;
The angels must surely weave her dreams,
And lend to her of their winsome grace.

O baby, we envy thy sunny lot,
For we that are older seldom see
The flowery path to Bylo Land,
Or meet the angels that talk with thee.

## A HUSH SONG

In the cradle of my heart my sweet one will I lay,
Sing lullaby, O lullaby!
When the moon looks through the window and the sunshine sinks away:
Lullaby, O lullaby.
Mother's care and treasure,
Mother's pain and pleasure!
Lullaby, sweet lullaby, at closing of the day.

In the warmth of my love my sweet one will I roll,
Sing lullaby, O lullaby!
And the angels in the darkness will watch about
your soul:
Lullaby, O lullaby.
Sleep, the clock strikes seven:
Mother's gift from Heaven!
Lullaby, sweet lullaby, at closing of the day.

For you your father labors beneath the sun and
rain,
Sing lullaby, O lullaby,
For you he mows the meadow, for you he sows the
grain;
Lullaby, O lullaby.
Dear little baby face,—
God's sunlight in the place!
Lullaby, sweet lullaby, at closing of the day.

Oh, sleep, my baby, softly, your mother's at your
side,
Sing lullaby, O lullaby!
And whisp'ring to your angel soul, the angels near
you bide.
Lullaby, sweet lullaby.
Now, breathing long and deep,
My baby is asleep:
Lullaby, sweet lullaby, at closing of the day.

*Paul Gregan.*

GIFT FROM HEAVEN.

*From Painting by Bernhard Plockhorst.*

## A LULLABY

Hush, hush, rest my sweet;
Rest, rest thy tired feet;
Forget the storms and tears of thy brief hours;
There's naught shall thee distress,
Wrapt in sleep's blissfulness,
Crowned by a dream, something as fair as flowers.

Hush, dearest, hush;
May no intruder brush
From off thy bloomy cheek the downy kiss;
May no inquiet fly
Go rudely buzzing by
To snatch away thy dear unconscious bliss.

May dreams enchanted spread
A pillow for thy head,
And hang a curtain 'twixt thee and the sun;
While smiles shall overflow
Thy rosy lips as though
The angels' whisper were too sweet for one.

Then, sleep, my baby dear;
Yet, lest the traitor, Fear,
Should cry, " The child will waken nevermore! "
Stir in thy dreams anon,
Bidding the thought begone,
And lift thine eyes to bless me as before!

*Mary Newmarch Prescott.*

## LULLABY

Oh, honey, li'l honey, come and lay yo' woolly head,
Upon yo' mammy's bosom, play at possum bein' dead,
Fo' a li'l babe am sleepy, an' it's time to go to bed,
So come, ma li'l baby, ma li'l lovin' baby,
Ah, sleep, ma li'l baby,
Sleepy, sleepy sleep.

Don't yo' cry yo' li'l eyes out, sho' de summer day am done,
An' de flowers am gone bye-bye wit' de great big yellow sun,
An' de stars am all a-peepin' fo' to ketch him on de run,
But yo' must sleep, ma baby, ma li'l lovin' baby;
Ah, sleep, ma li'l baby,
Sleepy, sleepy sleep.

Ah, hush, ma pickaninny, sho' yo's mammy's li'l prize,
But de san' man am a-comin' fo' to close a baby's eyes,
An' de angels all am creepin' fro' de splendor ob de skies
To guard a li'l baby, ma li'l lovin' baby;
So sleep, ma li'l baby,
Sleepy, sleepy sleep.

*Edmund S. Leamy.*

## A LULLABYE

The wind is tapping the window-pane,
  Sleep, my little one, sleep;
'Tis bringing the big, big drops of rain,
  Sleep, my little one, sleep;
The night is dark and the earth is still,
The shadows are flocking o'er plain and hill,
But never to thee shall they bring ill,
  Sleep, my little one, sleep.

The lights are low in the dusky sky,
  Sleep, my little one, sleep;
But God and the angels, they are nigh;
  Sleep, my little one, sleep;
Swiftly and gently, to and fro,
Over the earth the fairies go,
Singing a wee song, soft and low,
  Sleep, my little one, sleep.

*William Noble Roundy.*

## SLEEP, ROBIN, SLEEP

Sleep, Robin, sleep,
  While mother watches o'er you,
And bright starry skies
  Bend o'er the sleeping land.
Rest, birdie, rest;
  The world is all before you,
And pleasure and pain
  Go ever hand in hand.

Sleep, Robin, sleep,
With mother's wing above you,
And soft angel eyes
To guard your sleeping form.
Rest, birdie, rest;
May angels ever love you,
And walk by your side
In sunshine and in storm.

Sleep, Robin, lullaby;
Rest, birdie, lullaby;
Sleep, sleep, Robin, lullaby!

*James Gowdy Clark.*

## A CRADLE SONG

The angels are stooping
Above your bed;
They weary of trooping
With the whimpering dead.

God's laughing in heaven
To see you so good;
The Shining Seven
Are gay with His mood.

I kiss you and kiss you,
My pigeon, my own;
Ah, how I shall miss you
When you have grown.

*William B. Yeats.*

## BYE, BABY, NIGHT IS COME

Bye, baby, day is over,
Bees are drowsing in the clover,
  Bye, baby, bye!
Now the sun to bed is gliding,
All the pretty flowers are hiding;
  Bye, baby, bye!

Bye, baby, birds are sleeping;
One by one the stars are peeping;
  Bye, baby, bye!
In the far-off sky they twinkle—
While the cows come "tinkle, tinkle";
  Bye, baby, bye!

Bye, baby, mother holds thee;
Loving tender care enfolds thee;
  Bye, baby, bye!
Angels in thy dreams caress thee!
Through the darkness guard and bless
    thee!
  Bye, baby, bye!

*Mary Mapes Dodge.*

## THREE LULLABIES

In days gone by, when a baby I,
  And mother's fond heart was young,
Upon her breast she laid me to rest,
  And, rocking me, sweetly sung:

Thus to and fro, with a song I know
That hadn't a touch of art,
Sleep closed the eye with a lullaby
That came from a mother's heart.
Lullaby, lullaby, rock-a-by, baby,
Lullaby, lullaby, rock-a-by, dear;
Sweet be thy slumber, my darling, my baby,
Angels are watching and mother is near!

The days went by and a little one I,
With Dolly upon my knee,
I sang the air, in my rocking chair,
That mother had sung to me.
Then laid her down in her little nightgown,
Tucked in with a mother's care,
To close her eye with a lullaby,
Soon after her dolly prayer:
Lullaby, lullaby, rock-a-by, baby,
Lullaby, lullaby, rock-a-by, dear;
Sweet be thy slumber, my darling, my baby,
Angels are watching and mother is near!

The years rolled by and a maiden I;
Dear mother had passed away.
Upon her breast, like a babe at rest,
A pretty white rosebud lay.
Her hands crossed so—till it seemed as though
She thought she were holding me.
Death closed her eye with a lullaby,
To wake in eternity.

Lullaby, lullaby, rock-a-by, baby,
Lullaby, lullaby, rock-a-by, dear;
Sweet be thy slumber, my darling, my baby;
Angels are watching and mother is near!

*Fred Emerson Brooks.*

## CRADLE SONG

### I

Lord Gabriel, wilt thou not rejoice
When at last a little boy's
Cheek lies heavy as a rose,
And his eyelids close?

Gabriel, when that hush may be,
This sweet hand all heedfully
I'll undo, for thee alone,
From his mother's own.

Then the far blue highways paven
With the burning stars of heaven,
He shall gladden with the sweet
Hasting of his feet—

Feet so brightly bare and cool,
Leaping, as from pool to pool;
From a little laughing boy
Splashing rainbow joy!

Gabriel, wilt thou understand
How to keep his hovering hand?—
  Never shut, as in a bond,
    From the bright beyond?—

Nay, but though it cling and close
Tightly as a climbing rose,
  Clasp it only so,—aright,
    Lest his heart take fright.

  (*Dormi, dormi, tu:*
  *The dusk is hung with blue.*)

II

Lord Michael, wilt not thou rejoice
When at last a little boy's
  Heart, a shut-in murmuring bee,
    Turns him unto thee?

Wilt thou heed thine armor well,—
To take his hand from Gabriel,
  So his radiant cup of dream
    May not spill a gleam?

He will take thy heart in thrall,
Telling o'er thy breastplate, all
  Colors, in his bubbling speech,
    With his hand to each.

  (*Dormi, dormi, tu.*
  *Sapphire is the blue;*
  *Pearl and beryl, they are called,*

*Chrysoprase and emerald,*
*Sard and amethyst.*
*Numbered so, and kissed.*)

Ah, but find some angel-word
For thy sharp, subduing sword!
Yea, Lord Michael, make no doubt
He will find it out:

(*Dormi, dormi, tu.*
*His eyes will look at you.*)

III

Last, a little morning space,
Lead him to that leafy place
Where Our Lady sits awake,
For all mothers' sake.

Bosomed with the Blessèd One,
He shall mind her of her Son,
Once so folded from all harms,
In her shrining arms.

(*In her veil of blue,*
*Dormi, dormi, tu.*)

So;—and fare thee well.—
Softly,—Gabriel . . .
When the first faint red shall come,
Bid the Day-star lead him home,
For the bright world's sake,—
To my heart, awake.

*Josephine Preston Peabody.*

## BLACK MAMMY'S LULLABY, 1855

Go t' sleep, li'l honey, white chile,
  Ol' mammy love' you so
It 'mos' nigh breck 'er heaht in two
  To hyeah you sobbin' so.

De angels dey is singin'—
  De angels all is white—
An' dis is whut dey's sayin';
  Good-night, white chile, good-night.

*Wightman F. Melton.*

# NATURE LULLABIES

## FOLK LULLABIES

### Irish

Sleep, my child, my darling child, my lovely child,
sleep!
The sea sleepeth on the green fields,
The moon sleepeth on the blue waters,
Sleep, my child, my darling child, my lovely child,
sleep!

Sleep, my child!
The morning sleepeth upon a bed of roses,
The evening sleepeth on the tops of the dark
hills;
Sleep, my child, my darling child, child of my
heart's love, sleep!

Sleep, my child!
The winds sleep in the rocky caverns,
The stars sleep on their pillow of clouds,
Sleep, my child, my darling child, my little child,
sleep!

Sleep, my child!
The mist sleepeth on the bosom of the valley,
The broad lake beneath the shade of the trees,
Sleep, my child, my darling child, my tender child,
sleep!

Sleep, my child!
The flower sleeps, while the night-dew falls,
The wild birds sleep upon the mountains;
Sleep, my child, my darling child, my blessed child, sleep!

Sleep, my child!
The burning tear sleepeth upon the cheek of sorrow,
But thy sleep is not the sleep of tears,
Sleep, my child, my darling child, child of my bosom, sleep!

Sleep, my child!
Sleep in quiet, sleep in joy, my darling,
May thy sleep be never the sleep of sorrow!
Sleep, my child, my darling child, my lovely child, sleep!

GREEK

The rose is sleeping beside the marjoram,
My little child is sleeping by his sweet mother's side;
My child is sleeping in his silver cradle,
In his cradle made of silver and of gold.
Sleep on, my child, and I will rock thee,
And I will rock thy cradle, that sweet thy slumber be;
Sleep star, new moon and morning, sleep,
And lady ocean with thy silver fishes, sleep!

Make no noise, no sudden shock,
My little child is sleeping;
*Náni, Náni, Náni, Náni,*
Be all his ailings healed!
The sun sleeps on the mountains, the partridge in the fields,
My little child is sleeping between the linen white;
Sleep sleeps upon the mountain, the partridge in the wood,
My little child is sleeping to take his fill of sleep.
Sleep, my child, with fond caresses,
Sleep nourished with perfumes,
Joy be with thine awakening,
And cakes for thy wedding day!

*English version by Sir James Rennell Rodd.*

FRENCH

Now it grows late—the angel has passed by.
The day already has begun to die;
And hark! the only sound that one may hear
Is the swift river's rippling laughter clear.
Then lullaby!
My son, 'tis I.
Now it grows late—and he is sleeping, too.
Thy little friend, the fairy bird of blue.

*English version by Alma Strettell.*

## A LULLABY

*From "The Triumph of Beauty"*

Cease, warring thoughts, and let his brain
No more discord entertain,

But be smooth and calm again.
Ye crystal rivers that are nigh,
As your streams are passing by
Teach your murmurs harmony.
Ye winds that wait upon the Spring
And perfumes to flowers do bring,
Let your amorous whispers here
Breathe soft music to his ear.
Ye warbling nightingales repair
From every wood, to charm this air,
And with the wonders of your breast
Each striving to excel the rest,
When it is time to wake him, close your parts,
And drop down from the tree with broken hearts.

*James Shirley.*

## A WELSH LULLABY

Sleep, sleep, sleep!
All nature now is steeping
Her sons in sleep,—their eyelids close,
All living things in sweet repose
Are sleeping, sleeping.

Sleep, baby, sleep!
Peace o'er thee watch be keeping,
If from my bosom thou art torn,
Low in the grave I'll lie forlorn,
Sleeping, ah, sleeping.

*John Ceiriog Hughes.*
*English version by Edmund O. Jones.*

## NURSE'S SONG

When the voices of children are heard on the green,
And laughing is heard on the hill,
My heart is at rest within my breast,
And everything else is still.

"Then come home, my children, the sun is gone down,
And the dews of night arise;
Come, come, leave off play, and let us away,
Till the morning appears in the skies."

"No, no, let us play, for it is yet day,
And we cannot go to sleep;
Besides, in the sky the little birds fly,
And the hills are all cover'd with sheep."

"Well, well, go and play till the light fades away,
And then go home to bed."
The little ones leapèd and shoutèd and laugh'd,
And all the hills echoèd.

*William Blake.*

## EVENING

How like a tender mother,
With loving thoughts beguiled,
Fond Nature seems to lull to rest
Each faint and weary child!
Drawing the curtain tenderly,
Affectionate and mild.

Hark! to the gentle lullaby
That through the trees is creeping,—
Those sleepy trees that nod their heads
Ere the moon as yet comes peeping,
Like a tender nurse, to see if all
Her little ones are sleeping.

One little fluttering bird,
Like a child in a dream of pain,
Has chirp'd and started up,
Then nestled down again.
Oh! a child and a bird, as they sink to rest,
Are as like as any twain.

*Charlotte Young.*

## SLUMBER SONG

Lo, in the west
A cloud at rest—
A babe upon its mother's breast
Is sleeping now.

Above it beams
A star that seems
To shed the light of holy dreams
Upon its brow.

But cloud and star,
Tho' nearer far
They seem, my babe, more distant are
From Heaven than thou.

*John B. Tabb.*

From a Copley Print.
Copyright by Curtis & Cameron, Boston, Mass.

MADONNA.

*From Painting by Louis Loeb.*

## CRADLE-SONG AT TWILIGHT

The child not yet is lulled to rest.
  Too young a nurse, the slender Night
So laxly holds him to her breast
  That throbs with flight.

He plays with her; and will not sleep.
  For other playfellows she sighs;
An unmaternal fondness keep
  Her alien eyes.

*Alice Meynell.*

## SONG

Sleep, O my darling, sleep,
Safe folded are the sheep;
The faint stars lie in the quiet sky,
The soft wind croons thy lullaby;
The leaves upon the linden tree
Are whispering tenderly to thee;
And close at hand lies Slumberland,
O, sleep, my darling, sleep.

Wake, O my darling, wake,
The sunbeams kiss the lake;
The seagulls fly to the eastern sky,
The happy ships are sailing by;
The birds upon the linden tree
Are calling merrily to thee;
The whole glad earth is rimmed with mirth
O, wake, my darling, wake.

*C. Kathleen Carman.*

## DREAM-SONG

Sunlight, moonlight,
Twilight, starlight—
Gloaming at the close of day,
And an owl calling,
Cool dews falling
In a wood of oak and may.

Lantern-light, taper-light,
Torchlight, no-light:
Darkness at the shut of day,
And lions roaring,
Their wrath pouring
In wild waste places far away.

Elf-light, bat-light,
Touchwood-light and toad-light,
And the sea a shimmering gloom of gray,
And a small face smiling
In a dream's beguiling
In a world of wonders far away.

*Walter De la Mare.*

## CRADLE-SONG

How do we know
How the seasons go?
By white of the blossoms and white of the snow,
By yellow of wheat
And the hurrying beat
On yellowing boughs of the rain-storm's feet.

What is so bright
In the midmost night?
The moon with her banner of glittering light;
And when she goes by,
In the dark-blue sky,
A million and one, the stars climb high.

What of the rose
When the night wind blows?
She dreams little poems that nobody knows,
And into the ear
Of the lily-bud near
She sings little melodies no one can hear.

Slumber, my love,
To the coo of the dove
And the croon of the breeze in the branches above;
Sleep till the sun
His sleeping has done,
And the stars run away from him one after one.

Long not to be
With the birds in the tree
To swing with the wind—it is safer with me;
Slumber is best
In the nursery nest,
And my arms are as warm as the mother-bird's breast.

*Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer.*

## LI'L' YALLER CRADLE

Dere's a li'l' yaller cradle
Hangin' in de sky.
*Swing, li'l' cradle, swing.*
En mammy am a-rockin'
En singin' lullerby.
*Swing, li'l' cradle, swing.*
Stars upon deir tippytoes
In a crooked row,
Am sayin', *Hush yo' mouf,*
To all de worl' below,
En w'isperin' a song,
En disaway it go:
*Swing, li'l' cradle, swing.*

*Swing, li'l' cradle, swing, swing,*
*Swing—a way up in de sky.*
*Rockerby, lullerby, husherby—by,*
*Spring's in de cradle, sing to de cradle,*
*Swing, li'l' cradle, swing.*

Li'l' pickaninny
Am rockin' fur en high,
*Swing, li'l' cradle, swing.*
She's puckerin' her face
En startin' fer to cry,
*Swing, li'l' cradle, swing.*
Husherby, mah honey,

Don' you fuss no mo':
Mammy spanked de clouds
En shood 'em f'om de do'.
Don' you fret, mah sweetums,
Ef you wants ter grow.
*Swing, li'l' cradle, swing.*

*Swing, li'l' cradle, swing, swing,*
*Swing—a way up in de sky.*
*Rockerby, lullerby, husherby—by,*
*Spring's in de cradle, sing to de cradle,*
*Swing, li'l' cradle, swing.*

W'en you grows up bigger
Wot'll mammy do?
*Swing, li'l' cradle, swing.*
Mammy lak you big,
But she lak you li'l', too.
*Swing, li'l' cradle, swing.*
Sech a great big worl',
En sech a monst'ous sky!
Smile en show yer manners,
Den shet dat peepin' eye.
We's all a-gwin ter res'
En go sleepin' bimeby—
*Swing, li'l' cradle, swing.*

*Swing, li'l' cradle, swing, swing,*
*Swing—a way up in de sky.*
*Rockerby, lullerby, husherby—by,*
*Spring's in de cradle, sing to de cradle,*
*Swing, li'l' cradle, swing.*

*Louise Ayres Garnett.*

## GOOD-NIGHT

The sun has sunk behind the hills,
  The shadows o'er the landscape creep;
A drowsy sound the woodland fills,
  And nature folds her arms to sleep:
    Good-night—good-night.

The chattering jay has ceased his din—
  The noisy robin sings no more—
The crow, his mountain haunt within,
  Dreams 'mid the forest's surly roar:
    Good-night—good-night.

The sunlit cloud floats dim and pale;
  The dew is falling soft and still;
The mist hangs trembling o'er the vale,
  And silence broods o'er yonder mill:
    Good-night—good-night.

The rose, so ruddy in the light,
  Bends on its stem all rayless now,
And by its side the lily white,
  A sister shadow, seems to bow:
    Good-night—good-night.

The bat may wheel on silent wing—
  The fox his guilty vigils keep—
The boding owl his dirges sing;
  But love and innocence will sleep:
    Good-night—good-night!

*George Hill.*

## GOOD-NIGHT

The sun is sleeping in the skies,
  Each bird is in his nest,
The wind is crooning lullabies,
  'Tis time to be at rest.

The flowers are nodding, too, it seems,
  Each lamb is in the fold;
The stars are shining o'er the streams,
  Now day's last hour is told.

Oh, fear not that the shadows grow,
  The night and silence, too,
But mean thy Lord, long years ago,
  Was once a babe like you.

*Elizabeth Hays Wilkinson.*

## LULLABY

Baby wants a lullaby;
  Where should mother find it?
In a bird's nest rocked on high;
  Birdie, birdie lined it;
Find it under birdie's wing,—
  Soft birdie's feather;—
O the downy, downy thing!
  O the summer weather!

Baby wants a lullaby;
  Where shall sister find it?
In a soft cloud of the sky,
  With white wool behind it;

Watch you may, but cannot guess
If the cloud has motion,
Such a perfect calm there is
In the airy ocean.

O the land of Lullabies!
Where shall father find it?
Safe in mother's breast it lies,
With her arms to bind it;
O a soft and sleepy song!
Sleep, baby blossom!
Sleep is short, sleep is long,
Sweet is mother's bosom!

*William Brighty Rands.*

## LITTLE BLUE PIGEON

*Japanese Lullaby*

Sleep, little pigeon, and fold your wings,—
Little blue pigeon with velvet eyes;
Sleep to the singing of mother-bird swinging—
Swinging the nest where her little one lies.

Away out yonder I see a star,—
Silvery star with a tinkling song;
To the soft dew falling I hear it calling—
Calling and tinkling the night along.

In through the window a moonbeam comes,—
Little gold moonbeam with misty wings;
All silently creeping, it asks: "Is he sleeping—
Sleeping and dreaming while mother sings?"

Up from the sea there floats the sob
Of the waves that are breaking upon the shore,
As though they were groaning in anguish and moaning—
Bemoaning the ship that shall come no more.

But sleep, little pigeon, and fold your wings,—
Little blue pigeon with mournful eyes;
Am I not singing?—see, I am swinging—
Swinging the nest where my darling lies.

*Eugene Field.*

## LULLABY

Plump little baby clouds,
Dimpled and soft,
Rock in their air cradle,
Swinging aloft.

Snowy cloud mothers
With broad bosoms white,
Watch o'er the baby clouds
Slumbering light.

Tired little baby clouds
Dreaming of fears,
Rock in their air cradles,
Dropping soft tears.

Great brooding mother clouds
Watching o'er all,
Let their warm mother tears
Tenderly fall.

## SLEEP-TIME IN DARKTOWN

Sun am des a golden ball
  A-sinkin' in a west.
De bullfrog am a-singin' to
  De one he love de best;
An' a daylight am a-gwine home
  To take a li'l rest—
Sing a low, mah black-eye ras'al!
    Sing a low!
    Sing a low!

Li'l clouds am runnin' kase
  Da mammy tol' dem to;
Whippo'will am chunin' up
  A song fo' me an' yo,
An' a sky am feelin' happy kase
  De stars am peepin' frew—
Sing a low, mah black-eye ras'al!
    Sing a low!
    Sing a low!

Wind am makin' music fo'
  De trees up on a hill;
Owls am dess a-wakin' up
  Down yander by de mill;
Shadows comin' roun' to see
  Ef yo' is keepin' still—
Sing a low, mah black-eye ras'al!
    Sing a low!
    Sing a low!

## INDIAN CRADLE SONG

Swing thee low in thy cradle soft
  Deep in the dusky wood;
Swing thee low and swing aloft—
  Sleep, as a papoose should;
For safe in your little birchen nest,
Quiet will come and peace and rest,
  If the little papoose is good.

The coyote howls on the prairie cold,
  And the owlet hoots in the tree;
And the big moon shines on the little child
  As it slumbers peacefully;
So swing thee high in thy little nest,
And swing thee low and take the rest
  That the night-wind brings to thee.

The father lies on the fragrant ground,
  Dreaming of hunt and fight,
And the pine leaves rustle with mournful
    sound
  All through the solemn night;
But the little papoose in his birchen nest,
Is swinging low as he takes his rest,
  Till the sun brings the morning light.

## A ROMANY LULLABY

Hushaby! Hushaby! Sheep-bells are tinkling.
  Long lie the shadows on meadow and fold,
Brooks babble drowsily, while crocus-blossoms
  Nod o'er the ripples their night-caps of gold.

Baby, now hushaby! List to my singing,
Songs that thy grandmother learnt from the moon,
Sang to thy mother thus wakeful before thee,
Sleep in thy turn, baby! sleep while I croon!

Hushaby! Hushaby! Flickering camp-fires
Redden the dewdrops on meadow and fold;
White moths brush lightly thy cheek as they hover,
Brushing my cheek are thy lashes of gold.

Baby, now hushaby! Sleep to my singing!
Cold lie the sheep underneath the white moon,
Warmly my little bird nestles beside me
Hushaby! lullaby! Sleep while I croon.

*Edith de Charms.*

## CRADLE SONG

There's a baby moon rocking far up in the sky,
And the night-wind is blowing a soft lullaby;
And down, away down, in a mossy-lined nest,
Are five little birdies 'neath mother's warm breast.
O hushaby, little one, sleep!

Enfolded in arms that a loving hold keep,
Another wee baby is rocking to sleep,
A soft golden head presses close to my heart,
And darkly fringed eyelids just drowsily part.
O hushaby, little one, sleep!

The tiny star candles are lighting the way
For birdies and elves that to Sleepy Town stray.
But my baby's stars are his mother's brown eyes,
That love-light his path as to dreamland he hies.
O hushaby, little one, sleep!

The silver moon-baby sinks low in the west,
The chirping is hushed in the little brown nest,
And, swinging and swaying, with eyes closing fast,
My little one crosses the border at last.
O hush thee, my little one sleeps!

*Pauline Frances Camp.*

## ROCKABY, LULLABY

*From "The Mistress of the Manse"*

Rockaby, lullaby, bees on the clover!—
Crooning so drowsily, crying so low—
Rockaby, lullaby, dear little rover!
Down into wonderland—
Down to the underland—
Go, oh go!
Down into wonderland go!

Rockaby, lullaby, rain on the clover!
Tears on the eyelids that struggle and weep!
Rockaby, lullaby—bending it over!
Down on the mother-world,
Down on the under world!
Sleep, oh sleep!
Down on the mother-world sleep!

Rockaby, lullaby, dew on the clover!
Dew on the eyes that will sparkle at dawn!
Rockaby, lullaby, dear little rover!
Into the stilly world!
Into the lily world,
Gone! oh, gone!
Into the lily world gone!

*Josiah Gilbert Holland.*

## A LULLABY

Sleep soft, baby mine!
For the day has finished her spinning at last.
The clouds were the warp and the woof was the wind,
But now the red sun's left the moorland behind,
And the work of the day is past.

Sleep soft, baby mine!
Our cottage is warm and the fire burns bright.
The plover has spread her wings o'er her nest,
And the whole wide world has sunk to rest,
And the lambs have bleated "Good-night."

Sleep soft, baby mine!
Though a humble roof be over thy head,
We have goats on the mountain and cows in the byre;
There is milk for the porridge and food for the fire,
And purple heather for the bed.

From a Copley Print.
Copyright by Curtis & Cameron, Boston, Mass.

MOTHERLY CARES.

*From Painting by Josef Israels.*

Sleep soft, baby mine!
The pale moon smiles as she kisses thy face,
The little stars are playing bo-peep,
And the stream is singing in its sleep,
And the night glides on apace.

*Monica Peveril Turnbull.*

## LULLABY

Sleep, sleep, lovely white soul;
The little mouse cheeps plaintively,
The night-bird in the chestnut tree—
They sing together, bird and mouse,
In starlight, in darkness, lonely, sweet,
The wild notes and the faint notes meet—
Sleep, sleep, lovely white soul.

Sleep, sleep, lovely white soul;
Amid the lilies floats the moth,
The mole along his galleries goeth
In the dark earth; the summer moon
Looks like a shepherd through the pane
Seeking his feeble lamp again—
Sleep, sleep, lovely white soul.

Sleep, sleep, lovely white soul;
Time comes to keep night-watch with thee,
Nodding with roses; and the sea
Saith "Peace! Peace!" amid his foam.
"O be still!"
The wind cries up the whispering hill—
Sleep, sleep, lovely white soul.

*Walter De la Mare.*

## THE HAYMAKER'S LULLABY

(*Behind a cock of hay*)

The ribs of new moons
  Are the rockers that hold
My cloud-covered lark,
  And the cradle is rolled
By the foot of the Wind,
Shoo-ha-loo, Shoo-ha-loo,
By the foot of the Wind
As I croon you to sleep.

The ribs of the waves
  Are the rockers that hold
My spray-covered gull,
  And the cradle is rolled
By the touch of the Tide,
Hush-a-hoo, Hush-a-hoo,
By the touch of the Tide
As I sing you to sleep.

O the bent willow-boughs
  Are the rockers that hold
My leaf-covered bird,
  And the cradle is rolled
By the swing of the Tree,
Lu-la-loo, Lu-la-loo,
By the swing—let me see—
Why, the baby's asleep!

*Francis Carlin.*

## MY DEAREST BABY, GO TO SLEEP

My dearest baby, go to sleep,
For now the bright round moon doth peep
On thy little snow-white bed
And upon thy pretty head.

The silver stars are shining bright,
And bid my baby dear good-night;
And every bird has gone to rest;
Long since in its little nest.

The lambs no longer run and leap;
But by the daisies lie asleep;
The flowers have closed their pretty eyes
Until the sun again shall rise.

All things are wrapped in sweet repose,
The dew falls noiseless on the rose;
So thou must like an angel lie
Till golden morning streaks the sky.

Soon will I gently steal to bed,
And rest beside thy pretty head;
And all night keep thee snug and warm
Nestling fondly on my arm.

Then, dearest baby, go to sleep,
While the moon doth on thee peep,
Shining on thy little bed,
And around thy pretty head.

*Thomas Miller.*

## A PRAIRIE MOTHER'S LULLABY

The sunset deepens in the West,
Faint shadows drift across the sky;
So sleep, dear heart, on mother's breast,
And rock away to dreamy rest
To her low, soothing lullaby.
The night-wind breathes across the plain;
The moonbeams shed a luster bright;
The cattle low a weird refrain
Upon the star-lit summer night.

By-low, babe, oh, rockaby!
By-low, babe, oh, hushaby!
Down along the winding trail thy daddy rides
where shadows creep.
So-ho, baby, close thine eyes!
By-low, babe, the sunset dies!
Sleep, my little prairie wildflower, lullaby, oh,
sleep!

Upon the mesa, bare and brown,
The slinking, gaunt coyotes prowl;
And hark! upon the silent air,
In ghostly cadence echoing there,
Floats forth the gray wolf's mournful howl.
The cowboy's song rings loud and clear,
As 'round the bedded herd he rides;
And from the stunted sagebrush near
The sluggish rattler smoothly glides.

By-low, babe, oh, rockaby!
By-low, babe, oh, hushaby!
O'er the rugged buttes and foothills golden moon-
beams shyly peep.
So-ho, baby, close thine eyes!
Dream to mother's lullabies!
Sleep, my little prairie wildflower, lullaby, oh,
sleep!

*E. A. Brininstool.*

## SLUMBER SONG

Now the golden day is ending,
See the quiet night descending,
Stealing, stealing all the colors, all the roses from
the west.
Safe at home each bird is keeping
Watch o'er nest and children sleeping,
Dreaming tender dreams of sunshine, sleeping
warm, for sleep is best.
Sleep, then, sleep, my little daughter,
Sleep to sound of running water,
Singing, singing through the twilight, singing little
things to rest.

Down beside the river flowing,
Where the broom and flax are growing,
Little breezes whisper gently, as night's music
softly swells;
And, like bells of Elfin pealing,
Lonely through the shadows stealing,

Tinkling, tinkling through the twilight comes the
sound of cattle bells.
Sleep, then, sleep, my little daughter,
Cattle bells, and wind, and water,
Weaving, weaving chains of slumber, cast about
thee Dreamland's spells.

*Mary H. Poynter.*

## THE WINDS AND THE WAVES

### AN OLD GAELIC CRADLE SONG

Hush! the waves are rolling in,
White with foam, white with foam!
Father toils amid the din;
But baby sleeps at home.

Hush! the winds roar hoarse and deep.
On they come, on they come!
Brother seeks the lazy sheep;
But baby sleeps at home.

Hush! the rain sweeps o'er the knowes,
Where they roam, where they roam;
Sister goes to seek the cows;
But baby sleeps at home.

### SEA SLUMBER-SONG

Sea-birds are asleep,
The world forgets to weep,
Sea murmurs her soft slumber-song
On the shadowy sand
Of this elfin land;
"I, the Mother mild,
Hush thee, O my child,
Forget the voices wild!
Isles in elfin light

Dream, the rocks and caves,
Lull'd by whispering waves,
Veil their marbles bright,
Foam glitters faintly white
Upon the shelly sand
Of this elfin land;
Sea-sound, like violins,
To slumber woos and wins.
I murmur my soft slumber-song,
Leave woes and wails, and sins,
Ocean's shadowy might
Breathes good-night,
Good-night! "

*Roden Noel.*

## SEASIDE NURSERY SONG

Little waves, happy waves,
Dance while summer winds are sleeping;
Sing your merry music, leaping
Round the ocean-caves,
Holiday in sunshine keeping,
Little waves!

Little stream, happy stream,
Greet the sea with joyous singing,
O'er the black cliff gaily flinging
One transparent gleam;
Through the calm air swiftly winging,
Little stream!

Little breeze, happy breeze,
Over waves of heather straying,
Come and join the billows playing—
Leave the sighing trees!
Come, the ocean's call obeying,
Little breeze!

Little flower, happy flower,
Sea-pink on the cold rock growing,
Sit and watch the fall and flowing
Of the white sea-shower:
Tender light and scent bestowing,
Little flower!

Little child, happy child,
Sleep while lower life is waking,
Sleep while sleepless waves are making
Music sweet and wild:
Sleep, of God's own peace partaking,
Little child!

*M. La T.*

## SONG OF THE LITTLE WINDS

The birdies may sleep, but the winds must wake
Early and late, for the birdies' sake.
Kissing them, fanning them, soft and sweet,
E'en till the dark and the dawning meet.

The flowers may sleep, but the winds must wake
Early and late, for the flowers' sake.
Rocking the buds on the rose-mother's breast,
Swinging the hyacinth-bells to rest.

The children may sleep, but the winds must wake
Early and late, for the children's sake.
Singing so sweet in each little one's ear,
He thinks his mother's own song to hear.

*Laura E. Richards.*

## LULLABY

The wind whistled loud at the window-pane—
  Go away, wind, and let me sleep!
Ruffle the green grass billowy plain,
  Ruffle the billowy deep!
" Hush-a-bye, hush! the wind is fled,
The wind cannot ruffle the soft, smooth bed,—
  Hush thee, darling, sleep! "

The ivy tapped at the window-pane,—
  Silence, ivy! and let me sleep!
Why do you patter like drops of rain,
  And then play creepity-creep?
" Hush-a-bye, hush! the leaves shall lie still,
The moon is walking over the hill,—
  Hush thee, darling, sleep! "

A dream-show rode in on a moonbeam white,—
  Go away, dreams, and let me sleep!
The show may be gay and golden bright,
  But I do not care to peep.
" Hush-a-bye, hush! the dream is fled,
A shining angel guards thy bed,
  Hush thee, darling, sleep! "

*William Brighty Rands.*

## A CRADLE-SONG OF THE NIGHT WIND

The pines have gathered upon the hill
To watch for the old-new moon;
I hear their murmuring—"Hush, be still!
'Tis coming—coming soon!"

The brown thrush sings to his meek brown wife
Who broods below on her nest:
"Of all the world and of all my life
'Tis you I love the best!"

But the baby moon is wide awake,
And its eyes are shining bright;
The pines in their arms this moon must take
And rock him to sleep to-night.

*Willis Boyd Allen.*

## A LULLABY

Sleep, baby, sleep,
The wind is driving the red, red leaves,
The birds are hiding beneath the eaves,
The sun sinks softly to rest.
Pretty one, sleep, sleep.

Sleep, baby, sleep,
The black clouds have curtained the eastern sky,
The moon, in a silver sea, sails by;
And the stars shine out in the west.
Little one, sleep, sleep.

Sleep, baby, sleep,
The night winds murmur across the wold,
The lambkins lie close in the shade of the fold,
Lie close in the mother sheep's breast.
Pretty one, sleep, sleep.

*Robert Ellice Mack.*

## THE FISHER-WIFE'S SONG

Hush, baby, hush, while the shadows are falling,
And winds blowing over the sea.
Hush, baby, hush, for the brownies are calling,
Are calling and waiting for thee:

In the land of sleep, where the pale moon shining,
Lights valleys and meadows and streams,
In the Brownie land, in the downy land
In the soft, sweet land of dreams.

Sleep, baby, sleep, while father is toiling
And thinking, my treasure, of thee;
Sleep, baby, sleep, while the dark waves are boiling
Far out on the breast of the sea;

Far out on the sea, where father's wee vessel
Is braving and tossing the main,
And whitecaps swirl, and torn clouds whirl,
And the north winds howl again.

*Crofton Uniacke McLeod.*

## IN THE TREE-TOP

"Rock-a-by, baby, up in the tree-top!"
Mother his blanket is spinning;
And a light little rustle that never will stop,
Breezes and boughs are beginning.
Rock-a-by, baby, swinging so high!
Rock-a-by!

"When the wind blows, then the cradle will rock."
Hush! now it stirs in the bushes;
Now with a whisper, a flutter of talk,
Baby and hammock it pushes.
Rock-a-by, baby! shut, pretty eye!
Rock-a-by!

"Rock with the boughs, rock-a-by, baby, dear!"
Leaf-tongues are singing and saying;
Mother she listens, and sister is near,
Under the tree softly playing.
Rock-a-by, baby! mother's close by!
Rock-a-by!

Weave him a beautiful dream, little breeze!
Little leaves, nestle around him!
He will remember the song of the trees,
When age with silver has crowned him.
Rock-a-by, baby! wake by and by!
Rock-a-by!

*Lucy Larcom.*

## LULLABY

Birds in their nests are softly calling,
The dew is falling, the day is done.
Over the hill come night winds creeping,
To lull thy sleeping, my little one.
Far in the sky gleams the golden crescent,
With motion incessant she swings on high—
A golden hammock for angels swinging,
While softly singing a lullaby.
Then swing low, sing low,
Droop, little head, in thy slumber deep;
Breathe low, breezes blow—
Zephyrs that bring on drowsy wing
Sweet sleep.

Down in the grass the folded clover,
With mother-leaf over, lies warm and deep.
Stars in the blue that lightly hover
Shine brightly over, to guard thy sleep.
Come, happy dreams, from your home in heaven,
This midsummer even, and hover nigh,
While baby and I in our hammock are swinging,
And softly singing a lullaby.
Then swing low, sing low,
Droop, little head, in thy slumber deep;
Breathe low, breezes blow—
Zephyrs that bring on downy wing
Sweet sleep.

*Grace Mitchell.*

## SONG

*From "The Princess"*

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
  Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
  Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
  Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
  Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
  Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
  Under the silver moon;
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

*Lord Tennyson.*

## COME, O WIND

Whisper, whisper out of the west,
Fold thy plumes o'er my birdling's nest,
Come, O wind, whence the poppies blow,
Come whence the lullaby fountains flow.
Come, with kisses soft and sweet
For tired little eyes and tired little feet.

Whisper, whisper out of the south;
Drop thy balm on the wee red mouth;
Come, O wind, from the palm and pine,
From the trailing moss and the tangled vine;
Come, with touches soft and sweet
On tired little eyes and tired little feet.

*James B. Kenyon.*

## LULLABY

Husheen, the herons are crying
  Away in the rain and the sleet,
Flying and flying and flying,
  With never a rest for their feet.

But warm in your coverlid nestle,
  Wee Bird, till the dawn of the day,
Nor dream of the wild wings that wrestle
  In the night and the rain and the gray.

Come, sweetheart, the bright ones would
    bring you
  By the magical meadows and streams,
With the light of your dreaming they build
    you
  A house on the hill of your dreams.

But you stir in your sleep and you murmur,
  As though the wild rain and the gray
Wet hills, with the wind ever blowing
  Had driven your dreams away.

And dearer the wind in its crying,
And the secrets the wet hills hold,
Than the goldenest place they could find you
In the heart of a country of gold.

*Seumas O'Sullivan.*

## NORSE LULLABY

The sky is dark and the hills are white,
As the storm-king speeds from the north to-night;
And this is the song the storm-king sings,
As over the world his cloak he flings:
"Sleep, sleep, little one, sleep;"
He rustles his wings, and gruffly sings:
"Sleep, little one, sleep."

On yonder mountainside a vine
Clings at the foot of a mother pine;
The tree bends over the trembling thing,
And only the vine can hear her sing:
"Sleep, sleep, little one, sleep—
What shall you fear when I am here?
Sleep, little one, sleep."

The king may sing in his bitter flight,
The tree may croon to the vine to-night,
But the little snowflake at my breast
Liketh the song I sing the best—
Sleep, sleep, little one, sleep;
Weary thou art, a-next my heart;
Sleep, little one, sleep.

*Eugene Field.*

## INDIAN LULLABY

Where the waves are lapping, lapping softly o'er
the pearly pebbles,
And the stream is gliding, gliding ever onward
toward the sea;
Where the pines are murm'ring to the never-dying
breezes,
Sits a mother crooning, crooning to a child upon
her knee.

Sleep, my warrior,
Sleep, my chieftain,
Sleep, my little Indian brave—
Lulled by murm'rings
Of the forest
And the streamlet's lapping wave;
While thy father's
Flashing arrows
Chase the deer in forests deep,
Rest, my warrior,
Rest, my chieftain,
Rest within the arms of sleep.

Where the light is glimm'ring, glimm'ring on the
surface of the water,
And a sweet breath stealing, stealing, from the
pine-woods o'er her creeps;
Where the twilight's deep'ning, deep'ning fast
within the gloomy forest,
Still the mother's crooning, crooning, while her
infant warrior sleeps.

Sleep, my warrior,
Sleep, my chieftain,
Sleep, my little Indian brave—
Soothed by breathings
Of the pine-woods
And the cool stream's rippling wave,
While thy mother's
Dreamy crooning
Falls like music of wild streams:
Sleep, my warrior,
Sleep, my chieftain,
Glide on to the land of dreams.

*Sarah Comstock.*

## CRADLE SONG

All by the sides of the wide wild river
Surging sad through the sodden land,
There be the black reeds washing together—
Washing together in rain and sand;
Going, blowing, flowing, together—
Rough are the winds, and the tide runs high—
Hush, little babe, in thy silken cradle—
Lull lull, lull lull, lull lullaby!

Father is riding home, little baby,
Riding home through the wind and rain;
Flinty hoofs on the flag stems beating
Thrum like a flail on the golden grain.

All in the wild, wet reeds of the lowlands,
  Dashed and plashed with the freezing foam,
There be the blood-red wings of the starlings,
  Shining to light and lead him home.

Spurring hard o'er the grass-gray ridges—
  Slacking rein in the low, wet land,
Where be the black reeds washing together—
  Washing together in rain and sand.
Down of the yellow-throated creeper—
  Plumes of the woodcock, green and black—
Boughs of salix, and combs of honey—
  These be the gifts he is bearing back.

Yester morning four sweet ground-doves
  Sung so gay to their nest in the wall—
Oh, by the moaning, and oh, by the droning,
  The wild, wild water is over them all!
Come, O morning, come with thy roses,
  Flame like a burning bush in the sky—
Hush, little babe, in thy silken cradle—
  Lull lull, lull lull, lull lullaby!

*Alice Cary.*

## THE WILD WOMAN'S LULLABY

What shall I sing to thee, babe, on my back?
Song of the Eagle that mates with the storm!
Hi-i-ri-i-ki! Ri-eek!
The wild gale is weeping, driven before him
To his nest on the black lone mast of the night;

Swinging, swinging, far out, high out, over the sea!
Hi-i-ri-i-ki! Ri-eek!
Thy father is Eagle-Go-High, chief of thy tribe:
Fiercest in war, wisest in council, swiftest in hunting,
Harshest and fondest in the tent of his woman;
He is my mate!

What shall I sing to thee, babe on my back?
Song of the wind that is wanton forever!
Fleeing forever, luring and weeping, laughing and leaping forever;
Calling forever—calling—for the chase of swift wings,
For the drive and the smite of wild wings,
For the fold of strong wings,
For the sleep in warm wings.
Oo-o-roo-o-rrr-uffff-oo! Thy mother is Storm-Dancer, daughter of winds.
What art thou, Little Chiefling, babe of my heart?
The star that I plucked from the mast of the night,
When the wings of thy father outstrove me.
Hi-i-ri-i-ki! Ri-eek!
Eagle-Go-High, this is thy son,—
He falls asleep, smiling,
To the scream of thy nesting-call.
Hi-i-ri-i-ki! Ri-i-ki! Ri-eek!

*Constance Lindsay Skinner.*

## THE COTTAGER TO HER INFANT

The days are cold, the nights are long,
The north-wind sings a doleful song;
Then hush again upon my breast;
All merry things are now at rest,
  Save thee, my pretty love!

The kitten sleeps upon the hearth;
The crickets long have ceased their mirth;
There's nothing stirring in the house
Save one wee, hungry, nibbling mouse,
  Then why so busy thou?

Nay! start not at that sparkling light;
'Tis but the moon that shines so bright
On the window-pane bedropped with rain:
There, little darling! sleep again,
  And wake when it is day.

*Dorothy Wordsworth.*

## A MORNING LULLABY

The wind is awake on the mountain's breast
  And cries in the night uncheery;
But dream and smile and dream and rest
  And slumber and dream, my dearie.
Though winds that wake may blow and break
  The sleep of hearts aweary,
    Thy cares are drowned,
    So sweet and sound
  Dreams of thy sleep, my dearie.

The rose is awake on the dewy lawn;
She pouts and her eyes are teary;
Her lips, that wait the kiss of dawn,
Are low and tremble, my dearie.
Yet thou dost keep thy smile in sleep
As if, in laughter weary,
Thy cares had slept
While slumber kept
Thy smile awake, my dearie.

The baby birds are awake in the trees
And cry in their cradles eerie
Because the honey-hungry bees
Have bothered the blossoms, dearie.
But on my breast thy morning nest
Is ever safe and cheery—
From every harm
A mother's charm
Will guard thee well, my dearie.

The sun is awake on his cloudy bed,
And dawn of the night is weary.
The poppy lifts her drowsy head—
But watching, I wait, my dearie;
For sunny skies and birdie eyes
May open wide and cheery—
My heart will wake
When thy dreams break,
And not till then, my dearie.

*J. A. Coll.*

## THE SEASONS

### CRADLE SONG FOR SUMMER

Sleep, my childie, sleep
I' the hush of evening deep,
Gone the last long-lingering beam
From where the tender violets dream
With closèd eyes by the woodland stream:
Sleep, my childie, sleep.

Sleep, my childie, sleep;
Fresh dews of twilight creep
Through folded blooms of eglantine,
Speedwell and harebell and woodbine;
Yet open the large white bugles shine:
Sleep, my childie, sleep.

Sleep, my childie, sleep.
Now dewy planets creep
Through skies of fading purple-rose,
Yon elm full-foliaged overflows
With those love-songs the blackbird knows:
Sleep, my childie, sleep.

Sleep, my childie, sleep;
Now drowsy birdies keep
More silence; rare the cuckoo's note,
The dove's low plaint hath ceased to float,
Sweet breezes flutter in and out:
Sleep, my childie, sleep.

THE SHEPHERDESS OF THE ABRUZZI.

*From Painting by Francesco Paolo Michetti.*

Sleep, my childie, sleep;
The skimming moth may sip
Our bower's honeysuckle bloom
That lavish breathes a rare perfume,
I hear the velvet hornet boom:
Sleep, my childie, sleep.

Sleep, my childie, sleep;
The shepherd counts his sheep,
I hear the cattle browse and chew,
Afield the click of ball that flew
Bat-smitten and the boy's halloo:
Sleep, my childie, sleep.

Sleep, my childie, sleep;
Where meadow grass is deep,
Nor yet lies heaped the fragrant hay,
The crake is calling, or away
Where the corn mellows every day:
Sleep, my childie, sleep.

Sleep, my childie, sleep;
Yon primrose skies must keep
Some chime of faint and faëry bells
Whose ebb and flow of tidal swells
Or close or open aërial cells:
Sleep, my childie, sleep.

Sleep, my childie, sleep;
The summer breath can steep

All sights and sounds in hallowed rest;
Beneath, far setting toward the West,
Rich seas of pasture swoon to mist:
  Sleep, my childie, sleep.

  Sleep, my childie, sleep;
Rare doth the swallow sweep
Now lilied pools for dragon-flies,
Nor orange mouths that gape supplies
While the dam greets with twittering cries:
  Sleep, my childie, sleep.

  Sleep, my childie, sleep;
Still soft the martin-cheep
Below yon eaves from rustic nest
With moss and bents and feathers prest
Lined warm for many a downy breast
  Sleep, my childie, sleep.

  Sleep, my childie, sleep;
Four callow fledglings peep
No more, but nestle to the wing,
Whose darkness ne'er to them can bring
Doubt of the parent's sheltering:
  Sleep, my childie, sleep.

  Sleep, my childie, sleep;
Our earthly clouds must weep
Their rain upon thy stainless brow;
I only pray my child may know
Her Father's wing those shadows throw:
  Then ever rest and sleep!

*Roden Noel.*

## MIDSUMMER LULLABY

*From the German*

Silver clouds are lightly sailing
Through the drowsy, trembling air,
And the golden summer sunshine,
Casts a glory everywhere.
Softly sob and sigh the billows
As they dream in shadows sweet,
And the swaying reeds and rushes
Kiss the mirror at their feet.

## HARVEST SLUMBER SONG

Sleep, little baby, sleep, sleep, sleep,
Red is the moon in the night's still deep,
White are the stars with their silver wings
Folded in dreamings of beautiful things,
And over their cradle the night wind sings,
Sleep, little baby, sleep, sleep, sleep.

Soft in the lap of the mother night
The wee baby stars, all glowing and bright,
Flutter their silver wings and crow
To the watchful winds that kiss as they blow
Round the air-cradle that swings so low
Down in the lap of the mother night.

Sleep, little baby, sleep, sleep, sleep,
Red is the moon in the night's still deep,
And the wee baby stars are all folded and
kissed
In a luminous cradle of silver mist;
And if ever they waken the winds cry, Whist,
Sleep, little baby, sleep, sleep.

*Wilfred Campbell.*

## A WINTER SONG

Come, little one with drowsy eyes,
The tree-tops are bare and brown.
Where are the blossoms, the beautiful things,
That fluttered all summer on silken wings?
Blooming in Lullaby-town!

Where is the path, too, to Lullaby-town,
And how must the baby go?
Down from the sky, in its postman's gray,
Some wee, snowy messages float this way,
They'll tell us the road, I know.

What shall we find in this unknown land,
And what will the baby see?
Brownies, and fairies and elves, I guess,
Gay little dreams, in their holiday dress,
Toys, and a Christmas tree!

Come, little one with the drowsy eyes,
Lullaby-town's a-glee;
Faster the little white messages fall,
Louder the little brown chickadees call,
Come where they wait for thee!

*Pauline Frances Camp.*

## A WINTRY LULLABY

Blow, wind, blow,
The fields are white with snow—
Sleeping daisies, deep and warm,
Cannot hear the winter storm.

Freeze, air, freeze,
The rime is on the trees—
Sleeping buds within the bough,
Dream of spring and cuckoos now.

Turn, earth, turn,
The flames of life do burn—
Sleeping girl, my baby dove,
Knows no world but mother's love.

*Laurence Alma Tadema.*

## A WINTER LULLABY

Hushaby, lullaby, rockaby, dear,
Sleep, little one, thou hast nothing to fear;
Safe in thy crib by the blazing log fire,
Rocked by a hand that never can tire;

Under thy coverlets dainty and warm,
Thou knowest naught of the keen winter's storm.
Hushaby, lullaby, rockaby, dear,
Sleep, little one, thou hast nothing to fear.

Under the skies of night, crystal and cold,
Studded with all the bright stars it can hold,
Sleep the wild flowers that fell with the frost,
Sleep the wild flowers the autumn breeze tossed.
Leaves and new snow keep them dainty and warm,
What can they know of the keen winter's storm?

Some day will Spring with her torch and her rain
Come to the place where the flowers have lain,
Melting their covers of glistening snow,
Bidding her zephyrs through tree-tops to blow,
Thus she will wake them and kiss them with dew,
Calling them forth to life that is new.

So, baby dear, when to-morrow's fresh light
Dawns on the world that is shrouded in night,
Then will the angels who guarded thy sleep,
Give me their watch o'er my baby to keep.
Thou with thine eyes of the heaven's own blue,
Waking, will call me to life that is new.
Hushaby, lullaby, rockaby, dear,
Sleep, little one, thou hast nothing to fear.

*Madeleine Sweeny Miller.*

## THE TREE BUDS

Rock-a-by, baby,
Up in a tree,
Rock-a-by, baby,
What can we see?

Little brown cradles?
Yes, that is all;
Little brown cradles
Never will fall.

Where are the babies?
Oh! they are there,
Tucked in their blankets
Away from the air.

Dear little nurslings,
Quiet all day,
In their green nightgowns
Folded away.

North wind is piping
Loud lullaby;
He couldn't soften
His voice, did he try.

Sleep till the springtime
Brightens the sky.
Little leaf babies,
We love you. Good-bye.

*Kate Louise Brown.*

## A SLEEP SONG

*From the Irish*

Deirín dé, Deirín dé!
The brown bittern speaks in the bog;
Deirín dé, Deirín dé!
The night-jar is abroad on the heath.

Deirín dé, Deirín dé!
Kine will go west at dawn of day;
Deirín dé, Deirín dé!
And my child will go to the pasture to
mind them.

Deirín dé, Deirín dé!
Moon will rise and sun will set;
Deirín dé, Deirín dé!
Kine will come east at end of day.

Deirín dé, Deirín dé!
I will let my child go gathering black-
berries,
Deirín dé, Deirín dé!
If he sleep softly till the ring of day!

*English version by P. H. Pearse.*

## A HIGHLAND CROON

Hush-a-ba, birdie, croon, croon,
Hush-a-ba, birdie, croon,
The sheep are gane to the siller wood,
And the cows are gane to the broom, broom.

And it's braw milking the kye, kye,
It's braw milking the kye,
The birds are singing, the bells are ringing,
And the wild deer come galloping by, by.

And hush-a-ba, birdie, croon, croon,
Hush-a-ba, birdie, croon,
The gaits are gane to the mountain hie,
And they'll no be hame till noon, noon.

## A SLUMBER SONG

*From the German*

Sleep, baby, sleep!
Thy father is tending the sheep,
Thy mother is shaking the dream-land tree,
And down drops a little dream for thee.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
The large stars are the sheep;
The little stars are the lambs, I guess,
And the bright moon is the shepherdess.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
The Saviour loves His sheep.
He is the Lamb of God on high,
Who for our sakes came down to die.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
And cry not like a sheep,
Else the sheep-dog will bark and whine
And bite this naughty child of mine.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
Away to tend the sheep,
Away, thou sheep-dog fierce and wild
And do not harm my sleeping child!
Sleep, baby, sleep!

## LULLABY

When little birdie bye-bye goes,
Quiet as mice in churches,
He puts his head where no one knows,
On one leg he perches.

When little babie bye-bye goes,
On mother's arm reposing,
Soon he lies beneath the clothes,
Safe in the cradle dozing.

When pretty pussy goes to sleep,
Tail and nose together,
Then little mice around her creep,
Lightly as a feather.

When little babie goes to sleep,
And he is very near us,
Then on tiptoe softly creep,
That babie may not hear us.
Lullaby! Lullaby! Lulla, Lulla, Lullaby!

## A NURSERY SONG

As I walked over the hills one day,
I listened and heard a mother-sheep say:
"In all the green world there is nothing so sweet
As my little lammie with his nimble feet,
With his eyes so bright,
And his wool so white,
Oh, he is my darling, my heart's delight.
The robin, he
That sings in a tree,
Dearly may doat on his darlings four,
But I love my one little lambkin more,"
And the mother-sheep and her little one
Side by side lay down in the sun;
And they went to sleep on the hillside warm,
While my little lammie lies here on my arm.

I went to the kitchen, and what did I see,
But the old gray cat with her kittens three;
I heard her whispering soft—said she:
"My kittens, with tails all so cunningly curled,
Are the prettiest things that can be in the world;
The bird in the tree,
And the old ewe she,

May love their babies exceedingly;
But I love my kittens there
Under the rocking-chair,
I love my kittens with all my might,
I love them at morning, noon, and night.
Which is the prettiest I cannot tell—
Which of the three—
For the life of me—
I love them all so well.
Now I'll take up my kitties, the kitties I love,
And we'll lie down together beneath the warm stove."
Let the kitties sleep under the stove so warm,
While my little darling lies here on my arm.

I went to the yard, and saw an old hen
Go clucking about with her chickens ten.
She clucked, and she scratched, and she bristled away,
And what do you think I heard her say?
I heard her say: " The sun never did shine
On anything like to these chickens of mine.
You may hunt the full moon and the stars, if you please,
But you never will find ten such chickens as these.
The cat loves her kittens, the ewe loves her lamb,
But they do not know what a proud mother I am;

For lambs, nor for kittens, I won't part with
these,
Tho' the sheep and the cats should go down on
their knees;
No! no! not though
The kittens could crow
Or the lammie on two yellow legs could go.
My dear, downy darlings! my sweet little
things!
Come nestle now, cosily, under my wings."
So the hen said,
And the chickens all sped
As fast as they could to their nice feather-bed,
And there let them sleep in their feathers so
warm,
While my little chick nestles here on my arm.

*Mrs. Carter.*

## LULLABY OF THE IROQUOIS

Little brown baby-bird, lapped in your nest,
Wrapped in your nest,
Strapped in your nest,
Your straight little cradle-board rocks you to rest;
Its hands are your nest,
Its bands are your nest;
It swings from the down-bending branch of the
oak;
You watch the camp flame, and the curling gray
smoke;
But, oh, for your pretty black eyes sleep is best,—
Little brown baby of mine, go to rest.

Little brown baby-bird swinging to sleep,
  Winging to sleep,
  Singing to sleep,
Your wonder-black eyes that so wide open keep,
  Shielding their sleep,
  Unyielding to sleep,
The heron is homing, the plover is still,
The night-owl calls from his haunt on the hill,
Afar the fox barks, afar the stars peep,—
Little brown baby of mine, go to sleep.

*E. Pauline Johnson.*

## BED-TIME SONG

Sleep, my baby, while I sing
Bed-time news of everything.
Chickens run to mother hen;
Piggy curls up in the pen.
In the field, all tired with play,
Quiet now the lambkins stay.
Kittens cuddle in a heap—
Baby, too, must go to sleep!

Sleep, my baby, while I sing
Bed-time news of everything.
Now the cows from pasture come;
Bees fly home with drowsy hum.
Little birds are in the nest,
Under mother-bird's soft breast.
Over all soft shadows creep—
Baby now must go to sleep.

Sleep, my baby, while I sing
Bed-time news of everything.
Sleepy flowers seem to nod,
Drooping toward the dewy sod;
While the big sun's fading light
Bids my baby dear good-night.
Mother loving watch will keep;
Baby now must go to sleep.

*Emilie Poulsson.*

## BABY'S EVENING-SONG

Now the little white sheep,
And the little black sheep—
They have all gone to sleep
  In the fold.

  Nothing is black,
  Nothing is white,
When the kind old Night—
Hides them all out of sight
  In the fold.

And the little children too,
Must do as little lambs do;
They must all go to sleep
  In the fold.

  Nothing is hungry,
  Nothing is cold,
When it once goes to sleep
  In the fold.

And the swift bright things
That fly about on wings,
Round the fields and through the skies—
They have shut their cunning eyes,
And have all gone to rest
In the nest;

Every little bird's head
Laid upon a feather-bed,
Underneath its mother's breast!
All the swift bright things,—
They have all gone to rest
In the nest.

And the little children too,
Must do as little birds do:
They must all go to rest
In the nest.

Nothing unkind
Can the baby find,
When she once goes to rest
In the nest.

*Edith M. Thomas.*

## CRADLE SONG

The crickets in the corner sing,
O'er farm and field the shadows creep,
Their homeward way the swallows wing,
The sun is setting in the deep.

The squirrels seek their leafy hold,
The fox is in his hollow tree,
And, huddled in the silent fold,
The downy lambkins sleeping be.
The little bird within his nest
Hath hid his little head in rest.
And soon, oh, soon
The dreamy moon
Will sail along the fleecy west;
The day is done
The night begun,
So sleep, my drowsy little one.

But when at break of day we see
The spider weaving at his loom,
The soaring lark above the lea,
The bee amid the clover bloom;
When frisking baby squirrels wake
And sip the leaves of morning dew,
When baby foxes from the brake
Do prowl the thorny hedges through,
When on the meadows sweet with hay
The white and curly lambkins play,
And, sweet and cool,
O'er plain and pool,
Bloweth the breeze of coming day,
Thou, too, shalt rise
To sunny skies
And open wide thy baby eyes.

*Rowan Stevens.*

## LULLABY

Sleepy little, creepy little goblins in the gloaming,
With their airy little, fairy little faces all aglow,
Winking little, blinking little brownies gone a-roaming,
Hear the rustling little, bustling little footfalls as they go.
Laughing little, chaffing little voices sweetly singing
In the dearest little, queerest little baby lullabies,
Creep! Creep! Creep!
Time to go to sleep!
Baby playing 'possum with his big brown eyes!

Cricket in the thicket with the oddest little clatter
Sings his rattling little, prattling, tattling little tune;
Fleet the feet of tiny stars go patter, patter, patter,
As they scamper from the heavens at the rising of the moon.
Beaming little, gleaming little fireflies go dreaming
To the dearest little, queerest little baby lullabies.
Creep! Creep! Creep!
Time to go to sleep!
Baby playing 'possum with his big brown eyes!

Quaking little, shaking little voices all a-quiver
In the mushy little, rushy little, weedy, reedy bogs,
Droning little, moaning little chorus by the river,
In the croaking little, joking little cadence of the frogs.
Eerie little, cheery little glowworms in the gloaming
Where the clover heads like fairy nightcaps rise.
Creep! Creep! Creep!
Time to go to sleep!
Baby playing 'possum with his big brown eyes!

*F. W. Foley.*

## A LULLABY

We've wandered all about the upland fallows,
We've watched the rabbits at their play,
But now good-night, good-bye to soaring swallows,
Now good-night, good-bye, dear day.

Poppy heads are closing fast, pigeons circle home at last,
Sleep, Liebchen, sleep, the bats are calling;
Pansies never miss the light, but sweet babes must sleep at night;
Sleep, Liebchen, sleep, the dew is falling.

Even the wind among the quiet willows
Rests, and the sea is silent too.
See soft white linen, cool, such cool white pillows
Wait in the darkling room for you.

All the little chicks are still, now the moon peeps
down the hill,
Sleep, Liebchen, sleep, the owls are hooting,
Ships have hung their lanthorns out, little mice
dare creep about,
Sleep, Liebchen, sleep, the stars are shooting.

*Ford M. Hueffer.*

## BED-TIME

The evening is coming, the sun sinks to rest,
The crows are all flying straight home to the
nest.
"Caw," says the crow as he flies overhead,
"It's time little people were going to bed."

The flowers are closing, the daisy's asleep,
The primrose is buried in slumber so deep.
Closed for the night are the roses so red,
"It's time little people were going to bed."

The butterfly, drowsy, has folded its wing;
The bees are returning, no more the birds sing.
Their labor is over, their nestlings are fed;
"It's time little people were going to bed."

Good-night, little people, good-night and good-
night;
Sweet dreams to your eyelids till dawning of
light;
The evening has come, there's no more to be
said,
It's time little people were going to bed.

## HAZELEYE'S LULLABY

O, close your bright eyes, brown child of the forest,
And enter the dreamland, for you're tired of play;
Draw down the dark curtain with long silken fringes,
An-na-moosh will attend on your mystical way.

Hush-a-by, rock-a-by, brown little papoose,
O, can you not see, if you give the alarm,
Zowan beside you, is willing and eager
To guard and defend you, and keep you from harm?

Wind-rocked and fur-lined, covered o'er with bright blanket,
Your cradle is swung 'neath the wide-spreading trees,
Where the singing of birds and chatting of squirrels
Will lull you to rest 'midst the hum of wild bees.
Hush-a-by, rock-a-by, etc.

Your father is hunting to bring home the bearskin,
While mother plaits baskets of various hue,
Na-ko-mis is weaving large mats of wild rushes,
And Nonnee sends arrows so swift and so true.
Hush-a-by, rock-a-by, etc.

*Chief Simon Pokagon.*

## SLÉEP, MY LITTLE 'SIMMIN-COLORED COON

Chickens am a-roostin' in de old plum-tree,
One by one de little stars am peeping;
Nightingales am singin' to my babe and me,
Brightly shines de silver moon.
Time my little pickaninny am at rest,
All de little birds am sleeping;
Mammy's gwine to tuck you in your little feather nest,
Den she's gwine to softly croon.
Slumber, little nigger, in your bed so cozy,
Mammy's gwine to wake you when de moon am rosy.
Hush, my little baby love, sleep, my rosebud,
Angels guard you from above, sleep, my little nut-brown coon.

Sleep, sleep, sleep, my little yaller baby, mammy loves you so,
Close your naughty little eyelids, you'se de sweetest little coon I know;
Great, big 'gaters gwine to eat you if you don't hush mighty soon,
Den dey knows it when my baby cries, sleep, my little 'simmin-colored coon.

Juicy ripe persimmon's mighty fine to eat,
Waiting for my baby in de morning;
Just about de color of my baby, so sweet,
Honey gwine to eat dem soon.

'Gaters am uneasy when dey hears you weep,
Mind, I gives you timely warning;
Mammy's gwine to rock her little dusky babe to sleep,
While she sings de sandman's tune.
'Deed I loves my bandy-legged, sweet, brown baby,
Even tho' his color am a trifle shady.
Hush, my little turtle dove, sleep, my rosebud;
Angels guard you from above, sleep, my little nut-brown coon.

*William H. Plass.*

## EVENING SONG

Little child, good child, go to sleep.
The tree-toads purr and the peepers peep;
Under the apple-tree grass grows deep;
Little child, good child, go to sleep!

Big star out in the orange west;
Orioles swung in their gypsy nest;
Soft wind singing what you love best;
Rest till the sunrise; rest, child, rest!

Swift dreams swarm in a silver flight.
Hand in hand with the sleepy Night
Lie down soft with your eyelids tight.
Hush, child, little child! Hush.—Good-night.

*Fannie Stearns Davis.*

## LULLABY

Softly now the burn is rushing,
Every lark its song is hushing,
On the mqor thick rest is falling,
Just one heather-blade is calling—
Calling, calling, lonely, lonely,
For my darling, for my only,
*Leanbháin O, Leanbháin O!*

Trotting home, my dearie, dearie,
Wee black lamb comes, wearie, wearie,
Here its soft feet pit-a-patting
Quickly o'er the flowery matting,
See its brown-black eyes a-blinking—
Of its bed it's surely thinking,
*Leanbháin O, Leanbháin O!*

The hens to roost wee Nora's shooing,
Brindley in the byre is mooing,
The tired-out cricket's quit its calling,
Velvet sleep on all is falling,—
Lark and cow, and sheep and starling,—
Feel it kiss our white-haired darling,
*Leanbháin O, Leanbháin O!*

*Seumas MacManus.*

## A CHILD'S EVENSONG

The sun is weary, for he ran
So far and fast to-day;
The birds are weary, for who sang
So many songs as they?

The bees and butterflies at last
  Are tired out, for just think too
How many gardens through the day
  Their little wings have fluttered through.
  And so, as all tired people do,
They've gone to lay their sleepy heads
Deep, deep in warm and happy beds.
The sun has shut his golden eye
And gone to sleep beneath the sky,
The birds and butterflies and bees
Have all crept into flowers and trees,
And all lie quiet, still as mice,
Till morning comes—like father's voice.

So Geoffrey, Owen, Phyllis, you
Must sleep away till morning, too.
Close little eyes, down little heads,
And sleep—sleep—sleep in happy beds.

*Richard Le Gallienne.*

## LULLABY

  Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
Flowers are closed and lambs are sleeping,
  Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
Stars are up, the moon is peeping,
  Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
While the birds are silence keeping,
  Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
Sleep, my baby, fall a-sleeping,
  Lullaby, oh, lullaby!

*Christina G. Rossetti.*

## A SLEEPY SONG

The butterfly swings on the flower asleep,
And the little bird sleeps in the tree;
And down where the burrow is quiet and deep,
The little gray rabbits all cuddle a-heap—
So my baby must nestle to me.
By-low!
Nestle so closely to me.

The butterfly danced in the fields all day
And the birdie sang blythe on the bough;
And the little gray rabbits, they scampered in play—
But now they're in Slumberland, all tucked away,
For this is the sleepy time now—
By-low!
Sleepy time, sleepy time now!

*Charles Buxton Going.*

## A LULLABY

Baby, baby, hush-a-bye,
Must you be awake now?
Sweet my lamb, come, close your eye,
Sleep for mother's sake now.

All the babies in the world
Lie asleep but you now:
Nigger-babies, brown and curled,
In the sand dream too now.

Baby mice are safe from harm
In their downy holes now:
Baby squirrels lie all warm
In the hollow boles now.

Baby buds are fast asleep
Rocking on the trees now:
Baby fishes, far and deep,
Slumber in the seas now.

All the baby stars above
Dream in cloudy bed now:
Mother moon, for all her love,
Sleeping hides her head now.

Baby, baby, hush-a-bye,
Cradled on my breast now,
Sweet my lamb, come, close your eye,
Let your mother rest now.

*Laurence Alma Tadema.*

## CRADLE SONG

O blue eyes close in slumber;
O birdie on your nest
Sing to my sleepless darling
A little song of rest.

O wind among the roses,
Soft through the window creep,
And with your murmur music
Hush baby off to sleep.

O bee, that such soft wooing
Makes for the lily's sake,
Come, sing your song of summer
To little wide-awake.

O cricket on the hearthstone
Chirp low, and soft, and long,
Till little, restless baby
Grows drowsy with your song.

And whisper to my darling
That mother's heart will keep
A watch o'er every movement
While baby is asleep.

*Caris Brooke.*

## THE BYE-LOW SONG

Say, birdies, when your bed-time comes,
And underneath your mother's wing
You're tucked away so carefully,
Does Mamma Birdie to you sing
The Bye-Low Song?

Say, little lamb, with curly hair,
That in the field is gamboling
The whole day through, when bed-time comes,
Does Mamma Sheep then to you sing
The Bye-Low Song?

I know that when my bed-time comes,
And I am tired of everything,
I cannot go to sleep unless
I hear my Mamma softly sing
The Bye-Low Song.

## LULLABY

They are fluttering and fluttering, like birds upon the tree—
Baby bye! Baby bye!
Then shut them tight, my precious, one for you and one for me—
Bye oh! Baby bye!

Away down in the sheepfold all the lambkins are at rest—
The little chickabiddies in their feathers soft are pressed—
And good old Mammy Nature holds them all upon her breast!—
Bye oh! Baby bye!
Um! Um! Um! Um!
Bye oh! Baby bye!

We say we're men and women at the early dawn of day—
Baby bye! Baby bye!
But the sunset finds us children, with tears to wipe away—
Bye oh! Baby bye!

No shame to us that stumbled, if we tried to do
our part—
No blame to us for falling, if we made an honest
start!—
Then take it all to mammy!—lay it all upon her
heart—
Bye oh! Baby bye!
Um! Um! Um! Um!
Bye oh! Baby bye!

*Virginia Frazer Boyle.*

## THE WARM CRADLE

Hush, baby, hush,
Sweet robin's in the bush—
All the birdies lie so quiet,
Won't my little dicky try it?
Hush, baby, hush.

Sleep, baby, sleep,
The lammies love the sheep—
Woolly babes all nestle cozy,
Lie, my lambkin, warm and rosy,
Sleep, baby, sleep.

Dream, baby, dream,
Our feet are in the stream—
Stones below but stars above, child,
Life is warm so long we love, child,
Dream, baby, dream.

*Laurence Alma Tadema.*

## THE SLEEPY SONG

As soon as the fire burns red and low,
  And the house up-stairs is still,
She sings me a queer little sleepy song,
  Of sheep that go over the hill.

The good little sheep run quick and soft,
  Their colors are gray and white;
They follow their leader nose to tail,
  For they must be home by night.

And one slips over and one comes next,
  And one runs after behind,
The gray one's nose at the white one's tail,
  The top of the hill they find.

And when they get to the top of the hill,
  They quietly slip away;
But one runs over and one comes next—
  Their colors are white and gray.

And over they go, and over they go,
  And over the top of the hill,
The good little sheep run quick and soft,
  And the house up-stairs is still.

And one slips over and one comes next,
  The good little, gray little sheep!
I watch how the fire burns red and low,
  And she says that I fall asleep.

*Josephine Daskam Bacon.*

## A MEXICAN LULLABY

Away across the yellow plain
The sleepy sun before he goes
Has hung the shoulders of the hills
With velvet folds of gold and rose:
And in the garden of the sky
The petals of the stars uncurl
Like flowers blooming overhead:
It's sleepy time, my brown-eyed girl!

The mules are safe in the corral:
The burros on the homeward road
Trudge patiently along and think
Of laying down the heavy load:
And high upon the mountain-side
The goat-herd's camp-fire, all ashine,
Tells that the goats have gone to bed.
Good-night, O blue-eyed maid of mine!

What if the big white stars come out
And find the whole world sound asleep
Excepting just two little girls
Whose wilful eyes wide-open keep?
And there are wingéd dreams that come
To flutter 'round your beds at night:
They *never* kiss wide-open eyes,
So cuddle down, and shut them tight.

*Grace Hazard Conkling.*

## LULLABY

*From the German*

Sleep, little one, and be good,
The birds are all in the wood;
They fly in the wood
From tree to tree,
And soon they will bring
Sweet sleep to thee,
Eia, eia, popeia.

## BABY-SONG

*From "Sea Dreams"*

What does little birdie say
In her nest at peep of day?
Let me fly, says little birdie,
  Mother, let me fly away.
Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger;
So she rests a little longer,
  Then she flies away.

What does little baby say,
In her bed at peep of day?
Baby says, like little birdie,
  Let me rise and fly away.
Baby, sleep a little longer,
Till the little limbs are stronger;
If she sleeps a little longer,
  Baby, too, shall fly away.

*Lord Tennyson.*

## BIRDIE IN THE CRADLE

In the green boughs on the tree-top
There's a nest so snug and warm;
In it lies a little birdie,
Safe in sunshine, safe in storm.

And the wind blows through the branches,
Rocks the cradle to and fro;
Happy birdie, chirping, chirping,
Danger birdie cannot know.

See! the bright leaves hang in clusters,
Curtains these for birdie are;
And they guard him while he's sleeping,
When his parents are afar.

At eve the birdie's gentle mother
Hovers o'er the cozy nest,
Warbling, singing, oh so sweetly!
Till her loved one is at rest.

## SLEEP, MY TREASURE

Sleep, sleep, my treasure,
The long day's pleasure
Has tired the birds, to their nests they creep;
The garden still is
Alight with lilies,
But all the daisies are fast asleep.

Sleep, sleep, my darling,
Dawn wakes the starling,
The sparrow stirs when he sees day break;
But all the meadow
Is wrapped in shadow,
And you must sleep till the daisies wake!

*E. Nesbit.*

## CRADLE SONG

Ere the moon begins to rise
Or a star to shine,
All the bluebells close their eyes—
So close thine,
Thine, dear, thine!

Birds are sleeping in the nest
On the swaying bough,
Thus, against the mother-breast—
So sleep thou,
Sleep, sleep, thou.

*Thomas Bailey Aldrich.*

## BIRDS IN THE NIGHT

Birds in the night that softly call,
Winds in the night that strangely sigh,
Come to me, help me, one and all,
And murmur baby's lullaby.
Lullaby, baby,
While the hours run,
Fair may the day be
When night is done.

Life may be sad for us that wake;
Sleep, little bird, and dream not why;
Soon is the sleep but God can break,
When angels whisper lullaby.
Lullaby, baby, etc.

*Lionel H. Lewin.*

## A LULLABY

Now while rest the happy herds,
And in folds the fleecy sheep,
All the boughs are full of birds,
Crowding, sound asleep.
*Sleep, sleep, sleep,*
*Under the fair, fair flocks of stars*
*That roam all night and know no bars,*
*Sleep, sweet, sleep!*

Now if we an Owl could ride,—
Yes, an Owl with yellow eyes,
Globy lanterns, clear and wide,
Flaming while he flies,—
We should see the pretty things,
Pretty little sleepy souls!
All their heads beneath their wings,
Blind with sleep as moles!
*Sleep, sleep, sleep,*
*Under the wild, winged winds that fly*
*All night long across the sky,*
*Sleep, sweet, sleep!*

*Helen Gray Cone.*

## HAMMOCK LULLABY

Come, baby, and swing in the hammock with me,
Rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, dear;
I'll sing you about some wee birds in the tree,
Rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, dear.
Who live in a hammock all day and all night,
And see the gold stars and the moon shining bright;
The wind swings their cradle so snug and so tight,
As they rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, dear.

Their oriole mother, with flame-colored breast,
Rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, dear,
Doth cuddle them close as she croons them to rest,
Rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, dear.
They all tuck their heads beneath their soft wings,
And peep to each other while mother-bird sings
Of flowers and cherries and nice little things,
As they rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, dear.

They'll soon be a nodding, as you're doing now,
Rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, dear;
My own little comfort, with sweet baby-brow,
Rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, dear.
No longer the wind need his restless watch keep;
The dear little heads next the mother-heart sleep,
And the lazy old hammock may drowsily creep,
As we rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, dear.

*Charlotte Brewster Jordan.*

## LULLABY

At sunset our white butterflies
Vanish and fold and creep,
Where now the golden daylight dies,
Out in the field to sleep;
Among the morning-glories furled
They furl their drowsy wings,
Forget the sun upon the world,
And what the sparrow sings;
They will not know what dews may kiss
Nor what stars vigil keep;
Fold up, white wing, and be like this
All in the twilight deep;
With everything that pretty is,
My little lady, sleep!

*Joseph Russell Taylor.*

## CRADLE SONG

To sleep the corn is sinking,
For heavy hangs its head;
The timid flowers are shrinking,
From darkness in their bed.

And evening breezes, flocking
Like gentle angels blest,
Come softly, softly rocking
The corn and flowers to rest.

And as the flowerets shrinking,
So, timid, too, art thou;
And as the corn-heads sinking,
So nods thy dear head now.

And sounds of evening, winging
  Like little angels blest
Come softly, softly singing
  My darling one to rest.

*Hoffman von Fallersleben.*

## IN A GARDEN

Baby, see the flowers!
  Baby sees
  Fairer things than these,
Fairer though they be than dreams of ours.

Baby, hear the birds!
  Baby knows
  Better songs than those,
Sweeter though they sound than sweetest words.

Baby, see the moon!
  Baby's eyes
  Laugh to watch it rise,
Answering light with love and night with noon.

Baby, hear the sea!
  Baby's face
  Takes a graver grace,
Touched with wonder what the sound may be.

Baby, see the star!
  Baby's hand
  Opens, warm and bland,
Calm in claim of all things fair that are.

Baby, hear the bells!
  Baby's head
  Bows, as ripe for bed,
Now the flowers curl round and close their cells.

Baby, flower of light,
  Sleep, and see
  Brighter dreams than we,
Till good day shall smile away good night.

*Algernon Charles Swinburne.*

## FLOWER LULLABY

All of the flowers are going to bed,
Daisies are nodding their pretty white heads,
Clovers have softly just whispered "Good-night,"
Soon Mother Nature will tuck them up tight.
"Lullaby, lullaby," now the winds sigh,
"Mother will watch you while winter is nigh;"
Over them softly she spreads a white sheet,
"Lullaby, lullaby, sleep, babies, sleep."

Softly, so softly, she's calling them all;
"Hasten, oh, bluebells, or night shades will fall;
Buttercups, buttercups, come to your rest,
Little forget-me-not is all undressed.
"Maples are taking off dresses of green,
And in bright dressing-gowns now can be seen;
Oak trees are going more slowly to bed,
With pretty night-caps of dark brown and red."

*Addie Litchfield.*

## SLEEPY-TIME

Rockaby, rockaby;
A little daisy, pink and sweet,
Half shut its leaves, oppressed with heat,
And that it might to slumber go
The Zephyrs rocked it to and fro;
Rockaby.

Rockaby, rockaby;
A rose-tree near the daisy grew,
And that the sun was hot it knew,
And dropped its branches low, to spread
A shadow for the daisy's head;
Rockaby.

Rockaby, rockaby;
An oriole, like a golden flame,
Down from his swinging palace came,
And in a warble soft and long
He sang a pretty cradle-song;
Rockaby.

Rockaby, rockaby;
An hour the daisy slept and dreamed,
And then uncurled its leaves and seemed
As pink and fresh as when it burst
From out the tiny bud at first;
Rockaby.

*Ellen V. Talbot.*

## GO SLEEP, MA HONEY

Whipp'will's singin' to de moon,—
*Go sleep, ma honey, m—m.*
He sing a pow'ful mo'nful tune,
*Go sleep, ma honey, m—m.*
De day bird's sleepin' on his nes',
He know it time to take a res',
An' he gwine ter do his lebel bes',
*Go sleep, ma honey, m—m.*

Old banjo's laid away,—
*Go sleep, ma honey, m—m.*
It's pickin's froo for to-day,—
*Go sleep, ma honey, m—m.*
De night time surely come to pass,
De cricket's chirpin' in de grass,
An' de ole mule's gone to sleep at las',—
*Go sleep, ma honey, m—m.*

I hear de night win' in de corn,—
*Go sleep, ma honey, m—m.*
Dey's a ghos' out dah, sure's yo' born,—
*Go sleep, ma honey, m—m.*
But he dassent come where we keep a light,
An' de candle's burnin' all de night,
So sink to res', des be all right,—
*Go sleep, ma honey, m—m.*

*Edward D. Barker.*

## MAMMY'S LULLABY

Sleep, mah li'l pigeon, don' yo' heah yo' mammy coo?
Sunset still a-shinin' in de wes';
Sky am full o' windehs an' de stahs am peepin' froo—
Eb'ryt'ing but mammy's lamb at res'.
Swing 'im to'ds de Eas'lan',
Swing 'im to'ds de Souf—
See dat dove a-comin' wif a olive in 'is mouf!
Angel hahps a-hummin',
Angel banjos strummin'—
Sleep, mah li'l pigeon, don' yo' heah yo' mammy coo?

Cricket fiddleh scrapin' off de rozzum f'um 'is bow,
Whippo'will a-mo'nin' on a lawg;
Moon ez pale ez hit kin be a-risin' mighty slow—
Stahtled at de bahkin' ob de dawg;
Swing de baby eas'way,
Swing de baby wes',
Swing 'im to'ds de Souflan' whah de melons grow de bes'!
Angel singers singin',
Angel bells a-ringin',
Sleep, mah li'l pigeon, don' yo' heah yo' mammy coo?

Eyelids des a-droopin' li'l loweh all de w'ile,
Undeh lip a-saggin' des a mite;
Li'l baby toofies showin' so't o' lak a smile,

Whiteh dan de snow, or des ez white.
Swing 'im to'ds de No'flan',
Swing 'im to'ds de Eas'—
Woolly cloud a-comin' fo' t' wrap 'im in 'is fleece!
Angel ban' a-playin'—
Whut dat music sayin'?
Sleep, mah li'l pigeon, don' yo' heah yo' mammy coo?

*Strickland W. Gillilan.*

# AN INVOCATION TO SLEEP

## FOLK LULLABIES

### Italian

Slumber, sweet Slumber,
Who passest this way
And seekest for news of my son,
Go in peace, he sleepeth anon.

Sleep, Sleep, that comest from the mountains,
With a golden ball provided,
Smite him gently on the brow,
Harm him not, for he is tiny;
Smite him on the brow but lightly,
Spare him to his mother's love,
Spare him for the future years to come,
Years of help to her and father, too;
He's little now and weakly,
Send him golden strength in slumber.

### Sicilian

Lovely, lovely is my son!
Possessed he but wings
An angel he'd make.
Come, Sleep, come bear him away,
Then restore him later to me.
E a-la-ò!

VENETIAN

Sleep, Sleep, that hover'st round,
Looking for this baby boy;
Sleep, I call thee once again,
Come hither, sweet deceiver;
Lure him on to rest
For hours, by two or three!
For moments, by two or three!

O Sleep, O Sleep, O thou beguiler, Sleep,
Beguile this child, and in beguilement keep,
Keep him three hours, and keep him moments three;
Until I call beguile this child for me.
And when I call I'll call:—My root, my heart,
The people say my only wealth thou art.
Thou art my only wealth; I tell thee so.
Now, bit by bit, this boy to sleep will go;
He falls and falls to sleeping bit by bit,
Like the green wood what time the fire is lit,
Like to green wood that never flame can dart,
Heart of thy mother, of thy father heart!
Like to green wood that never flame can shoot.
Sleep thou, my cradled hope, sleep thou, my root,
My cradled hope, my spirit's strength and stay;
Mother, who bore thee, wears her life away;
Her life she wears away, and all day long
She goes a-singing to her child this song.

GREEK

O Sleep, who takest little ones,
Take to thee my darling;
A tiny one I give him now,
A big boy bring him to me,
As tall as any mountain grown
And straight as lofty cypress;
His branches let him spread about,
From the West to Anatolia.

Dreams! cheer the child with sights of joy,
While thus his mother sings!
Three guardians swore to shield my boy
With soft and brilliant wings.

Upon the mountain heights, the Sun,
The Eagle on the plain,
The Breeze, which blows when day is done,
Upon the mighty main!

The Sun has sought his briny bed,
The Bird his eyrie's height,
And Boreas lays his dewy head
Upon the lap of Night.

"Welcome!" she cries, "my son! at last!
Thou art not come too soon;
Hast thou been fighting, noisy blast,
Against the stars or moon?"

"Neither with moon nor stars I fought,
Allies and friends so long!
I watch'd the cradle as I ought."
Ye Dreams! assist my song!

*English version by C. B. Sheridan.*

## AN INVOCATION TO SLEEP

Hither, Sleep! A mother wants thee!
Come with velvet arms!
Fold the baby that she grants thee
To thy own soft charms.

Bear him into Dreamland lightly!
Give him sight of flowers!
Do not bring him back till brightly
Break the morning hours!

Close his eyes with gentle fingers!
Cross his hands of snow!
Tell the angel where he lingers
They must whisper low!

I will guard thy spell unbroken
If thou hear my call;
Come then, Sleep! I wait the token
Of thy downy thrall.

Now I see his sweet lips moving;
He is in thy keep;
Other milk the babe is proving
At the breast of sleep!

*Josiah Gilbert Holland.*

## THE MOTHER'S SONG

*Come, O Sleep, from Chio's isle,*
*Take my little one a while.*
*Greek Folk-Song.*

Come hither, Sleep, from Chio's isle!
My wakeful babe canst thou beguile?
Let rose of dawn be on the cheek,
On sweet lips parted as to speak,
But bring a twilight o'er these eyes
As bright and blue as summer skies.
Then swing the cradle to and fro
Till all the wingéd shadows go;
Like drowsy flower my baby sway
Until my daughter hails the day.

Come hither, Sleep, from Chio's isle!
Take thou my little one a while,
And twine soft fabric of the night
O'er merry eyes that glance too bright;
Make silent thou the laughter sound,
But leave the smile, and dimple round,
And rock my baby on thy breast
Like wee bird swaying in the nest;
At morning bring her fresh as day,
Then on a sunbeam fly away.

*William P. M'Kenzie.*

# WAYS TO LULLABY LAND

## THE ROAD TO SLUMBERLAND

What is the road to Slumberland? And when
does the baby go?
The road lies straight through mother's arms when
the sun is sinking low.
He goes by the drowsy " land of nod " to the music
of " lullaby,"
When all wee lambs are safe in the fold, under the
evening sky.

A soft little night-gown, clean and white; a face
washed sweet and fair;
A mother brushing the tangles out of the silken,
golden hair;
Two little tired, satiny feet, from shoe and stock-
ing free;
Two little palms together clasped at the mother's
patient knee;

Some baby words that are drowsily lisped to the
tender Shepherd's ear,
And a kiss that only a mother can place on the
brow of her baby dear;
A little round head that nestles at last close to
the mother's breast,
And then the lullaby, soft and low, singing the
song of rest.

And closer and closer the blue-veined lids are hiding the baby eyes,
As over the road to Slumberland the dear little traveler hies.
For this is the way, through mother's arms, all little babies go,
To the beautiful city of Slumberland when the sun is sinking low.

*Mary Dow Brine.*

## THE POPPY-LAND LIMITED EXPRESS

The first train leaves at six P. M.
For the land where the poppy blows;
And mother dear is the engineer,
And the passenger laughs and crows.

The palace-car is the mother's arms;
The whistle, a low sweet strain;
The passenger winks and nods and blinks,
And goes to sleep in the train.

At eight P. M. the next train starts
For the Poppy-Land afar;
The summons clear falls on the ear;
"All aboard for the sleeping-car."

But what is the fare to Poppy-Land?
I hope it is not too dear;
The fare is this, a hug and a kiss,
And it's paid to the engineer.

So I ask of Him who children took
On His knee in kindness great:
"Take charge, I pray, of the trains each day
That leave at six and eight."

"Keep watch of the passengers," thus I pray,
"For to me they are very dear,
And special ward, O gracious Lord,
O'er the gentle engineer."

*Edgar W. Abbott.*

## A SONG OF SLEEP-TIME

Sleep, li'l boy, an' I rock-a you low,
An' I rock-a you high—dis way!
Dess-a close you eyes an' erway we go
To er place dat I saw to-day—
To er fines' place, whar it's never cold,
Whar de folk lives long an' don't git old,
An' a li'l ol' man all dressed in gold,
He bow-a to me an' say:

"Go right home an' tell dat pickaninny,
Tell he dat I wait to play wif him—
Wait right hyar, war you lef' me, Mammy Ginny,
Settin' on de locus' bigges' limb!
Go right home an' tell dat li'l ras'al
Dat I'se whar de moon done lef' its beams;
An' if he done wants to see mah castle,
He mus' travel frew de Lane of Dreams!"

Sleep, li'l boy, an' you take-a dat trip,
Way over dat moonlight sea,
An' you sail ercross on a silver ship,
An' de Cap'n he tote you free!
Yath, I know dat so, dess what I say,
Kas' I meet dat li'l ol' man to-day,
An' he bows his head down dish yer way,
An' he sing-a dis song to me:

"Go right home an' tell dat pickaninny,
Tell he dat I wait to play wif him—
Wait right hyar, whar you lef' me, Mammy Ginny,
Settin' on de locus' bigges' limb!
Go right home an' tell dat li'l ras'al
Dat I'se whar de moon done lef' its beams;
An' if he done wants to see mah castle,
He mus' travel frew de Lane of Dreams!"

## DE LI'L' ROAD TO RES'

Ol' mammy gwine to tell yo'
'Bout de li'l' road to res',
'Caze de short cut ain' no count
'N' yo' mammy's way's de bes'.

Yo' gwan down de norf-road jes' li'l' piece,
Den yo' tu'n mouty smaht to de eas',
To de eas',
Den yo' tu'n mouty smaht to de eas',
'N' yo' gwan 'n' yo' gwan
'N' yo' gwan—gwan—gwan,

'N' yo' gwan twell yo' fin'
De house whaih he liv', but nary sign
Uv ol' man Possum in or about.
Den yo' tu'n mouty smaht to de sout',
To de sout',
'N' yo' gwan 'n' yo' gwan
'N' yo' gwan—gwan—gwan,
'N' yo' gwan twell yo' fin'
Little ol' Rabbit cuttin' uh shine
Wid uh high silk hat 'n' sho' 'nuf ves',
Den yo' tu'n mouty smaht to de wes',
To de wes',
Den yo' tu'n mouty smaht to de wes',
'N' yo' gwan 'n' yo' gwan
'N' yo' gwan—gwan—gwan,
'N' yo' gwan twell yo' fin',
Yo' don' got to de place whaih yo' gwine.
De en' ob de road am mammy's bres',
'N' yo' tu'n mouty sof' to yo' res',
To yo' res',
'N' yo' tu'n mouty sof' to yo' res'.

*Leigh Richmond Miner.*

## A SLEEPY SONG

(*For a little girl*)

Now I'll put on your nice little evening coat,
And button it all the way down—
We'll take a nice ride in mother's own cart,
And ride into Sleepy Town.

We'll make a short call at Nappy's store,
And buy a nice dream or two,
And then we'll drive home in the starry night,
Through the hush of the flow'rs and dew.
My baby!

Then we'll untie the dream from Nappy's store
And roll up the string of gold,
And undo the paper of lovely blue
And see what dear Nappy sold.
Oh, my! what a beautiful, beautiful dream!
All little girls dressed in pink.
With dear little ponies and silver carts.
Now we're ready to ride, I think.
My baby! My baby!

*Carrie Jacobs-Bond.*

## ROSY-POSY

Rosy, my posy,
You're sleepy and dozy,
Sit upon grandmamma's knee—
Songs I will sing you
Sweet sleep to bring you,
Cuddle up cozy with me.

I will sing ditties
Of birds and of kitties,
The song of the well to begin,
How young Johnny Stout
Pulled Pussy cat out
When Johnny Green let her fall in;

Of timid Miss Muffet
Who fled from the tuffet,—
Of birdie that sings on the tree—
Of Jack and his Jill,
And the mouse in the mill,
And Bobby who sailed on the sea.

Rosy, my posy,
So weary and dozy—
Now she is coming, I see,
All sleepy and dozy
To cuddle up cozy
And hush-a-by baby with me.

*Mrs. Carter.*

## A NURSERY HOUR

Up and down, up and down,
Baby's riding on my knee,
Crumpling up my silken gown
In her glee, in her glee;
Striking with her rosy fists,
Striving with her tiny wrists.

Trot my nag, trot my nag,
Baby rides more gently now;
All her ardor seems to lag
Lay her low, lay her low.
Let her steed unbridled be,
Baby sleeps upon my knee.

*Lady Lindsay.*

## LULLABY

A song for the baby, sweet little Bopeep;
Come, wee Willie Winkie, and sing her to sleep.

Come toss her high up, and trot her low down;
This is the road to Brinklepeeptown.

Come, press down her eyelids, and sing in her ear
The wonderful songs that in Dreamland we hear.

The chime of the waters, the drone of the bees,
The tales that the blossoms are telling the breeze.

For, spite of her crowing and cooing, I see
The baby is sleepy as sleepy can be.

Down flutter the eyelids—dear little Bopeep,
Now whist! Willie Winkie, she's gone fast asleep.

*Shirley Dare.*

## NIGHT

The snow is white, the wind is cold—
The king has sent for my three-year-old.
Bring the pony and shoe him fast
With silver shoes that were made to last.
Bring the saddle trimmed with gold;
Put foot in stirrup, my three-year-old;
Jump in the saddle, away, away!
And hurry back by the break of day;
By break of day, through dale and down,
And bring me the news from Slumbertown.

*Mary F. Butts.*

## A SLUMBER SONG

A beautiful bird at the casement sings,
Now clear, now soft, his sweet voice rings!
  Sleep, my bonny one, sleep!
And he tells of the land o'er the azure sea,
Where babies and birdies so blithe will be,
  Sleep, my bonny one, sleep!

When your soft lids fall, with their curling fringe,
He spreads his purple and silver wings,
  Sleep, my pretty one, sleep!
And bears you away to the golden west,
Where the south-wind rocks his mate in her nest,
  Sleep, my pretty one, sleep!

For there all the babies in slumber go,
To play with the angel babes, you know,
  Sleep, my bonny one, sleep!
They gather the flowers of rubies and pearls,
That gleam like stars in their tangled curls,
  Sleep, my bonny one, sleep!

They harness the butterflies, two and two,
With cobweb strands of silvery hue,
  Sleep, my pretty one, sleep!
While from tree and bower, blossom and spray,
Each wild bird carols a roundelay,
  Sleep, my pretty one, sleep!

They chase and ride, with shouts of glee,
The angels' lambs o'er the dew-kissed lea,
  Sleep, my bonny one, sleep!
The lambs and their mother to us, you see,
Seem only the stars and the moon to be,
  Sleep, my bonny one, sleep!

Go, play with the angels the whole night long,
And join in their frolic, and sport and song!
  Sleep, my pretty one, sleep!
But oh, bright bird, at the peep of day,
Bring back my bairnie to me, I pray—
  Sleep, my pretty one, sleep!

*A. Holcombe Aiken.*

## TO SLUMBER TOWN

Here's the way to Slumber Town,
  Which you cannot miss, I know,
For at every turn of road
  Doth a nodding poppy grow.

Here's the road to Slumber Town,
  Which to-night doth be so near
That your mother's lullaby
  All the lonely way you'll hear.

Here's the road to Slumber Town;
  All the children go the way;
And they come not back again
  Till the lark awakes the day.

*M. E. W.*

## LULLABY

Day is stealing down the West,
  Tender, drowsy sounds are heard;
  Closer now each downy bird
Creeps 'neath mother-wings to rest.
In the fading sky afar,
  Kindled by some angel hand,
Twinkling comes a tiny star,—
  Baby's guide to Sleepy-land.

Cooler, darker grows the air,
  Eerie shadows haunt the room;
  In the garden, through the gloom,
'Wildering bats and owlets fare;
But the lambs and birdies seem
  Happy now at home to keep,
And a darling little dream
  Smiles at baby in his sleep.

*Florence Earle Coates.*

## CRADLE-SONG

Sleep, my babe, your road of dreams
  By the fireflies shall be lighted:
See them link their tingling teams
  Round you, lest you go be-nighted!

Off to-night your father flies
  Honey from the stars to bring:
Star-town, ah, how far it lies!
  Thither he goes travelling.

But at daybreak, big with news,
Backward riding he shall come,
Bright of hoof across the dews,
Beating on a golden drum!

*Laurence Housman.*

## SLUMBER FAIRIES

Hush, my little one! Hush! Lie down.
Mamma will sing—
Sing of a boy in a wee white gown,
Sing of a king with a golden crown,
A crown of curls on a sweet, small head,
And a throne as high as a trundle-bed,
Dear little king!

Hush, my baby! a song I know
Softer than all,—
A song as soft as the falling snow,
And I will sing it so light and low,
Baby must listen and lie as still
As the snowflakes lie on the quiet hill,
Where they fall.

Does baby know, when the day grows late,
Chilly and dim,
The slumber fairies who stand and wait
Out in the lane and beyond the gate,
Pass over the lawn and open the door
And steal across the nursery floor,
Looking for him?

Such tiny fairies, with slippers white
Over their feet.
Their cloaks are gray as the early night,
But their caps are lit with a silver light,
As if a moonbeam were caught, perhaps,
And cut up small into fairy caps
. Dainty and neat.

Up the side of the trundle-bed
Softly they go,
And over the pillow with gentle tread
They come to the golden baby head.
Under his lashes he tries to peep,
But before he knows, he is fast asleep.
Isn't it so?

For they bind the baby with fairy charms
Wondrous to tell.
They loose the clasp of the dimpled arms,
And smooth his forehead with soft, small
palms,
And draw their cloaks o'er his drowsy ears,
Till a fairy music is all he hears,
Pleasing him well.

They shade his eyes with a little dream.
Where did it grow?
It grew by the side of the fairy stream,
Where baby wandereth now, I deem,
With the slumber-fairies to guide his feet,
Good-night, dear laddie! Your rest be sweet!
Mamma must go.

*Katharine Lee Bates.*

## SLEEP FAIRY

"Heigho, my precious!" sings the little brown
Mary,—
Baby is sleeping, and Mary is too!
So shut the white eyelids and hark for Sleep
Fairy!
She'll come with her dream-songs to sister
and you.

Hear her soft mantle, among the high grasses!
Hear the sweet twang as she touches the
strings;
All the winds pause when her fairy harp passes,
All the birds listen when Sleep Fairy sings.

Heigho, my primrose, the daylight is sleeping!
Draw the white curtains across your blue
eyes,
Shut out the shadow that round us comes creep-
ing,
For night never darkens in Sleep Fairy's skies.

See how the daisies nid, nod, as they listen!
All the brown bunnies lie warm in their nests,
Deep in the brook-bed the still fishes glisten,
Sleep Fairy sings while the busy world rests.

*Annie E. Tynan.*

## LULLABY

Slumber, slumber, little one, now
The bird is asleep in his nest on the bough,

The bird is asleep, he has folded his wings,
And over him softly the dream-fairy sings:
Lullaby, lullaby—lullaby!
Pearls in the deep—
Stars in the sky,
Dreams in our sleep;
So lullaby!

Slumber, slumber, little one, soon
The fairy will come in the ship of the moon;
The fairy will come with the pearls and the stars,
And dreams will come singing through shadowy bars:
Lullaby, lullaby—lullaby!
Pearls in the deep—
Stars in the sky,
Dreams in our sleep;
So lullaby!

Slumber, slumber, little one, so;
The stars are the pearls that the dream-fairies know,
The stars are the pearls, and the bird in the nest,
A dear little fellow the fairies love best:
Lullaby, lullaby—lullaby!
Pearls in the deep—
Stars in the sky,
Dreams in our sleep;
So lullaby!

*Frank Dempster Sherman.*

## THE SANDMAN

When the lights are lit,
And the table's set,
And the maid brings in the buns;
Tommy Tinker's eyes
Get as big and wise,
For that's when the Sandman comes.

And the butter'd bun,
With the jelly on,
Rosy red as jelly should be,
And the last sweet sup
From the silver cup
Of the drowsy cambric tea.

From his great high chair
He tries to stare
And pretend he's wide awake;
But his hand falls down
And he drops his spoon,
And the Sandman gets his cake.

Ah! my beauteous boy,
I am sad with you,
I am glad with a pain that fears.
In your mother's breast
I would keep your nest,
For the Sandman of the years.

*Mary White Slater*

## THE SANDMAN

*From the German*

The flowers have gone to bed,
  The moon's begun to shine.
Each nods its little head
  Upon its stem so fine.
The branches rustle; and they seem
To sigh as in a dream,
  Sleepy, sleepy, sleepy,
  Sleep, my baby, sleep.

The birds that sang so sweetly
  By day, have gone to rest,
And each is tucked up neatly
  All in its little nest;
The cottage in the garden here
Is still awake, I fear.
  Sleepy, sleepy, sleepy,
  Sleep, my baby, mine.

The Sandman will be coming
  And poking in his head,
To look for naughty children
  That haven't gone to bed:
And if he takes them by surprise,
The sand flies in their eyes!
  Sleepy, sleepy, sleepy,
  Sleep, my baby, sleep.

## THE SAND-MAN

What has this man got? A sack.
Where does he carry it? On his back.
What is there in it? Tell if you're wise;
Why, sand to throw in the children's eyes.

The Sand-Man, the Sand-Man,
Oh, isn't he a grand man?
Be you ever so wise, he'll throw dust in your
eyes,
I'd have you to understand, man.

When night comes, and time for bed;
In he steps with muffled tread;
In his sack he thrusts his hand,
Out he pulls a handful of sand;
And herein the trickery lies,
That he throws it right in the children's eyes.

The Sand-Man, the Sand-Man,
Oh, isn't he a grand man?
Be you ever so wise, he'll shut your eyes,
And make you to sleep—will Sand-Man.

## THE SAND-MAN

He peeps in through the key-hole,
And he bobs up at the pane,
When scarlet firelight dances
On wall and floor again.

Hush! here he comes—the Sand-Man,
With his dream-cap he is crowned,
And grains of sleep he scatters,
Going round and round and round—
While the little ones are nodding, going round.

He whispers quaintest fancies;
With a tiny silver thread
He sews up silken eyelids
That ought to be in bed.
Each wee head nods acquaintance,
He's known wherever found;
All stay-up lates he catches,
Going round and round and round—
With a pack of dreams forever going round.

I see two eyes the brightest;
But I'll not tell whose they are!
They shut up like a lily—
That Sand-Man can't be far!
Somebody grows so quiet—
Who comes without a sound?
He leads one more to Dream-land,
Going round and round and round!
And a good-night to the Sand-Man, going round.

*George Cooper.*

## A DIXIE LULLABY

O! de sun quit a-shinin' fo' dis arternoon,
De possum in de gum-tree mighty still,
An' de ole San'-Man jump off f'um de moon
W'en hit done come obah de hill.
An' he come erlong totin' a baig full o' san'
Fo' ter frow inter pickaninnies' eyes,
An' he teck dem erway to de sweet Slumber-lan'
Fo' ter stay 'twell de nex' sun-rise.

So g'long wif de San'-Man, deah,
De good Lawd keep
Yo' w'ile yo' sleep,
An' yo' mammy'll 'wait yo' heah.

O! he'll teck yo' up on a bright moon-ray
An' he'll rock yo' on a cloud in de skies,
An' he'll keep yo' dar 'twell de break o' day,
So, mah honey, jes' close yo' eyes;
'Less de moon go down in de far-off west,
An' outer de dahk swamp-lan'
De bad Boogy-Man come out ob he nest
An' skeer off de good San'-Man.

So g'long wif de San'-Man, deah,
De good Lawd keep
Yo' w'ile yo' sleep,
An' yo' mammy'll 'wait yo' heah.

*T. A. Daly.*

## LULLABY

Day is ending; night is falling;
From the Land of Drowsihead,
Don't you hear the Sand-Man calling,
"Children all should be abed"?
Go to sleep! Go to sleep!

Not for all his golden treasure
Will he sell the wicked King
Sleepy-sand the smallest measure,
Nor for any precious thing.
Go to sleep! Go to sleep!

Best he loves the poor man's dwelling,
Tire and ache the surest plea
For the gift beyond all telling
Sweet to men on land and sea.
Go to sleep! Go to sleep!

Bless him for his magic fetter!
Now, my sweet, he comes to you.
Eyes wide open? All the better!
He will know just what to do.
Go to sleep! Go to sleep!

*John White Chadwick.*

## THE SAND-MAN

Twilight is here and the baby is weary—
Weary of laughing and weary of play;
Sleepy-by comes, and the eyes of the darling
Would close, like a veil, on the scenes of the day.

From a Copley Print.
Copyright by Curtis & Cameron, Boston, Mass.

THE END OF THE DAY.

*From Painting by Sergeant Kendall.*

Calmly it lies in the arms of the mother,
Holy and pure, as an angel it seems,
One little smile, and a sweet little dimple,
And baby has gone to the land of the dreams.
Hush! not a word, not a footfall around her,
Turn down the clothes of the little white nest,
Turn down the light, for the Sand-Man has found her,
And angels are guarding the baby at rest.

Now as I look on this mother's own treasure,
Idol of home and the comfort of all,
Sadly I think of the woe without measure,
Sorrows that cling, and the tears that will fall.
As I'm recalling my own without number,
Haunting my pillow, when longing for rest,
I'd keep her a baby forever, to slumber
And smile in her dream on her fond mother's breast.
Hush! let the voices be gentle around her,
Baby, sleep on, while thy angels attend;
Sweet little darling! the Sand-Man has found her,
And when she has grown, may he still be a friend.

*Elmer Ruán Coates.*

## THE SANDMAN

The rosy clouds float overhead,
The sun is going down;
And now the Sandman's gentle tread
Comes stealing through the town.

"White sand, white sand," he softly cries,
And as he shakes his hand,
Straightway there lies on babies' eyes
His gift of shining sand.
Blue eyes, gray eyes, black eyes, and brown,
As shuts the rose, they softly close, when he
goes through the town.

From sunny beaches far away—
Yes, in another land—
He gathers up at break of day
His store of shining sand.
No tempests beat that shore remote,
No ships may sail that way;
His little boat alone may float
Within that lovely bay.
Blue eyes, gray eyes, black eyes, and brown,
As shuts the rose, they softly close, when he
goes through the town.

He smiles to see the eyelids close
Above the happy eyes;
And every child right well he knows,—
Oh, he is very wise!
But if, as he goes through the land,
A naughty baby cries,
His other hand takes dull gray sand
To close the wakeful eyes.
Blue eyes, gray eyes, black eyes, and brown,
As shuts the rose, they softly close, when he
goes through the town.

So when you hear the Sandman's song
Sound through the twilight sweet,
Be sure you do not keep him long
A-waiting on the street.
Lie softly down, dear little head,
Rest quiet, busy hands,
Till, by your bed his good-night said,
He strews the shining sands.
Blue eyes, gray eyes, black eyes, and brown,
As shuts the rose, they softly close, when he goes through the town.

*Margaret Vandegrift.*

## THE DUSTMAN

When the shades of night are falling, and the sun goes down,
O! the Dustman comes a-creeping in from Shut-eye Town.
And he throws dust in the eyes of all the babies that he meets,
No matter where he finds them, in the house or in the streets.
Then the baby's eyes grow heavy and the lids drop down,
When the Dustman comes a-creeping in from Shut-eye Town.

When mother lights the lamp and draws the curtains down,
O! the Dustman comes a-creeping in from Shut-eye Town.

And the babies think the Dustman is as mean as
he can be,
For he shuts their eyes at nightfall, just when
they want to see.
But their little limbs are weary, for all they fret
and frown,
When the Dustman comes a-creeping in from
Shut-eye Town.

## THE DUSTMAN

When the toys are growing weary,
And the twilight gathers in;
When the nursery still echoes
With the children's merry din;
Then unseen, unheard, unnoticed,
Comes an old man up the stair,
Lightly to the children passes,
Lays his hand upon their hair.

Softly smiles the good old Dustman;
In their eyes the dust he throws,
Till their little heads are falling,
And their weary eyes must close.
Then the Dustman very gently
Takes each little dimpled hand
Leads them through the sweet green
shadows,
Far away in Slumberland.

*Frederick Edward Weatherly.*

## SWING LOW, SWING LOW

Swing low—swing low—
Now do the sleep-folk gather;
Queer little people, as you must know,
With ways that amaze us rather;
People with methods of fading away,
Safe to their country they bear us.
Hey, there! you bairnies with eyes blue or gray,
Sometimes the Sleep-people scare us!

Swing low—swing low—
This is a song for my dearie.
Faith! she insisted on music, and so,
I may sing on till I'm weary.

Swing low—swing low—
Here is a fatherly Brownie.
He comes to invite you, invite you to go,
Wrapped in Sleep's mantle so downy,
Unto the country where Brownies abound,
Where elfins are playing above you;
The queerest queer country that ever you found,
Where all of the Sleep-people love you.

Swing low—swing low—
Better be sleeping, be sleeping,
The Day-world but wearies, it wearies and so
Into the Sleep-world go creeping.

Swing low—swing low—
Sleeptime and nighttime are near us;
The little Sleep-people now flit to and fro,
They come but to greet us and cheer us.
A moment, a moment, and you shall be there,
With elfins of Slumberland cheery,
Past the world of unrest and the country of care,
My little one, little one, dearie.

Swing low—swing low—
Eyelids are creeping down—creeping,
One faint, final flutter, one flutter, and so
My bairnie is sleeping, is sleeping.

## SLEEPY MAN

When the Sleepy Man comes with the dust on his eyes,
(Oh, weary, my Dearie, so weary!)
He shuts up the earth, and he opens the skies.
(So hush-a-by, weary my Dearie!)

He smiles through his fingers, and shuts up the sun;
(Oh, weary, my Dearie, so weary!)
The stars that he loves he lets out one by one.
(So hush-a-by, weary my Dearie!)

He comes from the castles of Drowsy-boy Town;
(Oh, weary, my Dearie, so weary!)
At the touch of his hand the tired eyelids fall down.
(So hush-a-by, weary my Dearie!)

He comes with a murmur of dream in his wings;
(Oh, weary, my Dearie, so weary!)
And whispers of mermaids and wonderful things.
(So hush-a-by, weary my Dearie!)

Then the top is a burden, the bugle a bane;
(Oh, weary, my Dearie, so weary!)
When one would be faring down Dream-a-way Lane.
(So hush-a-by, weary my Dearie!)

When one would be wending in Lullaby Wherry,
(Oh, weary, my Dearie, so weary!)
To Sleepy Man's Castle by Comforting Ferry.
(So hush-a-by, weary my Dearie!)

*Charles G. D. Roberts.*

## THE ROCK-A-BY LADY

The Rock-a-By Lady from Hushaby Street
Comes stealing; comes creeping;
The poppies they hang from her head to her feet,
And each hath a dream that is tiny and fleet—
She bringeth her poppies to you, my sweet,
When she findeth you sleeping!

There is one little dream of a beautiful drum—
"Rub-a-dub!" it goeth;
There is one little dream of a big sugar-plum,
And lo! thick and fast the other dreams come
Of pop-guns that bang, and tin tops that hum,
And a trumpet that bloweth!

And dollies peep out of those wee little dreams
With laughter and singing;
And boats go a-floating on silvery streams,
And the stars peek-a-boo with their own misty gleams,
And up, up, and up, where the Mother Moon beams,
The fairies go winging!

Would you dream all these dreams that are tiny and fleet?
They'll come to you sleeping;
So shut the two eyes that are weary, my sweet,
For the Rock-a-By Lady from Hushaby Street,
With poppies that hang from her head to her feet,
Comes stealing; comes creeping.

*Eugene Field.*

## AULD DADDY DARKNESS

Auld Daddy Darkness creeps frae his hole,
Black as a blackamoor, blin' as a mole:
Stir the fire till it lowes, let the bairnie sit,
Auld Daddy Darkness is no wantit yit.

See him in the corners hidin' frae the licht,
See him at the window gloomin' at the nicht;
Turn up the gas licht, close the shutters a',
An' Auld Daddy Darkness will flee far awa'.

Awa' to hide the birdie within its cozy nest,
Awa' to lap the wee flooers on their mither's breast,
Awa' to loosen Gaffer Toil frae his daily ca',
For Auld Daddy Darkness is kindly to a'.

He comes when we're weary to wean's frae oor waes,
He comes when the bairnies are getting aff their claes;
To cover them sae cozy, an' bring bonnie dreams,
So Auld Daddy Darkness is better than he seems.

Steek yer een, my wee tot, ye'll see Daddy then;
He's in below the bed claes, to cuddle ye he's fain;
Noo nestle to his bosie, sleep and dream yer fill,
Till Wee Davie Daylicht comes keekin' owre the hill.

*James Ferguson.*

## LULLABY SONG

Where does my sweetheart baby go
While the cradle is swinging her to and fro,—
While mother is singing a lullaby
In a voice like none other, so sweet and low?

*Lullaby, baby, lullaby dear!*
*Yield thee to slumber, mother is near;*

*Far on Sleep's ocean, fear not to go,*
*God is around thee, loving thee so!*

Does she fly away to the home of Night,
When eyelids droop over blue eyes bright?
Does she seek the place where the dreams are born,
Clad in her dreaming-dress of white?

Her cradle sways like a fairy boat
On the gentle Slumber River afloat,
That bears on its bosom a baby fleet,
As the sunbeam many a shining mote.

So swiftly the babies are sweeping along
As if a breeze in the sail blew strong,
Yet no waves beat, for it is not the wind
But the crooning of many a mother-song.

Down Slumber River their course they keep,
Until they come to the sea of Sleep;
And the mermaids tell them of wonderful things,
For they are the dreams that arise from the deep.

*William P. M'Kenzie.*

## THE BOATS OF SLUMBERLAND

When all the West is fold on fold
Of red, and clouds are tipped with gold,
And cows come winding o'er the flats,
And like swift shadows flit the bats,

And the winds from the South are cool,
As they had breathed across a pool
To bring its cooling touch to you,
And blossoms lift to meet the dew,
And children come outdoors to play,
Then cares of life are put away.

Then cares and griefs are put aside;
And all the world so big and wide
Seems just a blossomed romping place
Where little children laugh and race
And blow rose petals in the air,
And twine white clovers in their hair,
And finally, at sleepy time,
Come to your side, arms up, to climb
Into your lap and settle down
For the sweet trip to Slumbertown.

Then, when the cows are at the bars,
And all the sky is blinking stars,
And the moonflowers, big and white,
Come out, backgrounded by the night,
That is life's glad and holy time!
And little folks who come to climb
Into your lap, hear the low notes
Of mother's song, and fairy boats
Drift into an enchanted strand
To carry them to Slumberland.

## A SERVIAN LULLABY

Little golden son, the rain is coming, coming—
Little golden daughter, the sun has set;
Birds stop singing now and wheels begin their humming,
Flowers fold softly up from the dark and wet—
Strawberry flowers and blackberry and wild mignonette.

Little golden son, your bed is spread and ready
All with snowy blankets soft as silk may be;
'Tis a fairy boat that shall sail you straight and steady
To the shores of Dreamtown, o'er a shining sea.

To the shores of Dreamtown, little golden daughter,
Sail away and sail away till the dawn is red;
Pleasant be your voyage over golden water,
Till you wake by Marko in your own white bed.

Sail away to Dreamtown where dream-folk are keeping
Crowns set thick with rubies for gold heads of you;
Would that I might also once again while sleeping
Leave the weary spinning as your father left his reaping,
And sail away to Dreamtown where the skies are blue.

*Nora Hopper.*

## SWING, CRADLE, SWING

Baby is a sailor boy,
Swing, cradle, swing.
Sailing is the sailor's joy.
Swing, cradle, swing.
Swing, cradle; swing, cradle; swing, cradle, swing.

Snowy sails and precious freight,
Swing, cradle, swing.
Baby's captain, mother's mate,
Swing, cradle, swing.
Swing, cradle; swing, cradle; swing, cradle, swing.

Never fear, the watch is set,
Swing, cradle, swing.
Stormy gales are never met,
Swing, cradle, swing.
Swing, cradle; swing, cradle; swing, cradle, swing.

Little eyelids downward creep,
Swing, cradle, swing.
Now he's in the cove of sleep,
Swing, cradle, swing.
Swing, cradle; swing, cradle; swing, cradle, swing.

*George Cooper.*

## THE VOYAGE TO LULLABY LAND

When prayers have been offered and good-nights
are said,
And little folks all have been tucked into bed:

When out from the heavens the star babies peep,
And each drowsy infant has fallen asleep,
There comes from the shadow a wee little ship
To carry the dreamers away for a trip
Where the golden waves plash on the silvery strand
Of that beautiful spot called the Lullaby Land.

When all of the babies are safely aboard,
And plenty of sweetmeats and goodies are stored,
The little ship glides through the soft, starlit skies
Toward the Lullaby Land, and the dream paradise,
Where the whippoorwill wings in its nocturnal flight,
And the flickering moonbeams keep watch through the night,
While the bright, jeweled stars cast their radiance down
In beauteous splendor o'er Slumberland Town.

The fare for the passage is naught but a smile
To carry each babe to that far-away isle
Where the houses are all manufactured from cake
And the sugar plum bushes you freely can shake;
There's a lemonade river and other things nice,
And the fruit trees are laden with candy and spice;
While the beach is all sugar instead of plain sand
In that magical spot called the Lullaby Land.

Through bright, fleecy clouds speeds the wee little
ship,
While laughter and singing make merry the trip;
O'er the billowy deep, with the outgoing tides,
Now rocking, now swaying, the airy craft glides;
And the breezes blow softly as down through the
bay
Of sweet Dreams the little ship saileth away;
And the Lullaby Lady is there in command,
With the Sand Man as pilot from Nodaway Land.

The stars hang their lanterns far up in the sky
To lighten the way as the dream ship goes by;
And soon after darkness the land is in sight
Where the babies will romp through the soft sum-
mer night;
The little ship reaches the harbor at last,
The white sails are furled and the anchor is cast,
The harbor bells ring from the shadowy shore
Of Lullaby Land, and the voyage is o'er.

*E. A. Brininstool.*

## THE CRADLE-BOAT

Baby is sailing away in a boat,—
Rock, little baby, rock!
Never a sailor so sleepy afloat,—
Rock, little baby, rock!
Birdies have gone to their nest in the tree,—
They never made such a voyage as we;
Over the billows we bound merrily,—
Rock, little baby, rock!

Purple and golden now glimmers the sun,—
  Rock, little baby, rock!
Half of our voyage is over and done,—
  Rock, little baby, rock!
Oh, the fair shore that we sail to afar!
There every shell is as bright as a star;
There all the roses the prettiest are;
  Rock, little baby, rock!

Mother is guiding her sailor, so bright,—
  Rock, little baby, rock!
She will keep watch, so a kiss for good-night;
  Rock, little baby, rock!
Close to the harbor of Sleep now we sail;
Softly we anchor from Care's weary gale;
Back we shall come when the morning we hail,—
  Rock, little baby, rock!

*John Keynton.*

## THE DREAM BOAT

We are sailing away in a Wonder-Boat,
  Heigh-ho, my baby, O!
We sail and sail, away and away,
Far past the realms of the Waking Day,
Where Near and Far are a silvery gray—
'Tis the borderland of Night, they say—
And there we drift and gently float,
Drift, float, in our Wonder-Boat,
  Heigh-ho, my baby, O!

And what is this Boat for baby here?
Heigh-ho, my baby, O!
A wee little craft, so new, so old,
The sails of silver, the hull of gold,
While around the masts the poppies fold,
And the boat is filled from peak to hold
With tiny dreams for you, my dear,
Dreams dear, for baby here,
Heigh-ho, my baby, O!

Who sails away in this Magic-Boat?
Heigh-ho, my baby, O!
There's mamma, of course, with sleepy eyes;
Close, close in her arms her baby lies;
A quaint little owl around them flies,
While the Dream Man stands, so kind and wise,
And lets them nod, and idly float,
Nod, float, in their Magic-Boat,
Heigh-ho, my baby, O!

Who is the Dream Man who loves you so?
Heigh-ho, my baby, O!
He's a tall old man with soft white hair,
Loose wrapped in a garment gray and bare
That streams and flutters upon the air.
He's thinking of dreams while standing there
To waft unto you, my baby fair,
And sends thoughts sweet as a whispered prayer,
And gives you dreams that twinkle and glow,
Twinkle and glow, for he loves you so,
Heigh-ho, my baby, O!

*Louise Ayres Garnett.*

## HUSH SONG

*Written to an old Irish air found in C. Villiers Stanford's collection*

Rest asthoreen, down the boreen
Come the cows a mooing low,
Eve is falling, birds are calling,
So their mates to sleep may go.

We'll go boating, gently floating
On dream river, shoheen sho!
By the meadows where the shadows
Gleam and darken, come and go.

Husha-bye, O! Closer lie, O!
Closer lie to mother's breast,
Awake or sleeping, in God's keeping
May my baby always rest.

Through the rushes, 'mong the bushes
Winds are whispering soft and low,
While my pleasure—to my treasure
Is to croon—hush O! hush O!

The sailing's over, under cover
Hides thy blue eyes' dewy glow,
Sprite nor fairy ne'er shall scare thee,
Angels care thee—lulla lo!

*Mary Anne O'Reilly.*

## AN IRISH LULLABY

I've found my bonny babe a nest
  On Slumber Tree;
I'll rock you there to rosy rest,
  Asthore Machree!
Oh, lulla lo! sing all the leaves
  On Slumber Tree,
Till everything that hurts or grieves
  Afar must flee.

I've put my pretty child to float
  Away from me,
Within the new moon's silver boat
  On Slumber Sea.
And when your starry sail is o'er
  From Slumber Sea,
My precious one, you'll step to shore,
  On mother's knee.

*Alfred Perceval Graves.*

## HUSHABYE SEA

Soft breezes blowing, and low in the west
The red glow is fading—my little one, rest!
  Rest while the stars twinkle soft in the sky
  And the great golden moon slips so silently by.
Wee little feet are so weary with play—
Rest in my arms, dear, and we'll sail away:

Lullabye Boat on the Hushabye Sea,
A white-petalled rose, dear, our swift sail shall be;
A moonbeam of gold, dear, we'll use for a mast,
And then, dear, to Dreamland we'll sail on so fast—
In our island of Dreamland we'll rest, dear, at last.

Pink are the clouds that float high in the east.
The murmur of waves on the shore, dear, has ceased.
Back to the Dayland, the playland, we'll go;
The bright sun will greet us so gladly, I know.
Wee little lady, all rested from sleep!
Close in my arms, dear, my treasure I'll keep.

Rockabye waves swing us swiftly along;
Sweet winds of morning shall blow clean and strong.
White-breasted seagulls our sailors shall be—
In our Lullabye Boat, dear, on Hushabye Sea,
Come sail back to daddy, in Dayland, with me.

*Harry Noyes Pratt.*

## FRAGMENT OF A SLEEP-SONG

Sister Simplicitie,
Sing, sing a song to me,
Sing me to sleep.
Some legend low and long,
Slow as the summer song
Of the dull Deep.

Some legend long and low,
Whose equal ebb and flow
To and fro creep
On the dim marge of gray
'Tween the soul's night and day,
Washing "awake" away
Into "asleep."

Some legend low and long,
Never so weak or strong
As to let go
While it can hold this heart
Withouten sigh or smart,
Or as to hold this heart
When it sighs "No."

Some long, low, swaying song,
As the sway'd shadow long,
Sways to and fro
Where, thro' the crowing cocks,
And by the swinging clocks,
Some weary mother rocks
Some weary woe.

Sing up and down to me
Like a dream-boat at sea,
So, and still so,
Float through the " then " and " when,"
Rising from when to then,
Sinking from then to when
While the waves go.

Low and high, high and low,
Now and then, then and now,
Now, now;
And when the now is then, and when the
then is now,
And when the low is high, and when the
high is low,
Low, low;

Let me float, let the boat
Go, go;
Let me glide, let me slide
Slow, slow;
Gliding boat, sliding boat,
Slow, slow;
Glide away, slide away,
So, so.

*Sydney Dobell.*

## LULLABY

" I'll send you now sailing across the sea,
I'll send you now sailing away—
Out where the fishes love to be,
Out where the gulls
Are at play.

"But soon you'll come sailing from far away,
Come sailing from over the sea—
Back where my baby loves to stay,
Back again home
To me."

*Witter Bynner.*

# THE LAND OF DREAMS

## BYLO-LAND

What do they do in Bylo-land,
Silvery, shadowy Bylo-land?
They swing no bat, they fly no kite:
The tattered dolls are forgotten quite:
But out through the gate of the City of Night
The little ones glide in garments white
To beautiful Bylo-land.

What do they hear in Bylo-land,
Glimmering, mystical Bylo-land?
Ah, little ears hear wonderful things:
Snatches of song that mother sings
When the light sinks low, and the rocker swings;
And lullaby sounds from hidden springs
In the hills of Bylo-land.

How win them back from Bylo-land,
Magical, emerald Bylo-land?
When the last faint star in heaven dies
And the dusk grows wan where the mountains rise,
When the great sun climbs the yellow skies,
Then mother's kisses on drowsy eyes
Woo back from Bylo-land.

*James B. Kenyon.*

From a Copley Print.
Copyright by Curtis & Cameron, Boston, Mass.

MOTHER AND CHILD.

*From Painting by Albert Neuhuys.*

## JOHNNY'S BY-LOW SONG

Here on our rock-away horse we go,
Johnny and I, to a land we know,—
Far away in the sunset gold,
A lovelier land than can be told.

Where all the flowers go niddlety nod,
Nod, nod, niddlety nod!
Where all the flowers go niddlety nod,
And all the birds sing by-low!
Lullaby, lullaby, by-low.

The gates are ivory set with pearls,
One for the boys, and one for the girls;
So shut your bonny two eyes of blue,
Or else they never will let you through.

Where all the flowers go niddlety nod,
Nod, nod, niddlety nod!
Where all the flowers go niddlety nod,
And all the birds sing by-low!
Lullaby, lullaby, by-low.

But what are the children all about?
There's never a laugh and never a shout.
Why, they all fell asleep, dear, long ago;
For how could they keep awake, you know?

When all the flowers went niddlety nod,
Nod, nod, niddlety nod!
When all the flowers went niddlety nod,
And all the birds sang by-low!
Lullaby, lullaby, by-low.

And each little brown or golden head
Is pillowed soft in a satin bed,—
A satin bed with sheets of silk,
As soft as down and as white as milk.

And all the flowers go niddlety nod,
Nod, nod, niddlety nod!
And all the flowers go niddlety nod,
And all the birds sing by-low!
Lullaby, lullaby, by-low.

The brook in its sleep goes babbling by,
And the fat little clouds are asleep in the sky:
And now little Johnny is sleeping, too,
So open the gates and pass him through.

Where all the flowers go niddlety nod,
Nod, nod, niddlety nod!
Where all the flowers go niddlety nod,
And all the birds sing by-low!
Lullaby, lullaby, by-low.

*Laura E. Richards.*

## THE LAND O' NAE SURPRISE

When bairns on pillows lay their heids,
And shut their peepin' eyes,
A bonnie angel taks them off
To land o' Nae Surprise.
It is a land o' mysteries,
O' wonders great and sma',
If I should leeve a hunder years,
I couldna tell them a'.

Far stranger things will happen there
  Than ever man devis'd,
And what surprises ye the maist
  Is that ye're no' surpris'd.
A wee lang-leggit beggar-lass
  Will turn into a queen,
And when ye think she's fat as fat,
  She'll grow as lean as lean.

A cabbage there may be a rose,
  A rosebud cabbage size;
There's great onsartinty wi' things
  In land o' Nae Surprise.
Nae word is just exackly sure
  O' what it ocht to mean,
And red's no' sartain sure it's red
  But thinks it's maybe green.

Ye're speakin' to a leddy fine,
  And, sudden, then and there
She changes to an elephant
  And flees up thro' the air.
Then while ye watch the elephant,
  And think he flaps right well,
Ye find ye hae got wings to flap
  And flee awa' yersel'.

And when it's near to breakfast-time
  A funny beastie comes
And brings the bairnies back to land
  O' copybooks and sums.

They ca' the beast the Brattle-Pig,
And when it makes a noise,
Sma' folk are back at hame in bed;
Just sleepy girls and boys.

*John Stevenson.*

## THE BEAUTIFUL LAND OF NOD

Come, cuddle your head on my shoulder, dear,
Your head like the goldenrod,
And we will go sailing away from here
To the beautiful land of Nod.
Away from life's hurry, and flurry, and worry,
Away from earth's shadows and gloom,
To a world of fair weather we'll float off together,
Where roses are always in bloom.

Just shut up your eyes, and fold your hands,
Your hands like the leaf of a rose,
And we will go sailing to those fair lands
That never an atlas shows.
On the North and the West they are bounded by rest,
On the South and the East by dreams;
'Tis the country ideal, where nothing is real,
But everything only seems.

Just drop down the curtains of your dear eyes,
Those eyes like a bright bluebell,
And we will sail out under starlit skies,
To the land where the fairies dwell.

Down the river of sleep, our barque shall sweep,
Till it reaches that mystical Isle
Which no man hath seen, but where all have been,
And there we will pause a while.
I will croon you a song as we float along,
To that shore that is blessed of God.
Then ho! for that fair land, we're off for that rare land,
That beautiful Land of Nod.

*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

## THE LAND OF NOD

Far and away in the Land of Nod,
The dreams and the sugar plums grow;
They hang on the trees, and sway in the breeze,
As they did in the long ago.

Always at dusk in the Land of Nod,
The tired little children stray;
They reach for the dreams, though every one seems
To be farther and farther away.

All through the night in the Land of Nod,
The dolls and the soldiers of tin
Keep watch o'er the gate, lest some one should wait,
Who wishes to enter therein.

Truly the stars in the Land of Nod,
Are candles that burn very low;
They shine without end, where the fond mothers bend,
O'er the path that all little ones know.

*Elizabeth Hays Wilkinson.*

## THE LAND OF DREAMS

A herald am I from the Land of Dreams,
And I come at my lord's command,
Who bids me proclaim, in his mighty name,
The delights of his shadowy land.
For the Land of Dreams is a beautiful land,
Where trouble is never found,
Where you live at ease, and do as you please,
And pleasure and gladness abound.
There are no schools in the Land of Dreams,
And no dreadful lessons annoy,
With romp and play, through the livelong day,
Will your hearts be filled with joy.
They never say "no" in the Land of Dreams,
'Tis always "certainly" there,
And during your play there is no one to say
"You mustn't do that, my dear."
In the Land of Dreams every boy is a prince,
And a princess every maid,
Who joyously reign, with a fairy train
In rainbow tints arrayed.

Then let us away to the Land of Dreams,
To this beautiful, happy land;
Just close your eyes and soon you will rise
And step on its golden strand.

*H. F. Sargent.*

## THE LAND OF DREAMS

Awake, awake, my little boy!
Thou wast thy mother's only joy;
Why dost thou weep in thy gentle sleep?
Awake! thy father does thee keep.

"O, what land is the Land of Dreams?
What are its mountains, and what are its streams?
O father! I saw my mother there,
Among the lilies by waters fair.

"Among the lambs, clothèd in white,
She walk'd with her Thomas in sweet delight.
I wept for joy, like a dove I mourn;
O! when shall I again return?"

Dear child, I also by pleasant streams
Have wander'd all night in the Land of Dreams;
But tho' calm and warm the waters wide,
I could not get to the other side.

"Father, O father! what do we here
In this land of unbelief and fear?
The Land of Dreams is better far,
Above the light of the morning star."

*William Blake.*

## REWARDS AND PUNISHMENTS

### FOLK LULLABIES

ENGLISH

Hush-a-bye, lie still and sleep,
It grieves me sore to see thee weep,
For when thou weep'st thou wearies me,
Hush-a-bye, lie still and bye.

You shall have a new bonnet,
With blue ribbons to tie on it,
With a hush-a-bye, and a lull-a-baby,
Why so like to Tommy's daddy.

Rock well my cradle
And "bee-baa," my son,
You shall have a new gown
When ye Lord come home.

O! still my child, Orange,
Still him with a bell;
I can't still him, ladie,
Till you come down yoursell!

Where was a jewel and pretty,
Where was a sugar and spicey,
Hush-a-bye, babe, in the cradle,
And we'll go abroad in a tricey.

Hush-a-baa, baby, dinna mak' a din,
An' ye'll get a piece when the baker
comes in.

### Welsh

Hush-a-bye, baby,
Sleep like a lady;
You shall have milk
When the cows do come home.

### German

Lulla-lullaby,
Hush, my babe, and do not cry;
Nice sugar'd broth your nurse will bring,
And till you sleep, to thee I'll sing:
Lu-lullaby.

Lulla-lullaby,
Hush, my babe, no danger nigh,
As in your cradle now you swing,
Until you sleep, I'll softly sing,
Lu-lullaby.

### Danish

Lullaby, sweet baby mine!
Mother spins the threads so fine;
Father o'er the long bridge has gone,
Shoes he'll buy for little John,
Pretty shoes with buckles bright.
Sleep, baby mine, now sleep all night.

BRETON

Go to sleep, you poor little darling,
Go to sleep, dear little Pierrot!
I'll sing sweet and low,
And rock to and fro
The crib of Pierrot,
Whom we all love so.
Go to sleep, you poor little darling,
Go to sleep, dear little Pierrot!

Mamma is below,
She's kneading the dough
For cakes for Pierrot,
Whom we all love so!
Go to sleep, you poor little darling,
Go to sleep, dear little Pierrot!

Papa's out to row,
And when he comes—oh!
A boat he will show,
That he made for Pierrot!
Go to sleep, you poor little darling,
Go to sleep, dear little Pierrot!

LANGUEDOC

If my boy sleep quietly,
He shall see the busy bee,
When't has made its honey fine,
Dancing in the bright sunshine.

If my boy will slumber,
Angels, without number,
Will draw near, so fair and bright;
For they only come at night.

If my boy lie still in bed,
God, too, will be pleased and glad,
And will say: "I'll send to him
All night long the loveliest dream."

E'en the Virgin will come down,
On her head a golden crown,
And will talk to my dear child
With her smile, so sweet and mild.

GREEK

Hush, hush, my little babe!
And thou shalt have in a trice,
Alexandria for thy sugar,
And Cairo for thy rice.

The great Constantinople,
For three long years of pleasure,
Three Asiatic cities,
To fill thy chest with treasure.

Three provinces around,
Their tribute duly bringing;
Three mountain monasteries,
With three tall belfries ringing.

*English version by C. B. Sheridan.*

Now may'st thou take sweet sleep, my babe, now
may'st thou go to sleep;
The Holy Virgin and the Christ be near thee night
and day;
The Holy Virgin and the Christ, and great St.
John, too, keep
Their watch upon thy life, and take thy every
pain away.
I'll give thee Chios—if thou sleep—with many a
lemon-tree,
Yea, Venice with her florins too, that thou may'st
rule them all;
And if thou sleep, beloved babe, I'll give thee
townships three,
Three townships and three villages, yea, and three
churches small;
That in the villages may'st dine, and sleep in these
thy towns,
And to thy little churches go, to hear while mass
be said.
The sun doth on the mountains sleep, the par-
tridge on the downs,
The goose upon the shore, the child here in his
cradle bed.

Come Sleep, come rock it gently,
Till slumb'ring sweet it lies;
Come Sleep, great Sleep, and mighty,
That closest children's eyes.
Come Sleep, come take it from me

Hence to the gardens bear,
And fill its lap with roses
Full thirty-leaved and fair.
O Sleep, then take it from me;
Yet bring it back once more,
Lest its dear father, coming,
Should miss his baby sore.

*English version by A. N. Jannaris.*

JAPANESE

Sleep, my child, sleep, my child,
Where is thy nurse gone?
She is gone to the mountains
To buy thee sweetmeats.
What shall she buy thee?
The thundering drum, the bamboo pipe,
The trundling man, or the paper kite.

*English version by Mrs. M. C. Ayrton.*

## A LULLABY

O hushaby, baby! Why weepest thou?
The diadem yet shall adorn thy brow,
And the jewels thy sires had, long agone,
In the regal ages of Eoghan and Conn,
Shall all be thine.
O hushaby, hushaby, child of mine!
My sorrow, my woe, to see thy tears,
Pierce into my heart like spears.

I'll give thee that glorious apple of gold
The three fair goddesses sought of old,
I'll give thee the diamond sceptre of Pan,
And the rod with which Moses, that holiest man,
Wrought marvels divine:
O hushaby, hushaby, child of mine!

I'll give that courser, fleet on the plains,
That courser with golden saddle and reins,
Which Falvey rode, the mariner-lord,
When the blood of the Danes at Cashel-na-Nord
Flowed like to dark wine:
O hushaby, hushaby, child of mine!

I'll give thee the dazzling sword was worn
By Brian on Cluan-tarava's morn,
And the bow of Murrough, whose shaft shot gleams
That lightened as when the arrowy beams
Of the noon-sun shine:
O hushaby, hushaby, child of mine!

And the hound that was wont to speed amain
From Cashel's rock to Bunratty's plain,
And the eagle from gloomy Aherlow,
And the hawk of Skellig; all these I'll bestow
On thee and thy line:
O hushaby, hushaby, child of mine!

And the golden fleece that Jason bore
To Hellas' hero-peopled shore.
And the steed that Cuchullin bought of yore
With cloak and necklet and golden store
And meadows and kine:
O hushaby, hushaby, child of mine!

And Connal's unpierceable shirt of mail,
And the shield of Nish, the prince of the Gael;
These twain for thee, my babe, shall I win,
With the flashing spears of Achilles and Finn,
Each high as a pine:
O hushaby, hushaby, child of mine!

And the swords of Diarmuid and fierce Fingal,
The slayers on heath and (alas!) in hall;
And the charmed helmet that Oscar wore
When he left Mac Treoin to welter in gore,
Subdued and supine:
O hushaby, hushaby, child of mine!

And the jewel wherewith Queen Eofa proved
The valor and faith of the hero she loved;
The magic jewel that nerved his arm
To work his enemies deadly harm
On plain and on brine:
O hushaby, hushaby, child of mine!

And the wondrous cloak renowned in song,
The enchanted cloak of the dark Dubh-long,

By whose powerful aid he battled amid
The thick of his foes, unseen and hid.
This, too, shall be thine:
O hushaby, hushaby, child of mine!

The last, not least, of thy weapons, my son,
Shall be the glittering glaive of O'Dunn,
The gift from Ænghus' powerful hands,
The hewer-down of the Fenian bands
With edge so fine!
O hushaby, hushaby, child of mine!

And a princess, too, transcending all
Who have held the hearts of men in thrall,
Transcending Helen of history,
Thy bride in thy palmier years shall be;
Thy bride heroine:
O hushaby, hushaby, child of mine!

Even Hebe, who fills the nectar up
For Love, in his luminous crystal cup,
Shall pour thee out a wine in thy dreams,
As bright as thy poet-father's themes
When inspired by the Nine.
O hushaby, hushaby, child of mine!

And silken robes, and sweet soft cakes
Shalt thou wear and eat, beyond thy mates.
Ah, see, here comes thy mother, Moirin!
She, too, has the soul of an Irish queen:

She scorns to repine!
Then hushaby, hushaby, child of mine!
My sorrow, my woe, to see thy tears,
Pierce into my heart like spears.

*Owen Roe O'Sullivan.*
*English version by James Clarence Mangan.*

## LULLABY

Sleep, baby, sleep!
  Dad is not nigh,
Tossed on the deep,
  Lul-lul-a-by!
Moon shining bright,
  Dropping of dew,
Owls hoot all night,
  To-whit! to-whoo!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
  Dad is away,
Tossed on the deep,
  Looking for day.
In the hedge-row
  Glow-worms alight,
Rivulets flow
  All through the night.

Sleep, baby, sleep!
  Dad is afar,
Tossed on the deep,
  Watching a star.

Clock going—tick,
  Tack,—in the dark.
On the hearth—click!
  Dies the last spark.

Sleep, baby, sleep!
  What! not a wink.
Dad on the deep,
  What will he think?
Baby dear, soon
  Daddy will come,
Bringing red shoon
  For baby at home.

## THE BALLAD OF BABY BUNTING

The Knight is away in the merry greenwood,
  Where he hunts the wild rabbit and roe:
He is fleet in the chase as the late Robin Hood—
  He is fleeter in quest of the foe.

The nurse is at home in the castle, and sings
  To the babe that she rocks at her breast:
She is crooning of love and of manifold things,
  And is bidding the little one rest.

"Oh slumber, my darling! Oh slumber apace!
  For thy father will shortly be here;
And the skin of some rabbit that falls in the
      chase
  Shall be thine for a tippet, my dear."

*Henry S. Leigh.*

## CRADLE SONG

Slumber, slumber, dearest, sweetest treasure,
Rock'd so gently by thy mother's hand;
Soft repose and tranquil pleasure,
Soothe thee with the lulling cradle band.

Slumber, slumber, in sweet dreams reposing,
While protects thee the fond mother's arm.
All her riches here enclosing,
Holds she in her clasp so true and warm.

Slumber, slumber on thy downy pillow,
Love's hymns round thee music sweet shall make;
And a lily and a rosebud shall reward thee
When thou dost wake.

## FOLK LULLABIES

### Scotch

Hush ye, hush ye, little pet ye;
Hush ye, hush ye, do not fret ye;
The Black Douglas shall not get thee.

### German

Sleep, baby, sleep,
I can see two little sheep;
One is black and one is white,
And, if you do not sleep to-night,
First the black and then the white
Will give your little toes a bite.

DANISH

Sleep, sleep, little mouse!
The fields your father ploughs;
Your mother feeds pigs in the sty,
She'll come and slap you, if you cry.

CUBAN

Hush, my darling, sleep quickly,
For there comes the black man,
Who will eat all little children that lie awake.
Hush, my darling, sleep quickly!
Hush, my baby, sleep quickly!

CHINESE

The tree leaves are murmuring hua-la-la,
Baby's very sleepy and wants his mama;
Go to sleep, my baby, and then go to bed,
And any bogie-boo that comes, I'll knock him on the head.

"JENNY WI' THE AIRN TEETH"

What a plague is this o' mine,
Winna steek an e'e;
Though I hap him o'er the heid,
As cozy as can be.
Sleep an' let me to my wark—
A' thae claes to airn—
Jenny wi' the airn teeth,
Come an' tak' the bairn!

Tak' him to your ain den,
  Whaur the bogie bides,
But first put baith your big teeth
  In his wee plump sides;
Gie your auld gray pow a shake,
  Rive him frae my grup,
Tak' him whaur nae kiss is gaun
  When he waukens up.

Whatna noise is that I hear
  Coomin' doon the street?
Weel I ken the dump, dump,
  O' her beetle feet;
Mercy me! she's at the door!
  Hear her lift the sneck;
Wheesht, an' cuddle mammy noo,
  Closer roun' the neck.

Jenny wi' the airn teeth,
  The bairn has aff his claes;
Sleepin' safe an' soun', I think—
  Dinna touch his taes.
Sleepin' bairns are no for you,
  Ye may turn aboot,
An' tak' awa' wee Tam next door—
  I hear him screichin' oot.

Dump, dump, awa' she gangs
  Back the road she cam',
I hear her at the ither door,
  Speirin' after Tam;

He's a crabbit, greetin' thing—
The warst in a' the toon,
Little like my ain wee wean—
Losh, he's sleepin' soun'!

Mithers hae an awfu' wark
Wi' their bairns at nicht,
Chappin' on the chair wi' tangs,
To gie the rogues a fricht;
Aulder bairns are fleyed wi' less,
Weel eneuch we ken,
Bigger bogies, bigger Jennies,
Frichten muckle men.

*Alexander Anderson.*

## WILLIE WINKIE

Wee Willie Winkie rins through the town,
Up-stairs and doon-stairs, in his nicht-gown,
Tirlin' at the window, cryin' at the lock,
"Are the weans in their bed?—for it's noo ten o'clock."

Hey, Willie Winkie! are ye comin' ben?
The cat's singin' gay thrums to the sleepin' hen,
The doug's speldered on the floor, and disna gie a cheep;
But here's a waukrife laddie, that winna fa' asleep.

Onything but sleep, ye rogue!—glowrin' like the moon,
Rattlin' in an airn jug wi' an airn spoon,

Rumblin', tumblin' roun' about, crawin' like a cock,
Skirlin' like a kenna-what—wauknin' sleepin' folk!

Hey, Willie Winkie! the wean's in a creel!
Waumblin' aff a bodie's knee like a vera eel,
Ruggin' at the cat's lug, and ravellin' a' her thrums:
Hey, Willie Winkie!—See, there he comes!

*William Miller.*

## NEECE THE RAPPAREE

(1720)

Saw ye Neece O'Hagan,
By Moylena's banks,
With his matchlock in his hand,
Foam on Rory's banks?
Child dear! child dear!
'Twixt the night and day,
Neece will come with all his men
And carry you away.

If you do not shut your eyes
And sleep, *mo páistín fionn,*
If you do not keep the sighs
Locked your lips within,
When your cradle-song I sing,
Hushing to and fro—
Neece will knock at mother's door,
And off my Dear must go.

He will take you to his cave
  Far down the glen,
You will miss your mother's arms
  Among the roving men.
Whisht, whisht, *a-stór mo chroidhe,*
  Closer, closer, creep—
O Neece, go by nor stop to-night,
  For my Dear's asleep.

Did I catch a blink o' blue?
  Did a whisper stir?
Nay, 'twas but a deeper note
  In *pusheen's* gentle purr;
And a little sleeping boy
  On his mother's knee,
Walks with angels in his dreams,
  Nor fears the Rapparee.

*Ethna Carbery.*

## KENTUCKY BABE

'Skeeters am a-hummin' on de honeysuckle vine,—
  *Sleep, Kentucky Babe!*
Sandman am a-comin' to dis little coon of mine,—
  *Sleep, Kentucky Babe!*
Silv'ry moon am shinin' in de heabens up above,
Bobolink am pinin' fo' his little lady love:
  *Yo' is mighty lucky,*
  *Babe of old Kentucky,—*
  *Close yo' eyes in sleep.*

*Fly away,*
Fly away, Kentucky Babe, fly away to rest,
*Fly away,*
Lay yo' kinky, woolly head on yo' mammy's breast,—
*Um—Um—*
Close yo' eyes in sleep.

Daddy's in de cane-brake wid his little dog and gun,—
*Sleep, Kentucky Babe!*
'Possum fo' yo' breakfast when yo' sleepin' time is done,—
*Sleep, Kentucky Babe!*

Bogie man'll catch yo' sure, unless yo' close yo' eyes,
Waitin' jes' outside de doo' to take yo' by surprise:
*Bes' be keepin' shady,*
*Little colored lady,—*
*Close yo' eyes in sleep.*

*Richard Henry Buck.*

## DEY DON' KNOW

Dat ol' Possum in de tree, he is waitin' jes' to see
Which way dis little lamb gwine to go,
To sleep or awake, which road he gwine take
Ol' Possum he don' know, he don' know,
Ol' Possum he don' know.

Daih's Brer Rabbit in de patch, knowin' w'en he
lif de latch
Which way dis little lamb gwine to go,
To sleep or awake, which road he gwine take
Brer Rabbit he don' know, he don' know,
Brer Rabbit he don' know.

Jay-Bird settin' daih in blue, he's uh cungerin'
'bout it too,
Which way dis little lamb gwine to go,
To sleep or awake, which road he gwine take
Ol' Jay-Bird he don' know, he don' know,
Ol' Jay-Bird he don' know.

Sly ol' Red-Fox slippin' by, he'll cal'late wid ha'f
an eye
Which way dis little lamb gwine to go,
To sleep, or awake, which road he gwine take
Brer Red-Fox he don' know, he don' know,
Brer Red-Fox he don' know.

Mr. Gray Owl say'n' "Who wh-o-o" reck'n he
know fuh sho'
Jes' w'at dis little lamb gwine to do,
To sleep or awake, which road he gwine take
Ol' Gray-Owl sez "Who wh-o-o?" sez "Who
wh-o-o?"
Ol' Gray Owl sez "Who wh-o-o?"

Yo' ol' Mammy, by de baid, is uh study'n' in huh haid
Which way dis little lamb gwine to go,
To sleep or awake, which road he gwine take
Ol' Mammy she don' know, she don' know,
Ol' Mammy she don' know.

*Leigh Richmond Miner.*

## LITTLE ALABAMA COON

I's a little Alabama Coon,
And I hasn't been born very long;
I 'member seein' a great big round moon;
I 'member hearin' one sweet song.
When dey tote me down to de cotton field,
Dar I roll and I tumble in de sun;
While my daddy pick de cotton, mammy watch me grow,
And dis am de song she sung:

Go to sleep, my little pickaninny,—
Brer' Fox'll catch you if yo' don't;
Slumber on de bosom of yo' ole Mammy Jinny,—
Mammy's gwine to swat yo' if you won't.

*Sh! sh! sh!*
*Lu-la, lu-la, lu-la, lu-la lu!*
Underneaf de silver Southern moon;
*Rock-a-by! hush-a-by!*
Mammy's little baby,
Mammy's little Alabama Coon.

Dis hyar little Alabama Coon
Specks to be a growed-up man some day;
Dey's gwine to christen me hyar very soon,—
My name's gwine to be " Henry Clay."
When I's big, I's gwine to wed a yellow gal;
Den we'll hab pickaninnies ob our own;
Den dat yellow gal shall rock 'em on her bosom,
And dis am de song she'll croon:

Go to sleep, my little pickaninny,—
Brer' Fox'll catch you if yo' don't;
Slumber on de bosom of yo' ole Mammy Jinny,—
Mammy's gwine to swat yo' if you won't.

*Sh! sh! sh!*
*Lu-la, lu-la, lu-la, lu-la lu!*
Underneaf de silver Southern moon;
*Rock-a-by! hush-a-by!*
Mammy's little baby,
Mammy's little Alabama Coon.

*Hattie Starr.*

## LULLABY OF THE PICT MOTHER

Hush thee, my baby, O! never thee cry,
Cradled in wicker, safe nested so high.
Never gray wolf nor green dragon come near,—
Tree-folk in summer have nothing to fear.

Hee-o, wee-o, hear the wild bees hummin',
See the blackcock by the burnie drummin',—
Wattle-weaving sit we snug and couthie,—
Hee-o, wee-o, birdling in our boothie!

Hush thee, my baby, O! dark is the night—
Cuddle by kiln-ring where fire burns bright.
Trampling our turf-roof wild cattle we hear—
Cave-folk in winter have nothing to fear.

Kling-klang, ding-dong, hear the hammers clinkin',—
Stone pots, iron kettles, copper cups for drinkin',
Elf-shots for bowmen plough a mighty furrow—
Hee-o, wee-o, foxling in our burrow!

Hush thee, my baby! The Beltane's aglow,
Making the deasil the wiseacres go.
Brewing our heather-wine, dancing in round—
Earth-folk are we, by her spells are we bound.

Hee-o, wee-o, hear the pipes a-croonin',
Like the dragon's beetle-wings a-droonin',
Dyeea guard us from the Sword-man's quellin',—
Hee-o, wee-o, bairnie in our dwellin'!

Hush thee, my baby O! hear the dogs bark,
Herdin' the lammies home out o' the dark.
Cradled and christened frae goblin's despite,
House-folk we hear the kirk bells through the night.

Hee-o, wee-o! hear the cricket chirrin',
Hear auld Bawthrens by the ingle purrin',—
Christ us keep while daddie's gone a-huntin'!
Hee-o, wee-o, bonnie Babie Buntin'!

*The winds and the waters our Father shall praise,*
*The birds, beasts and fishes shall tell o' His ways.*
*By seashore and mountain, by forest and ling,*
*O come all ye people, and praise ye our King!*

*Louise Lamprey.*

## FAIRY LULLABY

*From the Irish*

O woman, washing by the river!
Hush-a-by, babe not mine,
My woeful wail wilt pity never?
Hush-a-by, babe not mine.

A year this day, I was snatched for ever,
Hush-a-by, babe not mine,
To the green hill fort where thorn trees shiver,
Hush-a-by, babe not mine.

Shoheen, shoheen, shoheen, shoheen,
Sho-hu-lo, sho-hu-lo,
Shoheen, shoheen, shoheen, shoheen,
'Tis not thou my baby, O!

'Tis there the fairy court is holden,
Hush-a-by, babe not mine,
And there is new ale, there is olden,
Hush-a-by, babe not mine,
And there are combs of honey golden,
Hush-a-by, babe not mine,
And there lie men in bonds enfolden,
Hush-a-by, babe not mine.
Shoheen, etc.

How many there, of fairest faces!
Hush-a-by, babe not mine,
Bright-eyed boys, with manly graces!
Hush-a-by, babe not mine,
Gold-haired girls with curling tresses!
Hush-a-by, babe not mine,
—There, mothers nurse with sad caresses.
Hush-a-by, babe not mine.
Shoheen, etc.

Ah, bid my husband haste to-morrow,
  Hush-a-by, babe not mine,
A waxen taper he shall borrow,
  Hush-a-by, babe not mine,
A black knife bring to cross my sorrow,
  Hush-a-by, babe not mine,
And stab their first steed coming thoro',
  Hush-a-by, babe not mine.
    Shoheen, etc.

Say, pluck the herb where gate-thorns quiver,
  Hush-a-by, babe not mine,
And wish a wish that God deliver,
  Hush-a-by, babe not mine,
If he come not then—he need come never,
  Hush-a-by, babe not mine.
For they'll make me Fairy Queen for ever!
  Hush-a-by, babe not mine!
    Shoheen, etc.

*English version by Dr. George Sigerson.*

## THE FAIRIES' LULLABY

*From the Irish*

My mirth and merriment, soft and sweet art thou,
Child of the race of Conn art thou;
My mirth and merriment, soft and sweet art thou,
Of the race of Coll and Conn art thou.

My smooth green rush, my laughter sweet,
My little plant in the rocky cleft,
Were it not for the spell on thy tiny feet
Thou wouldst not here be left,
Not thou.

Of the race of Coll and Conn art thou,
My laughter, sweet and low art thou;
As you crow on my knee,
I would lift you with me,
Were it not for the mark that is on your feet
I would lift you away,
and away,
with me.

*English version by Eleanor Hull.*

## THE FAIRY NURSE

*From the Irish*

Sweet babe, a golden cradle holds thee,
And soft the snow-white fleece enfolds thee;
In airy bower I'll watch thy sleeping,
Where branching boughs to the winds are sweeping.
Shuheen sho, lulo lo!

When mothers languish broken-hearted,
When young wives are from husbands parted,
Ah! little think the keeners lonely
They weep some time-worn fairy only.
Shuheen sho, lulo lo!

Within our magic halls of brightness
Trips many a foot of snowy whiteness;
Stolen maidens, queens of fairy,
And kings and chiefs a *sleagh shie* airy.
Shuheen sho, lulo lo!

Rest thee, babe! I love thee dearly,
And as thy mortal mother nearly;
Ours is the swiftest steed and proudest,
That moves where the tramp of the host is loudest;
Shuheen sho, lulo lo!

Rest thee, babe! for soon thy slumbers
Shall flee at the magic *Keol-shie's* numbers;
In airy bower I'll watch thy sleeping,
Where branchy trees to the breeze are sweeping;
Shuheen sho, lulo lo!
*English version by Edward Walshe.*

## SLUMBER SONG

*Shoheen sho!* There's a new moon setting,
The babe of my bosom for sleep is fretting.
Cross the child 'gainst the power of Faery,
In the Name of Christ, with the might of Mary.
*Shoheen sho, lu-lu-lo!*

*Shoheen sho!* In the cradle of willow
There's snow-white down in the sleep-soft pillow;

There's a first lamb's fleece wrapped about thy body,
O Babe of Beauty, O Fair-and-Ruddy!
*Shoheen sho, lu-lu-lo!*

*Alice Furlong.*

## AN ERRIS FAIRY

Baby was lonely with mother away
Reaping the yellow corn all the long day.
Now the cows have come home, and the clouds they lie deep
On the crags of Slievemore like wool of the sheep.
Hush, little one; the turf burns bright,
And the Good People bring you sweet dreams to-night.

See, a fairy of fortune is waiting for thee:
He sits on the hearth with a hand on each knee;
On his thumb is a ring as varied in hue
As sunlight entrapped in a bright drop of dew.
He can point out the place where the dark mountains hold
Their treasures of silver, of copper, and gold.

His hair is bog-cotton, his eyes black as sloes;
He's a turf-sod in height from his head to his toes;
His coat it is dyed in the fuchsia's soft red,
And he wears a wee cap on the top of his head.
He has two little shoes with buckles so bright,
And he dances by hidden streams all through the night.

Hush, where the bright waves laugh and moan,
The mermaid of Erris is sitting alone;
She is singing a song so wild and loud
To men buried with never a candle or shroud.
Hush, little one, if you hear that sound,
The ocean will be thy burying-ground.

*Hal D'Arcy.*

## LULLABY FOR TITANIA

*From "A Midsummer-Night's Dream"*

You spotted snakes with double tongue,
  Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;
Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong;
  Come not near our fairy queen.

  Philomel, with melody,
  Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby!
    Never harm,
    Nor spell, nor charm,
  Come our lovely lady nigh;
  So, good-night, with lullaby.

Weaving spiders, come not here;
  Hence, you long-legged spinners, hence!
Beetles black, approach not near;
  Worm nor snail, do no offence.

  Philomel, with melody,
  Sing in our sweet lullaby;

Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby!
Never harm,
Nor spell, nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good-night, with lullaby.

*William Shakespeare.*

## PEAK AND PUKE

From his cradle in the glamourie
They have stolen my wee brother,
Housed a changeling in his swaddlings
For to fret mine own poor mother.
Pules it in the candle light
Wi' a cheek so lean and white,
Chinkling up its eyne so wee
Wailing shrill at her an' me.
It we'll neither rock nor tend
Till the Silent Silent send,
Lapping in their waesome arms
Him they stole with spells and charms,
Till they take this changeling creature
Back to its own fairy nature—
Cry! Cry! as long as may be,
Ye shall ne'er be woman's baby!

*Walter De la Mare.*

## CRADLE-SONG

*From the Russian*

Lullaby, my pretty baby,
Close thine eyes so bright,
While the moon pours o'er thy cradle
All her silv'ry light;

I will tell thee tales of fairies,
Lull thee with a song,
While the moon, heaven's lonely wand'rer,
Creeps the sky along.

## LULLABY

In this hush of night
Who can fright thee?
(*Blossom, blossom, nestle close!*)
Lo, the fireflies light thee
With swift golden light;
Each is spurred by fairy knight:
They would lure thee, with those gleams,
To strange dreams.
(*Blossom, nestle close!*)

But these arms shall fold—
Guard and fold thee.
(*Blossom, blossom, nestle close!*)
Though the fairies scold me,
Though they bribe with gold,
Still these arms shall hold, shall hold;
And a faithful haven keep
For sweet sleep.
(*Blossom, nestle close!*)

*Henry D. Muir.*

## THE STARS' SONG

Now the starry day is ended
Sleepy songs arise,
Songs that dream of broke things mended,
And dry the children's eyes.

Play and work in night are sleeping
  Till dreams away have flown;
Girls and boys to lands go creeping
  Where the songs are grown.

Boys and girls! the stars keep singing,
  Singing while you sleep!
Though bells in belfries cease their ringing,
  And bells on woolly sheep.

When the stars again come shining
  Each with radiant crown,
Work and play their hands entwining
  Fill all the fairy town.

*Greville MacDonald.*

## LULLABY FOR A BABY FAIRY

Night is over; through the clover globes of crystal shine;
Birds are calling; sunlight falling on the wet green vine.
Little wings must folded lie, little lips be still
While the sun is in the sky, over Fairy Hill.
Sleep, sleep, sleep,
  Baby with buttercup hair,
    Golden rays
Into the violet creep.
Dream, dream deep;
  Dream of the night-revels fair.
    Daylight stays;
Sleep, little fairy child, sleep.

Rest in daytime; night is playtime, all good fairies know.
Under sighing grasses lying, off to slumber go.
Night will come with stars agleam, lilies in her hand,
Calling you from Hills of Dream back to Fairyland.
Sleep, sleep, sleep,
Baby with buttercup hair,
Golden rays
Into the violet creep.
Dream, dream deep;
Dream of the night-revels fair.
Daylight stays;
Sleep, little fairy child, sleep.

*Joyce Kilmer.*

## CECIL

Ye little elves, who haunt sweet dells,
Where flowers with the dew commune,
I pray you hush the child, Cecil,
With windlike song.

O little elves, so white she lieth,
Each eyelid gentler than the flow'r
Of the bramble, and her fleecy hair
Like smoke of gold.

O little elves, her hands and feet
The angels muse upon, and God
Hath shut a glimpse of Paradise
In each blue eye.

From a Copley Print.
Copyright by Curtis & Cameron, Boston, Mass.

MOTHER AND CHILD.

*From Painting by J. W. Alexander.*

O little elves, her tiny body
Like a white flake of snow it is,
Drooping upon the pale green hood
  Of the chill snowdrop.

O little elves, with elderflower,
And pimpernel, and the white hawthorn,
Sprinkle the journey of her dreams:
  And, little elves,

Call to her magically sweet,
Lest of her very tenderness
She do forsake this rough brown earth
  And return to us no more.

*Walter De la Mare.*

## SLUMBER SONG

(*The White Elf Mother sings*)

When the low flying wind, awake,
Brushes the lilies, and the low
Blue flowers hidden in the brake,—
When the sighing Alders bend and shake,—

When the owl's whirring,—Hush thee, dear!
For all the elfin lights aglow
Will guide the slumber fairies here,
  Naught is stirring
  For my child to fear.

When the strange sighing tree-tops sing,
Dance all the fairies to and fro
And white dreams from their mantles fling,
While the flying
Winds thy cradle swing.

When the low crooning insects cry
Creep the white elves soft, and slow,
Hush thee, Sweet! and hear the merry
Pipes a-tuning
For thy lullaby!

*Marie Van Vorst.*

## NORMAN CRADLE-SONG

When the moon is afloat,
And the ocean at rest,
The sea-elf goes forth
To the town he loves best:
Up from his cave, over the wave,
With joy in his breast.
Singing: Sleep, little baby,
And dream on the sea,
That lulls round thy cradle,
And murmurs to thee.

The stars are a-shine,
And the waves are at play—
Rushing in to the shore
From the wind-stricken bay;

And the sea-elf is there, with the brine in his hair,
As merry as they.
Singing: The soft fleecy moon
Is laughing with glee,
And soothing, my baby,
A dream-song to thee.

The sea-elf goes roving
When the moon waxes bright,
And plays in the churchyard
Till fadeth the light:
His morrice he paces, then deftly retraces
His steps through the night.
Singing: Alack, it is gone!
The silvery moon,
With its great holy face
It waneth too soon:

Ere it passes, my baby,
A hymn it will croon,
Of the splendor of God
And the Heavenly moon.

*Vincent O'Sullivan.*

## LULLY, LULLEY

Lully, lulley; lully, lulley!
The falcon hath borne my mate away!

He bare him up, he bare him down,
He bare him into an orchard brown.

In that orchard there was a hall
That was hangèd with purple and pall.

And in that hall there was a bed,
It was hangèd with gold so red.

And in that bed there lieth a knight,
His wounds bleeding day and night.

By that bedside kneeleth a may,
And she weepeth both night and day.

And by that bedside there standeth a stone
*Corpus Christi* written thereon.
Lully, lulley; lully, lulley!

## SORROW AND WOE

### FOLK LULLABIES

#### English

Bye O my baby,
When I was a lady,
O then my poor baby didn't cry;
But my baby is weeping
For want of good keeping,
Oh, I fear my poor baby will die.

Shee said: Lullabye, mine owne deere child!
Lullabye, deere child, deere!
I wold thy father were a king,
Thy mother layd on a beere!

#### Dutch

O hush thee, my child,
Thy mother bends o'er thee,
And clasps her dear son,
For she is forsaken and alone.

#### Highland Scotch

O can ye sew cushions and can ye sew sheets,
And can ye sing bal-la-loo when the bairnie greets?
And hie and baw birdie, and hie and baw lamb,
And hie and baw birdie, my bonnie wee lamb.

Heigh O! Heugh O! what'll I do wi' ye?
Black's the life that I lead wi' ye;
Mony o' ye, little to gie ye,
Heigh O! Heugh O! what'll I do wi' ye?

Now hush-a-baw, lammie, and hush-a-baw, dear,
Now hush-a-baw, lammie, thy minnie is here.
The wild wind is ravin', thy minnie's heart's sair,
The wild wind is ravin', but ye dinna care.

Sing bal-la-loo, lammie, sing bal-la-loo, dear,
Does wee lammie ken that its daddie's no' here?
Ye're rockin' fu' sweetly on mammie's warm knee,
But daddie's a-rockin' upon the saut sea.

## THE SONG OF EVE TO CAIN

Oh! rest, my baby, rest!
  The day
Is glowing down the west;
  Now tired of sunny play
Upon thy mother's breast
Oh! rest, my darling, rest!

Thou first-born child of man,
  In thee
New joy for us began,
  Which seem'd all dead to be,
When that so needful ban
From Eden exiled man.

But more than Paradise
  Was ours,
When thou with angel eyes,
  Amid our blighted flowers
Wast born, a heavenly prize
Unknown in Paradise.

My happy garden, thou,
  Where I
Make many a hopeful vow,
  And every hour espy
New bloom on each young bough;
My sinless tree art thou.

I fearless reap thy fruit
  Of bliss;
And I who am thy root,
  Am to the air to kiss
The gleams that o'er thee shoot;
And fed, I feed thy fruit.

Thy father's form and pride
  And thought,
In thee yet undescried,
  Shall soon be fully wrought,
Grow tall, and bright, and wide,
In thee our hope and pride.

Nay, do not stir, my child,
  Be still;
In thee is reconciled
  To man heaven's righteous will.

To thee the curse is mild,
And smites not thee, my child.

To us our sin has borne
  Its doom.
From light dethroned and torn,
  'Twas ours to dwell in gloom;
But thou, a better morn,
By that dark night art borne.

Thou shalt, my child, be free
  From sin,
Nor taste the fatal tree,
  For thou from us shalt win
A wisdom cheap to thee;
So thou from ill be free!

My bird, my flower, my star,
  My boy!
My all things fair that are,
  My spring of endless joy,
From thee is heaven not far,
From thee, its earthly star.

So, darling, shalt thou grow
  A man,
While we shall downward go,
  Descend each day a span,
And sink beneath the wo
Of deaths from sin that grow.

And thou, perhaps, shalt see
A race
Brought forth by us, like thee;
Though strength like thine, and grace,
In none shall ever be
Of all whom earth can see.

And thou amid mankind
Shalt move
With glorious form and mind,
In holiness and love;
And all in thee shall find
The bliss of all mankind.

Then rest, my child, oh rest!
The day
Has darken'd down the west.
Thou dream the night away
Upon thy mother's breast;
Oh! rest, my darling, rest!

*John Sterling.*

## EVE'S CRADLE-SONG

Sleep, sleep, little Cain!
Thy father is delving with labor and pain,
He works for our needs,
But the thistles and weeds
Grow thick o'er the dry, burning plain.
Yet, why should I grieve?
Thy fond mother Eve
Will never—never complain,
While she rocks little Cain—
Little Cain!

Sleep, sleep, little Cain!
Thy sleep may be deep, is thy mother's refrain;
In her dreams oft she sees
'Mong the flowers and trees
A garden, where she walks once again.
But no more shall she eat
Of those fruits, rare and sweet,
Yet she'll never—never complain,
While she rocks little Cain—
Little Cain!

*Walter Satterlee.*

## THE LAMENTATION OF DANAË

When, in the carven chest,
The winds that blew and waves in wild unrest
Smote her with fear, she, not with cheeks unwet,
Her arms of love round Perseus set,
And said: O child, what grief is mine!
But thou dost slumber, and thy baby breast
Is sunk in rest,
Here in the cheerless brass-bound bark,
Tossed amid starless night and pitchy dark.
Nor dost thou heed the scudding brine
Of waves that wash above thy curls so deep,
Nor the shrill winds that sweep,—
Lapped in thy purple robe's embrace,
Fair little face!
But if this dread were dreadful too to thee,
Then wouldst thou lend thy listening ear to me;

Therefore I cry,—Sleep babe, and sea be still,
And slumber our unmeasured ill!
Oh, may some change of fate, sire Zeus, from thee
Descend, our woes to end!
But if this prayer, too overbold, offend
Thy justice, yet be merciful to me!

*Simonides.*
*English version by John Addington Symonds.*

## THE LULLABY OF DANAË

Little one, thy mother's weeping;
Thou with fresh and holy heart
Slumbering on the ocean art;—
While I sorrow, thou art sleeping,
Though the pallor and the gloom
Our forlorn, frail bark entomb.
*Rest thee, rest thee, little one!*

Ah! thou needest not a pillow
With those tresses thick and fair!
Ah! thou heedest not a billow
Moistening thy tangled hair,
Nor the voices of the storm,
But in thy purple mantlet liest warm,
My beautiful, my own!
*Rest thee, rest thee, pretty one!*

Yet if pain were pain to thee,
If thou knewest how to fear,
And didst lend thy little ear,

I would say again to thee:
*Rest thee, rest thee, darling one!*

I would bid thee baby, sleep;
And be thou hushed, O restless deep!
Thou, too, my boundless sorrow!
Father, let some fairer morrow
Change for us thy sovran will,
Bring us good beyond this ill!
When I make too bold a prayer,
Thy vengeance on the babe forbear,
Let my head receive it still!
*Rest thee, rest thee, little one!*

*Edmund C. Stedman.*

## DANAË'S LULLABY

Child, my child, how sound you sleep!
Though your mother's care is deep,
You can lie with heart at rest
In the narrow brass-bound chest;
In the starless night and drear
You can sleep, and never hear
Billows breaking, and the cry
Of the night wind wandering by;
In soft purple mantle sleeping
With your little face on mine,
Hearing not your mother weeping
And the breaking of the brine.

*Andrew Lang.*

## DANAË'S CRADLE-SONG

O hush thee, my child! thy mother bends o'er thee,
And clasps to her heart her own, dear son,
She, a proud king's daughter, Zeus' own beloved,
Calls now for aid, forsaken, alone.

This wave-toss'd chest is, alas! thy cradle,
And a wild, weird lullaby chant the gales;
But, tho' all the gods pursue and hate thee,
Thy mother is with thee; her love ne'er fails.

Oh, hush thee, my child! ah! Zeus will hearken,
And guide us safe o'er this pitiless main;
And on other shores, by him protected,
'Mid grass and flow'rs thou wilt play again.

## LULLABY

Hush thee, sweet baby,
Hush thee to sleep!
Dark though thy way be
Over the deep.

Jove is not wearied
Watching the waves;
Neptune and Nereid,
All are his slaves.

Neptune is swinging
Thee on his breast;
Nereids are singing
Thee to thy rest.

Lights without number
Shine in the skies;
Night in thy slumber
Veileth thine eyes.

Morning will meet thee
Safe on the shore;
Princes shall greet thee:
"Wander no more!"

Hush thee, sweet baby,
Hush thee to sleep!
Dark though thy way be
Over the deep!

*Thomas Davidson.*

## A CRADLE SONG

The Danaan children laugh, in cradles of wrought gold,
And clap their hands together, and half close their eyes,
For they will ride the North when the ger-eagle flies,
With heavy whitening wings, and a heart fallen cold:
I kiss my wailing child and press it to my breast,
And hear the narrow graves calling my child and me.
Desolate winds that cry over the wandering sea;
Desolate winds that hover in the flaming West;

Desolate winds that beat the doors of Heaven, and beat
The doors of Hell and blow there many a whimpering ghost;
O heart the winds have shaken; the unappeasable host
Is comelier than candles at Mother Mary's feet.

*William B. Yeats.*

## BALOOLOO, MY LAMMIE

Balooloo, my lammie, balooloo, my dear;
Now balooloo, lammie, ain minnie is here.
What ails my wee bairnie, what ails it this nicht?
What ails my wee bairnie—is bairnie no richt?

Balooloo, my lammie, now baloo, my dear;
Does wee lammie ken that its daddie's no here?
Ye're rockin' fu' sweetly on mammie's warm knee,
But daddie's a-rockin' upon the saut sea.

Now hushaba, lammie, now hushaba, dear;
Now hushaby, lammie, ain minnie is here;
The wild wind is ravin' and mammie's heart's sair,
The wild wind is ravin' and ye dinna care.

Sing baloo, my lammie, sing baloo, my dear;
Sing baloo, my lammie, ain minnie is here;
My wee bairnie's dozin', it's dozin' now fine.
And oh! may its waukin' be blyther than mine!

*Carolina, Lady Nairne.*

## A SWEET LULLABY

Come little babe, come silly soul,
Thy father's shame, thy mother's grief,
Born as I doubt to all our dole,
And to thyself unhappy chief:
  Sing lullaby, and lap it warm,
  Poor soul that thinks no creature harm.

Thou little think'st and less dost know,
The cause of this thy mother's moan;
Thou want'st the wit to wail her woe,
And I myself am all alone:
  Why dost thou weep? why dost thou wail?
  And know'st not yet what thou dost ail.

Come, little wretch—ah, silly heart!
Mine only joy, what can I more?
If there be any wrong thy smart,
That may the destinies implore:
  'Twas I, I say, against my will,
  I wail the time, but be thou still.

And dost thou smile? O, thy sweet face!
Would God Himself He might thee see!—
No doubt thou would'st soon purchase grace,
I know right well, for thee and me:
  But come to mother, babe, and play,
  For father false is fled away.

Sweet boy, if it by fortune chance,
Thy father home again to send,
If death do strike me with his lance,
Yet mayst thou me to him commend:
If any ask thy mother's name,
Tell how by love she purchased blame.

Then will his gentle heart soon yield:
I know him of a noble mind:
Although a lion in the field,
A lamb in town thou shalt him find:
Ask blessing, babe, be not afraid,
His sugar'd words hath me betray'd.

Then mayst thou joy and be right glad;
Although in woe I seem to moan,
Thy father is no rascal lad,
A noble youth of blood and bone:
His glancing looks, if he once smile,
Right honest women may beguile.

Come, little boy, and rock asleep;
Sing lullaby and be thou still;
I, that can do naught else but weep,
Will sit by thee and wail my fill:
God bless my babe, and lullaby
From this thy father's quality.

*Nicholas Breton.*

## LADY ANNE BOTHWELL'S LAMENT

Balow, my babe, lie still and sleep!
It grieves me sore to see thee weep.
Wouldst thou be quiet I'se be glad,
Thy mourning makes my sorrow sad:
Balow, my boy, thy mother's joy,
Thy father breeds me great annoy—
Balow, la-low!

When he began to court my love,
And with his sugred words me move,
His faynings false and flattering cheer
To me that time did not appear:
But now I see most cruellye
He cares ne for my babe nor me—
Balow, la-low!

Lie still, my darling, sleep a while,
And when thou wak'st thou'll sweetly smile:
But smile not as thy father did,
To cozen maids: nay, God forbid!
But yet I fear thou wilt go near
Thy father's heart and face to bear—
Balow, la-low!

I cannot choose but ever will
Be loving to thy father still;
Where'er he go, where'er he ride,
My love with him doth still abide:

In weal or woe, where'er he go,
My heart shall ne'er depart him fro—
Balow, la-low!

But do not, do not, pretty mine,
To faynings false thy heart incline!
Be loyal to thy lover true,
And never change her for a new:
If good or fair, of her have care
For women's banning's wondrous sare—
Balow, la-low!

Bairn, by thy face I will beware;
Like Sirens' words, I'll come not near;
My babe and I together will live;
He'll comfort me when cares do grieve.
My babe and I right soft will lie,
And ne'er respect man's crueltye—
Balow, la-low!

Farewell, farewell, the falsest youth
That ever kist a woman's mouth!
I wish all maids be warn'd by me
Never to trust man's curtesye;
For if we do but chance to bow,
They'll use us then they care not how—
Balow, la-low!

## LITTLE ONE WEARY

Crying, my little one, footsore and weary?
Fall asleep, pretty one, warm on my shoulder;
I must tramp on through the winter night dreary,
While the snow falls on me colder and colder.

You are my one, and I have not another;
Sleep soft, my darling, my trouble and treasure;
Sleep warm and soft in the arms of your mother,
Dreaming of pretty things, dreaming of pleasure.

*Christina G. Rossetti.*

## SEPHESTIA'S SONG TO HER CHILD

*From "Menaphon"*

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee;
When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.
Mother's wag, pretty boy,
Father's sorrow, father's joy;
When thy father first did see
Such a boy by him and me,
He was glad, I was woe;
Fortune changèd made him so,
When he left his pretty boy,
Last his sorrow, first his joy.

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee;
When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.
Streaming tears that never stint,
Like pearl-drops from a flint,
Fell by course from his eyes,
That one another's place supplies;
Thus he grieved in every part,
Tears of blood fell from his heart,
When he left his pretty boy,
Father's sorrow, father's joy.

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee;
When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.
The wanton smiled, father wept,
Mother cried, baby leapt;
More he crowed, more we cried,
Nature could not sorrow hide;
He must go, he must kiss
Child and mother, baby bliss,
For he left his pretty boy,
Father's sorrow, father's joy.
Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee;
When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.

*Robert Greene.*

## O SLEEP, MY BABE

O sleep, my babe, hear not the rippling wave,
Nor feel the breeze that round thee ling'ring strays
To drink thy balmy breath,
And sigh one long farewell.

Soon shall it mourn above thy wat'ry bed,
And whisper to me, on the wave-beat shore,
Deep murm'ring in reproach,
Thy sad untimely fate.

Ere those dear eyes had open'd to the light,
In vain to plead, thy coming life was sold,
O waken'd but to sleep,
Whence it can wake no more!

A thousand and a thousand silken leaves
The tufted beech unfolds in early spring,
All clad in tenderest green,
All of the selfsame shape;

A thousand infant faces, soft and sweet,
Each year sends forth, yet every mother views
Her last not least beloved
Like its dear self alone.

No musing mind hath ever yet foreshaped
The face to-morrow's sun shall first reveal,
No hearth hath e'er conceived
What love that face will bring.

O sleep, my babe, nor heed how mourns the gale
To part with thy soft locks and fragrant breath,
As when it deeply sighs
O'er autumn's latest bloom.

*Sara Coleridge.*

## A LULLABY

O saftly sleep, my bonnie bairn!
Rock'd on this breast of mine;
The heart that beats sae sair within
Will not awaken thine.

Lie still, lie still, ye canker'd thoughts!
That such late watches keep;
An' if ye break the mother's heart,
Yet let the baby sleep.

Sleep on, sleep on, my ae, ae bairn!
  Nor look sae wae on me,
As if ye felt the bitter tear
  That blin's thy mother's e'e.

Dry up, dry up, ye saut, saut tears,
  Lest on my bairn ye dreep;
An' break in silence, waefu' heart,
  An' let my baby sleep.

*Alexander A. Ritchie.*

## CRADLE SONG OF AMY

*From "Balder"*

The years they come, and the years they go
Like winds that blow from sea to sea;
From dark to dark they come and go,
All in the dew-fall and the rain.

Down by the stream there be two sweet willows,
—Hush thee, babe, while the wild winds blow,—
One hale, one blighted, two wedded willows
All in the dew-fall and the rain.

She is blighted, the fair young willow,
—Hush thee, babe, while the wild winds blow,—
She hears the spring-blood beat in the bark;
She hears the spring-leaf bud on the bough;
But she bends blighted, the wan weeping willow,
All in the dew-fall and the rain.

The stream runs sparkling under the willow,
—Hush thee, babe, while the wild winds blow,—
The summer rose-leaves drop in the stream;
The winter oak-leaves drop in the stream;
But she bends blighted, the wan weeping willow,
All in the dew-fall and the rain.

Sometimes the wind lifts the bright stream to her,
—Hush thee, babe, while the wild winds blow,—
The false stream sinks, and her tears fall faster;
Because she touched it her tears fall faster;
Over the stream her tears fall faster,
All in the sunshine or the rain.

The years they come, and the years they go;
Sing well-away, sing well-away!
And under mine eyes shines the bright life-river;
Sing well-away, sing well-away!
Sweet sounds the spring in the hale green willow,
The goodly green willow, the green waving willow,
Sweet in the willow, the wind-whispering willow;
Sing well-away, sing well-away!
But I bend blighted, the wan weeping willow,
All in the sun, and the dew, and the rain.

*Sydney Dobell.*

## LULLABY FOR A MAN-CHILD

The mountains waver through my tears,
Hush, my son—
The trees are bending at the knees
Like women broken by the years.
But you, my child, need have no fears;
Only for Woman, love has spears.
Sleep, my son.

So cuddle closer to my heart.
Dream, my son—
'Tis strange to think that you find peace
Here, where all stormy passions start.
But you need fear no ache or smart—
The pain is always woman's part.
Sleep, my son.

*Jean Starr Untermeyer.*

## THE CRADLE-SONG OF THE POOR

Hush! I cannot bear to see thee
  Stretch thy tiny hands in vain;
Dear, I have no bread to give thee,
  Nothing, child, to ease thy pain!
When God sent thee first to bless me,
  Proud and thankful, too, was I!
Now, my darling, I, thy mother,
  Almost long to see thee die.
    Sleep, my darling, thou art weary;
    God is good, but life is dreary.

I have watched thy beauty fading,
And thy strength sink day by day;
Soon, I know, will Want and Fever
Take thy little life away.
Famine makes thy father reckless,
Hope has left both him and me;
We could suffer all, my baby,
Had we but a crust for thee.
Sleep, my darling, thou art weary;
God is good, but life is dreary.

Better thou shouldst perish early,
Starve so soon, my darling one,
Than in helpless sin and sorrow
Vainly live, as I have done.
Better that thy angel spirit
With my joy, my peace, were flown,
Than thy heart grow cold and careless,
Reckless, hopeless, like my own.
Sleep, my darling, thou art weary;
God is good, but life is dreary.

I am wasted, dear, with hunger,
And my brain is all opprest,
I have scarcely strength to press thee,
Wan and feeble, to my breast.
Patience, baby, God will help us,
Death will come to thee and me,
He will take us to His Heaven,
Where no want or pain can be.
Sleep, my darling, thou art weary;
God is good, but life is dreary.

Such the plaint that, late and early,
  Did we listen, we might hear
Close beside us—but the thunder
  Of a city dulls our ear.
Every heart, as God's bright Angel,
  Can bid one such sorrow cease;
God has glory when His children
  Bring His poor ones joy and peace!
    Listen, nearer, while she sings,
    Sounds the fluttering of wings!

*Adelaide A. Procter.*

## A GHETTO CRADLE-SONG

Sleep, my boy, the night is treading
  On its tiptoes still:
Gold the twinkling stars are shedding
  Over vale and hill.

Golden stars the sky bejewel,
  And they spark and glow;
Sleep before you know how cruel
  Is our life below.

Sleep, my boy, the moon is swimming
  In a silver stream;
Dozing lakes with crystal brimming
  Dream a golden dream.

Gold and silver we may borrow
  From the skies o'erhead;
Care awakens with the morrow,
  Care for daily bread.

Sleep, my boy, the birds are trilling
From each tree and nest;
"Night is sacred, night is filling
Wood and vale with rest."

Leaf and blade by breezes shaken
Softly whisper bliss;
Sleep, my boy, before you waken
Calm on earth to miss.

Sleep, my boy, and dream of heaven,
Dream of joy and mirth;
Heaven's dreams to us are given
To forget the earth.

Sleep, my boy, for clouds may gather
Heaven's charm to mar;
Up in heaven is your father
Shining as a star.

Sleep, my boy, the angels mind you
In your tiny bed;
Earth is wide, but who will find you
Room to rest your head?

Sleep, the night is softly treading,
Kindling lakes and streams;
Gold the twinkling stars are shedding,
Gold—in dreams, in dreams.

*Philip M. Raskin.*

## THE LULLABY OF A FEMALE CONVICT TO HER CHILD, THE NIGHT PREVIOUS TO EXECUTION

Sleep, baby mine, enkerchieft on my bosom,
Thy cries they pierce again my bleeding breast;
Sleep, baby mine, not long thou'lt have a mother
To lull thee fondly in her arms to rest.

Baby, why dost thou keep this sad complaining?
Long from mine eyes have kindly slumbers fled;
Hush, hush, my babe, the night is quickly waning,
And I would fain compose my aching head.

Poor wayward wretch! and who will heed thy weeping,
When soon an outcast on the world thou'lt be?
Who then will soothe thee, when thy mother's sleeping
In her low grave of shame and infamy?

Sleep, baby mine—to-morrow I must leave thee,
And I would snatch an interval of rest:
Sleep these last moments ere the laws bereave thee,
For never more thou'lt press a mother's breast.

*Henry Kirke White.*

## SONG OF THE INDIAN MOTHER

Gently dream, my darling child,
Sleeping in the lonely wild;
Would thy dreams might never know
Clouds that darken mine with woe;

Oh! to smile as thou art smiling,
All my hopeless hours beguiling
With the hope that thou mightst see
Blessings that are hid from me.

Lullaby, my gentle boy,
Sleeping in the wilderness,
Dreaming in thy childish joy
Of a mother's fond caress—
Lullaby, lullaby!

Sleep, while gleams the council fire,
Kindled by thy hunted sire;
Guarded by thy God above,
Sleep and dream of peace and love;
Dream not of the band that perished
From the sacred soil they cherished,
Nor the ruthless race that roams
O'er our ancient shrines and homes.
Lullaby, my gentle boy, etc.

Sleep, while autumn glories fly,
'Neath the melancholy sky,
From the trees before the storm,
Chased by winter's tyrant form;
Oh! 'tis thus, our warriors, wasted,
From their altars torn and blasted,
Followed by the storm of death,
Fly before Oppression's breath.
Lullaby, my gentle boy, etc.

Sleep, while night hides home and grave,
Rest, while mourn the suff'ring brave,
Mourning as thou, too, wilt mourn,
Through the future, wild and worn;
Bruised in heart, in spirit shaken,
Scourged by man, by God forsaken,
Wandering on in war and strife,
Living still, yet cursing life.
Lullaby, my gentle boy, etc.

Could thy tender fancy feel
All thy manhood will reveal,
Couldst thou dream thy breast would share
All the ills thy fathers bear,
Thou wouldst weep as I am weeping,
Tearful watches wildly keeping,
By the silver-beaming light,
Of the long and lonely night.
Lullaby, my gentle boy, etc.

*James Gowdy Clark.*

## HUSHABY

All the lands are filled with soldiers,
Only one is safe and nigh;
Go to sleep, my little baby,
Ere the bolts of battle fly
And destroy the magic country
Where the Sand Man's beaches lie,
Hushaby!

All the clouds are filled with fighting,
Only one is safe to try;
Go to sleep, my little baby,
Ere the navies of the sky
Shall destroy the sunset towers
Crowning Sleepytown on high,
Hushaby!

All the seas are red with conquest,
Only one no foe may spy;
Go to sleep, my little baby,
Ere the warships grim reply
And awake the drowsy waters
Where the slumber sea makes sigh,
Hushaby!

*McLandburgh Wilson.*

## CRADLE SONG OF A SOLDIER'S WIFE

Baby, sleep! shadows creep
Down the hillsides dark and long.
Slumber softly and thy dreaming
May perchance have brighter seeming,
For thy mother's cradle-song!

Baby, sleep! low I weep,
Lest I wake thee in my woe!
Where the campfires gleam and quiver,
Far away beside the river,
Father thinks of thee, I know.

Baby, sleep! angels keep
  Holy vigils o'er thy head!
And thy mother's life seems sweeter,
Griefs grow dim and joys completer,
  Singing by thy cradle-bed!

*T. T. Barker.*

## THE LITTLE DREAMERS

Sleep, li'l chillun—daddy gone ter fight,
But mammy's dar, a-watchin'—watchin' thoo' de night.
Col' win' a-creepin' whar de shadders stay,
Done blowed de stars out, an' can't fin' his way!
  Singin' you ter sleep,
  Sweetes' watch ter keep,
    Mammy is a-singin'—
  Singin' you ter sleep.

Fightin' time fer daddy what love you good and true,
Watch time fer mammy, an' dream time fer you!
Li'l stars ter sleep, too, till come de shiny beam
An' "Sweetes' Mammy" singin'—singin' in yo' dream!
  Singin' in yo' dream
  Till de shiny beam
    Wake you fum dreamin'—
  Singin' in yo' dream.

Sleep, li'l chillun, gone ter happy lan'—
Li'l sister sweetheart, an' li'l sojer man!
War time's yo' playtime all de shiny day,
Den dream de war away, chillun—dream de war away!

Dream de war away
Till Mawnin' wake de Day;
Dream de war away, chillun—
Dream de war away!

*Frank L. Stanton.*

## A LULLABY

Because some men in khaki coats
Are marching out to war,
Beneath a torn old flag that floats
As proudly as before;
Because they will not stop or stay,
But march with eager tread,
A little baby far away
Sleeps safely in her bed.

Because some grim, gray sentinels
Stand always silently,
Where each dull shadow falls and swells,
Upon a restless sea;
Because their lonely watch they keep,
With keen and wakeful eyes,
A little child may safely sleep
Until the sun shall rise.

Because some swift and shadowy things
  Hold patient guard on high,
Like birds or sails or shielding wings
  Against a stormy sky;
Because a strange light spreads and sweeps
  Across a darkened way,
A little baby softly sleeps
  Until the dawn of day.

*G. R. Glasgow.*

## BY THE ALMA RIVER

Willie, fold your little hands;
  Let it drop, that "soldier" toy:
Look where father's picture stands,—
  Father, who here kissed his boy
Not two months since,—father kind,
Who this night may —— Never mind
Mother's sob, my Willie dear,
Call aloud that He may hear
Who is God of battles, say,
"O, keep father safe this day
  By the Alma river."

Ask no more, child. Never heed
  Either Russ, or Frank, or Turk,
Right of nations or of creed,
  Chance-poised victory's bloody work:
Any flag i' the wind may roll
On thy heights, Sebastopol;

Willie, all to you and me
Is that spot, where'er it be,
Where he stands—no other word!
*Stands*—God sure the child's prayer heard—
By the Alma river.

Willie, listen to the bells
Ringing through the town to-day.
That's for victory. Ah, no knells
For the many swept away,—
Hundreds—thousands! Let us weep,
We who need not,—just to keep
Reason steady in my brain
Till the morning comes again,
Till the third dread morning tell
Who they were that fought and *fell*
By the Alma river.

Come, we'll lay us down, my child,
Poor the bed is, poor and hard;
Yet thy father, far exiled,
Sleeps upon the open sward,
Dreaming of us two at home:
Or beneath the starry dome
Digs out trenches in the dark,
Where he buries—Willie, mark—
Where *he buries* those who died
Fighting bravely at his side
By the Alma river.

Willie, Willie, go to sleep,
  God will keep us, O my boy;
He will make the dull hours creep
  Faster, and send news of joy,
When I need not shrink to meet
Those dread placards in the street,
Which for weeks will ghastly stare
In some eyes—Child, say thy prayer
Once again; a different one:
Say, "O God, Thy will be done
  By the Alma river."

*Dinah Maria Mulock.*

## REBEL MOTHER'S LULLABY

Ah, rest to the morrow, for many the
    sorrow
  That waking will brew;
    Gone is thy brother,
  Long must I rue;
    Hark not thy mother
  Rocking thee to,
Rocking thee fro, Lennavan mo,
  Ireland's own woe
Never must keep children from sleep,
  Lennavan mo.

The clouds are fast creeping, and Mary is
    weeping
  Her tears down the sky;
    Gray is the evening
  When Irishmen die;

Hark not the keening,
Rest thee and lie,
Lennavan mo, Lennavan mo,
Far be the foe,
Ours is the strife, yours is dear life,
Lennavan mo.

Earl Garrat is hiding, Lord Edward is riding,
And fast is his rein;
The horses are stamping
Over the plain;
Hark not the tramping,
Turn thee again,
Lennavan mo, Lennavan mo,
Nestle down low,
Others may ride, you must abide,
Lennavan mo.

*Shane Leslie.*

## A BELGIAN LULLABY

Little hungry baby—do not cry!
Little hungry baby—hush-a-bye!
Yes! I know, my child, there is no bread.
Yes, I know your father's murdered, dead!
And I know your brother is a "slave";
But a Belgian baby must be brave!
Little hungry baby—do not cry!
Little hungry baby—hush-a-bye!

Little starving baby—do not cry!
Little starving baby, hush-a-bye!
Yes! I know your painful, gnawing need,
Yes, I hear the starving thousands plead!
But I know America will send
Milk and food to succour e'er the end.
Little starving baby—do not cry!
Little starving baby—hush-a-bye!

Little famished baby—do not cry!
Little famished baby—must you die?
Did the ruthless Huns destroy the food
That was sent to save our baby brood?
Little dying baby—go to rest!
Sleep-a-bye, my baby, on my breast.
Little dying baby—do not cry!
Little dying baby, hush-a-bye!

Little silent baby—sleep-a-bye.
God above has heard your dying cry.
In His arms are little children blessed,
Woe to those who little ones oppressed!
Woe to those who would not mercy give!
Woe to those who would not let you live!
Little silent baby—sleep-a-bye!
Little silent baby—sleep-a-bye!

*Martha S. Gielow.*

## THE WIDOW'S LULLABY

*From the Welsh*

Lull-lully, my baby, oh, would that thy mother
Were happy as thou, and light-hearted to-night;
Lull-lully, now get thee to sleep with no singing,
My songs are all quenched, like a perishing light;
And 'tis easier now
To shed tears on thy brow,
While thus I bend over thy cradle, and trace
Thy father's dear image again in thy face.

Lull-lully, my pretty; I joy thou dost know not
That thou art an orphan—nor wilt yet for long;
Thy heart so unspotted were breaking, my treasure,
Didst thou know that a widow unshielded from wrong
Doth lull thee to sleep
In loneliness deep,
With thy father no more at the hearth by her side,
With no counsel, no song, and no rudder to guide.

Lull-lully, my fay, if thy mother be spared thee,
Thou'lt find against wrongs a sure shield in her arm;
Thy father's dear spirit now prayeth in Heaven
The world's mighty Ruler to guard us from harm;

Yea, asketh me too
To shelter thee true,
Like an angel to nurse thee beneath Heaven's eyes;
Oh, lully—ere long we shall lie where he lies!

Lull-lully—without there the rough wind blows colder,
And thick in the moonlight the frost spreads a shroud;
But yonder, my Guen, there's a beautiful Canaan
For us the forlorn—without darkness or cloud.
Of that Country all bright
We will dream through this night;
Oh, could we but go there to wander, set free
Yea, go while we dream of the dawn that shall be!

*Arranged by Alma Strettell.*

## THE WIDOW

*From the Sicilian*

Sweet, my child, in slumber lie,
Father's dead, is dead and gone.
Sleep then, sleep, my little son,
Sleep, my son, and lullaby.

Thou for kisses dost not cry,
Which thy cheeks he heaped upon.
Sleep then, sleep, my pretty one,
Sleep, my child, and lullaby.

We are lonely, thou and I,
And with grief and fear I faint.
Sleep, then, sleep, my little saint,
Sleep, my child, and lullaby.

Why dost weep? No father nigh.
Ah, my God! tears break his rest.
Darling, nestle to my breast,
Sleep, my child, and lullaby.

## THE WIDOW'S LULLABY

She droops like a dew-dropping lily,
"Whisht thee, boy, whisht thee, boy Willie!
Whisht whisht o' thy wailing, whisht thee, boy Willie!"

The sun comes up from the lea,
As he who will never come more
Came up that first day to her door,
When the ship furled her sails by the shore,
And the spring leaves were green on the tree.

But she droops like a dew-dropping lily,
"Whisht thee, boy, whisht thee, boy Willie!
Whisht whisht o' thy wailing, whisht thee, boy Willie!"

The sun goes down in the sea,
As he who will never go more
Went down that last day from her door,
When the ship set her sails from the shore,
And the dead leaves were sere on the tree.

But she droops like a dew-dropping lily,
" Whisht thee, boy, whisht thee, boy Willie!
Whisht whisht o' thy wailing, whisht thee, boy
Willie! "

The year comes glad o'er the lea,
As he who will never come more,
Never, ah, never!
Came up that first day to her door,
When the ship furled her sails by the shore,
And the spring leaves were green on the tree.
Never, ah, never!
He who will come again, never!

But she droops like a dew-dropping lily,
" Whisht thee, boy, whisht thee, boy Willie!
Whisht whisht o' thy wailing, whisht thee, boy
Willie! "

The year goes sad to the sea,
As he who will never go more
For ever went down from her door.
Ever, for ever!
When the ship set her sails by the shore,
And the dead leaves were sere on the tree
Ever, for ever!
For ever went down from her door.

But she droops like a dew-dropping lily,
" Whisht thee, boy, whisht thee, boy Willie!
Whisht whisht o' thy wailing, whisht thee, boy
Willie! "

A gun, and a flash, and a gun,
The ship lies again where she lay!
High and low, low and high, in the sun,
There's a boat, a boat on the bay!
High and low, low and high, in the sun,
All as she saw it that day,
When he came who shall never come more,
And the ship furled her sails by the shore.

But she droops like a dew-dropping lily,
"Whisht thee, boy, whisht thee, boy Willie!
Whisht whisht o' thy wailing, whisht thee, boy Willie!"

All as she saw it that day,
With a gun, and a flash, and a gun,
The ship lies again where she lay,
And they run, and they ride, and they run,
Merry, merry, merry, down the merry highway,
To the boat, high and low in the sun.
Nearer and nearer she hears the rolling drum,
Clearer and clearer she hears the cry, "They come,"
Far and near runs the cheer to her ear once so dear,
Merry, merry, merry, up the merry highway,
As it ran when he came that day
And said, "Wilt thou be my dearie?
My boat is dry in the bay,
And I'll love till thou be weary!"
And she could not say him nay,

For his bonny eyes o' blue,
And never was true-love so true,
To never so kind a dearie,
As he who will never love more,
When the ship furls her sails by the shore.

Then she shakes like a wind-stricken lily,
" Whisht thee, boy, whisht thee, boy Willie!
Whisht whisht o' thy wailing, whisht thee, boy
Willie! "

*Sydney Dobell.*

## HIS LULLABY

You cried in your sleep for your mother, dear—
Baby, baby!
I would you could call her back to us here,
Baby, baby!
The little lambs are asleep on the sod,
And my own lambkin's beginning to nod,
And over the starlight your mother's with God,
Baby, baby!

Sleep has come to the birds with the dew,
Baby, baby!
Her eyes were as blue as the eyes of you,
Baby, baby!
Dreams for your slumbers come up from the deep;
I'll love as she loved till morning lights peep,
And mother above us will watch while we sleep,
Baby, baby!

*Robert Healy.*

## LULLABY FOR A SICK CHILD

*From the Italian*

Sleep, dear child, as mother bids;
  If thou sleep thou shalt not die!
  Sleep, and death shall pass thee by.
Close worn eyes and aching lids,
  Yield to soft forgetfulness;
  Let sweet sleep thy senses press;
Child on whom my love doth dwell,
Sleep, sleep, and thou shalt be well.

See, I strew thee, soft and light,
  Bed of down that cannot pain;
  Linen sheets have o'er it lain
More than snow new-fallen white.
  Perfume sweet, health-giving scent,
  The meadows' pride, is o'er it sprent:
Sleep, dear son, a little spell,
Sleep, sleep, and thou shalt be well.

Change thy side and rest thee there
  Beauty! love! turn on thy side,
  O my son, thou dost not bide
As of yore, so fresh and fair.
  Sickness mars thee with its spite,
  Cruel sickness changes quite;
How alas! its traces tell!
Yet sleep, and thou shalt be well.

Sleep, thy mother's kisses poured
On her darling son. Repose;
God give end to all our woes.
Sleep, and wake by sleep restored,
Pangs that make thee faint shall fly!
Sleep, my child, and lullaby!
Sleep, and fears of death dispel;
Sleep, sleep, and thou shalt be well.

## A MOTHER TO HER SICK CHILD

Thou canst not understand my words
No love for me was meant:
The smile that lately crossed thy face
Was but an accident.

The music's thine, but mine the tears
That make thy lullaby;
To-day I'll rock thee into sleep,
To-morrow thou must die.

And when our babies sleep their last,
Like agèd dames or men,
They need not mother's lullaby,
Nor any rocking then.

*William H. Davies.*

## THE LAST CRADLE SONG

Bawloo, my bonnie baby, bawlililu,
Light be thy care and cumber;
Bawloo, my bonnie baby, bawlililu,
Oh, sweet be thy sinless slumber.

Ere thou wert born my youthful heart
  Yearned o'er my babe with sorrow;
Long is the night-noon that we must part,
  But bright shall arise the morrow.

Bawloo, my bonnie baby, bawlililu,
  Here no more will I see thee;
Bawloo, my bonnie baby, bawlililu,
  Oh, sair is my heart to lea' thee.
But far within yon sky so blue,
  In love that fail shall never,
In valleys beyond the land of the dew,
  I'll sing to my baby for ever.

*James Hogg.*

## THE DEATH LULLABY

  Sleep, baby, sleep!
Once more upon my breast
Thine aching head shall rest,
  In quiet sleep.
  Sleep, baby, sleep!
Sweetly thine eye is closing,
Calmly thou'rt now reposing,
  In slumber deep.
  Sleep, angel baby, sleep!
Not in thy cradle bed
Shall rest thy little head,
But with the quiet dead,
  In dreamless sleep.

## SLEEP, DARLING, SLEEP

Fold thy hands, little one,
  Over thy breast,
Life's journey just begun,
  Lie down and rest.
No more thy little eyes
  Ever shall weep,
Till God shall bid thee rise,
  Sleep, darling, sleep!

Child-angel, stretch thine hand;
  For thee, on high,
Waiteth an angel band,
  Hovering nigh.
Smiling, for thee they wait,
  Up in the skies.
Up thro' the pearly gate,
  Rise, darling, rise!

He who the little ones
  Blessed long ago,
He who the children once
  Loved here below,
Said, Little children, come!
  He loveth best.
Safe in His heav'nly home,
  Rest, darling, rest!

*Mary B. C. Slade.*

## LULLABY

My little one, sleep softly
  Among the toys and flowers.
Sleep softly, O my first-born son,
  Through all the long dark hours.
And if you waken far away
  I shall be wandering too.
If far away you run and play
  My heart must follow you.

Sleep softly, O my baby,
  And smile down in your sleep.
Here are red rose-buds for your bed—
  Smile, and I will not weep.
We made our pledge—you had no fear;
  What then to fear have I?
Though long you sleep, I shall be near;
  So hush—we must not cry.

Sleep softly, dear one, softly—
  They cannot part us now;
Forever rest here on my breast,
  My kiss upon your brow.
What though they hide a little grave
  With dream-flowers, false or true?
What difference? We will just be brave
  Together—I and you.

*Harriet Monroe.*

## THE CHILDLESS MOTHER'S LULLABY

Oh, many's the time in the evening
When the light has fled o'er the sea,
That I dream alone in the gloaming
Of the joys that are not for me;
And oft in my sorrowful bosom
Swells up the mother-love flame,
And I clasp with arms that are trembling
My child that never came;
Singing—"Hush thee—hush thee—hush-a-by, darling,
Nestle thee deeper in mother's breast,
Oh, hush thee—hush thee—hush-a-by, darling,
Tenderest angels will guard thy rest."

The candles far down in the city
Shine out thro' the purplish gray,
And the stars come out in the heavens
And glimmer across the bay;
The murmuring waves steal homeward
From the ocean's larger blue;
As I dream alone in the gloaming
Of the child that I never knew;
Singing—"Hush thee—hush thee—hush-a-by, darling,
Nestle thee deeper in mother's breast,
Oh, hush thee—hush thee—hush-a-by, darling,
Tenderest angels will guard thy rest."

Oh, the little warm cheek in my bosom,
Oh, the little wet lips at my breast,
Oh, the clinging, wee, satiny fingers
To my longing lips that are pressed!
There was never a song that was sweeter,
Tho' its singer be laureled with fame;
Than the song that I sing in the gloaming
To the child that never came;
"Oh, hush thee—hush thee—hush-a-by, darling,
Nestle thee deeper in mother's breast,
Oh, hush thee—hush thee—hush-a-by, darling,
Tenderest angels will guard thy rest."

The hours swim on to the midnight,
The moon looks over the hill,
And the u-lu-lu of the night owl
Sinks mournfully and shrill;
The solitude aches with rapture,
And my heart with the mother-love flame,
As I sing alone in the gloaming
To the child that never came.
"Oh, hush thee—hush thee—hush-a-by, darling,
Nestle thee deeper in mother's breast,
Oh, hush thee—hush thee—hush-a-by, darling,
Tenderest angels will guard thy rest."

*Ella Higginson.*

## HUMOROUS LULLABIES

### A SERENADE

"Lullaby, O, lullaby!"
Thus I heard a father cry.
"Lullaby, O, lullaby!
The brat will never shut an eye;
Hither come, some power divine!
Close his lids, or open mine!"

"Lullaby, O, lullaby!
What the devil makes him cry?
Lullaby, O, lullaby!
Still he stares—I wonder why,
Why are not the sons of earth
Blind, like puppies, from their birth?"

"Lullaby, O, lullaby!"
Thus I heard the father cry;
"Lullaby, O, lullaby!
Mary, you must come and try!—
Hush, oh, hush, for mercy's sake—
The more I sing, the more you wake!"

"Lullaby, O, lullaby!
Fie, you little creature, fie!
Lullaby, O, lullaby!
Is no poppy-syrup nigh?
Give him more, or give him all,
I am nodding to his fall!"

"Lullaby, O, lullaby!
Two such nights and I shall die!
Lullaby, O, lullaby!
He'll be bruised, and so shall I—
How can I from bedposts keep,
When I'm walking in my sleep?"

"Lullaby, O, lullaby!
Sleep his very looks deny—
Lullaby, O, lullaby!
Nature soon will stupefy—
My nerves relax—my eyes grow dim—
Who's that fallen—me or him?"

*Thomas Hood.*

## MAGRUDER'S LULLABY

"There, there, there,
What's the matter with the boy?
There, there, there.
Did he go to bed at six o'clock,
And sleep till half-past two?
Well, well, well,
There, there, there.
Now close your little eyes. That's right.
Now open them again. That's right.
Now rest your dear head on the other shoulder.
Now smile.
Oh! how sweet!
Wake up now, and go to sleep again.
There, there, there.

Shut your beautiful eyes and wake up again.
Yes, I know. Well, well, well.
Lie down and get up. There, there, there.
It would be lighter if it wasn't so dark.
And warmer if it wasn't so cold.
Yes, yes, yes.
But the sun will be out in a few minutes
For it's most morning.
Yes, yes, my little dear, my pet."

## A BOSTON LULLABY

Baby's brain is tired of thinking
Of the Wherefore and the Whence;
Baby's precious eyes are blinking
With incipient somnolence.

Little hands are weary turning
Heavy leaves of lexicon;
Little nose is fretted learning
How to keep its glasses on.

Baby knows the laws of nature
Are beneficent and wise;
His medulla oblongata
Bids my darling close his eyes.

And his pneumogastrics tell him
Quietude is always best
When his little cerebellum
Needs recuperative rest.

Baby must have relaxation,
Let the world go wrong or right—
Sleep, my darling, leave Creation
To its chances for the night.

*James Jeffrey Roche.*

## THE NIPPER'S LULLABY

He's run his little legs orff, and at last he's gone to sleep.
Lor'! wot a puffick mint o' love lies in that little 'eap!
He's a baby to be prahd on, weighing not far off a stone,
He's worth 'is weight in thick uns, and 'e's all our wery own.
Sleep lightly, dream brightly,
Rest until the daylight comes agen.
Wake up in the mornin'
When the day is dawnin',
But sleep your level best till then.

Jes' see 'im of a mornin' as 'e sets up in 'is bed,
And sez such things, it's wonderful 'ow they all come in 'is 'ead!
And he sucks his blessed bottle till it's drier than a bone.
Like his dad, 'e likes 'is bottle,—and 'e's all our wery own.
Sleep lightly, dream brightly, etc.

And the things that nipper swallers—well, you
really wouldn't think.
If there is a thing he's nuttier on than anything,
it's ink!
Drinks a glass full at a settin',—sich a thing was
never known!
And he dines orff nails and matches,—and he's
all our wery own.
Sleep lightly, dream brightly, etc.

He's got a narsty temper,—"Like 'is dad," 'is
mammy sez,—
And wotever he's a likin' for, that little warmint
'es.
He's the *or*tiest of *or*tocrats wot sits upon a throne,
For he does jest wot he bloomin' likes,—and he's
all our wery own.
Sleep lightly, dream brightly, etc.

*M. B. Spurr.*

## LULLABIES FOR DOLLS

### A NURSERY RHYME

Hushy baby, my doll, I pray you don't cry,
And I'll give you some bread and some milk by-and-by;
Or perhaps you like custard, or maybe a tart,—
Then to either you're welcome, with all my whole heart.

### DOLL'S CRADLE-SONG

*From the German*

Sleep, Dolly, sleep,
Softly repose,
Sleep, Dolly, sleep,
Your little eyelids close.
While in school I am sighing,
You in bed are lying;
And have all the day
Time enough for play.

Sleep, Dolly, sleep,
Softly repose,
Sleep, Dolly, sleep,
Your little eyelids close.

Hush, my pretty, go to sleep!
While I sing you of the sheep,
And the lamb that went to wander
With the goose and giddy goody
gander.
Sleep, my Dolly, sleep!

## A LULLABY

Dollie, the night has come,
Swiftly the day has sped;
After the fun, when daylight is done,
Why, ev'ry one goes to bed,
Good-night, good-night.

Dollie, I know it's hard,
Still it won't do to cry,
For I suppose where ev'ry one goes,
We ought to go too, you and I,
Good-night, good-night.

There is a land far north,
I have heard papa say,
Where the sun glows all over the snows,
And six months long is the day,
A long, long day.

Oh, what a time they have,
Six months of fine delight,
Only I think when sunlight *does* sink,
There comes a long six months' night,
A long, long night.

We have it better here;
When the night's shadows creep,
Soon comes the day to drive them away,
When we awake from our sleep,
From pleasant sleep.

Close now your peeping eyes,
Till the bright morning gleams;
Softly and slow to Slumberland go,
Where angels shall bring you dreams,
Good-night, good-night.

*Louis C. Elson.*

## DOLLY'S LULLABY

Hush-a-by, baby! *Your* baby, mamma,
No one but pussy may go where you are;
Soft-footed pussy alone may pass by,
For if he wakens your baby will cry.

Hush-a-by, dolly! My baby are you,
Yellow-haired dolly with eyes of bright blue;
Though I say "Hush!" because mother does so,
You wouldn't cry like her baby, I know!

Hush-a-by, baby! Mamma walks about,
Sings to you softly, or rocks you without;
If you slept sounder, then I might walk, too,
Sing to my dolly and rock her like you.

Hush-a-by, dolly! sleep sweetly, my pet!
Dear mamma made you this fine berceau-
nette,
Muslin and rose-color, ribbon and lace—
When had a baby a cosier place?

Hush-a-by, baby! the baby who cries—
Why, dear mamma, don't you shut baby's
eyes?
Pull down his wire, as I do, you see,
Lay him by dolly, and come out with me.

Hush-a-by, dolly! Mamma will not speak;
You, my dear baby, would sleep for a week.
Poor mamma's baby allows her no rest,
Hush-a-by, dolly, of babies the best!

*Juliana Horatia Ewing.*

## DOLLY'S LULLABY

Sing, I must sing to my dear dolly, sing,
And tell her stories of everything.
She is tired of my singing just "Sleep, dear,
sleep,"
She is tired of the songs about Little Bo-Peep,
Jack Horner, Miss Muffet, and all of the rhymes
I have sung from my picture-book dozens of times.
*Sing, I must sing to my dear dolly, sing,*
*And tell her the stories of everything!*

Slumber, my dolly! I'll tell you to-night
Of trees that are blossoming rosy and white;
Of brooks where the ripples of brown water run
And tinkle like music and shine in the sun;
Of nests where the baby birds sit in a heap,
And the mother sits over them when they're
asleep.
*Sing, I must sing to my dear dolly, sing,*
*And tell her the stories of everything!*

The summer is green and the winter is white,
There is sunshine by day and star-shine at night;
The stars are so many it cannot be told,
The moon is of silver but they are of gold;
The clouds are like ships and the sky like the sea,
Only turned upside down over dolly and me.
*Sing, I must sing to my dear dolly, sing,*
*But I never can tell her of everything!*

*Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer.*

## LULLABIES FOR THE CHRIST-CHILD

### UNTO US A CHILD IS BORN

While the angels sang hosannas!
And the stars in glory span,
When the lambs slept on the meadows
Then was born the Son of man:
Sweet, His mother in the shadows
Leant, and sang a lullaby,
While the lambs slept on the meadows,
And the stars watched in the sky.

*Agnes H. Begbie.*

## LATIN HYMNS AND INSCRIPTIONS

### A CRADLE-SONG OF THE VIRGIN

The Virgin stills the crying
Of Jesus, sleepless, lying;
And singing for His pleasure,
Thus calls upon her treasure,
"My Darling, do not weep,
My Jesu, sleep!"

O Lamb, my love inviting,
O Star, my soul delighting,
O Flower of mine own bearing,
O Jewel past comparing!
"My Darling, do not weep,
My Jesu, sleep!"

My Child, of might indwelling,
My Sweet, all sweets excelling,
Of Bliss the fountain flowing,
The Dayspring ever glowing.
"My Darling, do not weep,
My Jesu, sleep!"

My Joy, my Exultation,
My spirit's consolation;
My Son, my Spouse, my Brother,
O listen to Thy mother!
"My Darling, do not weep,
My Jesu, sleep!"

Say, would'st Thou heavenly sweetness,
Or love of answering meetness?
Or is fit music wanting?
Ho! angels, raise your chanting!
"My Darling, do not weep,
My Jesu, sleep!"

*English version by H. R. Bramley.*

## THE VIRGIN'S CRADLE-HYMN

Sleep, sweet Babe, my cares beguiling,
Mother sits beside Thee smiling;
Sleep, my Darling, tenderly!
If Thou sleep not, mother mourneth;
Singing as her wheel she turneth;
Come, soft slumber, balmily!

*From a print of the Virgin in a Catholic Village in Germany; English version by Samuel Taylor Coleridge.*

STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

*From Painting by Bruno Piglheim.*

## LULLABY OF THE VIRGIN

Sleep, Child—Thy mother's first-born,
Thou,
Yea, first and only one.
Then sleep, oh sleep—Thy father calls,
Unto his little son.
*To Thee a thousand times we raise*
*A thousand songs of praise.*

I strewed the bed for thee alone,
Sleep, Babe, so fair to see;
I strewed it of the softest hay,
Sleep, little soul of me.
*To Thee a thousand times we raise*
*A thousand songs of praise.*

Sleep, then, my Jewel and my Crown,
O milky Nectar, sleep!
And mother will bring gifts to Thee,
For Thee sweet beans will heap.
*To Thee a thousand times we raise*
*A thousand songs of praise.*

I'll give Thee whatsoe'er Thou wilt,
Sleep, then, belovèd Boy;
My little Treasure, quietly sleep,
O Thou, Thy mother's joy!
*To Thee a thousand times we raise*
*A thousand songs of praise.*

Oh, sleep, my Throne, my Heart, o'er whom
  Thy mother doth rejoice!
Thy lisp is heavenly to mine ears,
  And honey-sweet Thy voice.
*To Thee a thousand times we raise*
  *A thousand songs of praise.*

Roses I'll strew, that naught may lack,
  And violets, on the hay;
Hyacinths and lilies on the floor
  And in the manger lay.
*To Thee a thousand times we raise*
  *A thousand songs of praise.*

And—wilt Thou music?—to Thy bed
  The shepherds I will bring;
For none are better, sure, than they,
  More sweetly none can sing.
*To Thee a thousand times we raise*
  *A thousand songs of praise.*

*English version by Alma Strettell.*

# MEDIÆVAL FOLK-SONGS AND CAROL LULLABIES

SICILIAN

## THE VIRGIN'S LULLABY

The Virgin thus to Jesus did sing,
When cradled, she soothed Him to rest:
"Sleep, my Son, sleep,
Sleep, Jesu, my Son,
Sleep, Jesu, my Son.

How perfect Thy form!
How sweet is Thy mouth!
How golden Thine hair,
How beauteous Thy face!
My heartbeats are Thine,
Sleep, oh! sleep soon!

Son, still so youthful and fair,
Light of my heart!
Thou seemest too chill,
Come, hug tighter Thy Mother,
Her heart is so warm;
Sleep, my Son, sleep!

When shepherds came seeking
Their gifts to display,
They offered Thee all
With true love and devotion;
Sleep, ever sleep sweetly,
Jesus, my Son!

To flesh Thou dost turn
In pure love for sinners,
Yet man ungrateful and vile
His sins doth ignore,
With mockery bold and perverse,
Ungrateful remains.

But, Son of my love, heed it not!
Graceless man no tears may afford,
Thy Mother's fond pity doth mark
Thy deep, true abasement on earth;
She weeps when others no cause can perceive.
Sleep, calmly sleep!

Son beloved and revered,
Sleep, free from torment or fear;
In days soon to come
Thy sufferings draw nigh;
'Tis Thy lot to endure;
Sleep, Holy One, sleep!

Oh! torments and woes will be mine
Of martyrdom, all but the death,
What day Thy lips do proclaim:
'Mother, mine, my death is at hand.'
In anguish, I murmur a prayer,
Sleep, Innocent, sleep!

Friends thought so true and devoted,
My Son will desert Thee apace,
And grasp sordid gold

As the price of Thy life.
How wilt Thou it bear?
Sleep now, ever sleep!

Son holy, beloved, and true,
Know'st Thou the pains that await Thee
When Pilate's dark door Thou shalt cross?
Scourgings severe and uncounted
My soul foretells.
Sleep, loved One, sleep!

Son, most graceful and dear,
Then, most truly forsaken and lone;
When thorns a rough diadem make
As round Thy grand brow
They cluster and prick as a crown,
Sleep, lone One, sleep!

To Thy cost and my woe
Three nails shall transfix Thee;
Feet and hands so sacred and dear
To a hard cross must be strained,
What heartbreak will then be mine!
But, sleep, now sleep!

Why weepest Thou thus, my sweet Son?
Come, tell Thine own Mother the cause;
Let her hear the loved voice,
With Thy mouth do but speak,
Why dream of tears and deep sobs?
Sleep soundly, Son, sleep!

Let me weep and lament,
Sad and desolate must I behold
Others condemn Thee, my Son;
Powerless, helpless watch Thee expire;
My heart bursts with sorrow and wailing;
My Son dead, ah! dead!

Then, when Thou'rt dead,
They'll pierce Thy white side—
In pain and in grief I behold
The dread lance they employ;
But now, slumber on yet for a while,
Sleep, beloved Son, sleep!

O Son, so tenderly loved,
For Thee beats this heart;
Grant me that under my grief,
Closed be Thine eyelids and still!
This waiting is bitter to bear,
Sleep, Jesus, sleep!

Come, Holy Angels, come!
Sweet symphonies raise;
Sing Jesus to sleep
With your sweet songs!
And thou, Slumber, come, oh come!
Sleep, Jesu! my All! sleep!

Here comes sweet slumber at last
After tears have been shed;
His eyes are so weary,

They're closing apace,
Now my Son sleeps,
My God, yet my Son!

Now I watch Thee asleep,
I see those sweet eyes in repose,
But one dark day I shall watch
Those eyelids in death,
On a cross with agony fall!
Sleep now that my tears freely may flow."

PIEDMONTESE

## THE VIRGIN'S LULLABY

Sleep, oh sleep, dear Baby mine,
King Divine;
Sleep, my Child, in sleep recline;
Lullaby, mine Infant fair,
Heaven's King
All glittering,
Full of grace as lilies rare.

Close Thine eyelids, O my Treasure,
Loved past measure,
Of my soul, the Lord, the pleasure;
Lullaby, O regal Child,
On the hay
My joy I lay;
Love celestial, meek and mild.

Why dost weep, my Babe? alas!
Cold winds that pass
Vex, or is't the little ass?
Lullaby, O Paradise;
Of my heart
Though Saviour art;
On Thy face I press a kiss.

Wouldst Thou learn so speedily,
Pain to try,
To heave a sigh?
Sleep, for Thou shalt see the day
Of dire scath,
Of dreadful death,
To bitter scorn and shame a prey.

Rays now round Thy brow extend,
But in the end
A crown of cruel thorns shall bend.
Lullaby, O little one,
Gentle guest
Who for Thy rest
A manger hast, to lie upon.

Born in winter of the year,
Jesu dear,
As the lost world's prisoner.
Lullaby (for Thou art bound
Pain to know,
And want and woe),
Mid the cattle standing round.

Beauty mine, sleep peacefully;
Heaven's monarch! see,
With my veil I cover Thee.
Lullaby, my Spouse, my Lord,
Fairest Child,
Pure, undefiled,
Thou by all my soul adored.

Lo! the shepherd band draws nigh;
Horns they ply
Thee their Lord to glorify.
Lullaby, my soul's delight,
For Israel,
Faithless and fell,
Thee with cruel death would smite.

Now the milk suck from my breast,
Holiest, best,
Thy kind eyes thou openest.
Lullaby, the while I sing;
Holy Jesu
Now sleep anew
My mantle is Thy sheltering.

Sleep, sleep, Thou who dost heaven impart
My Lord Thou art;
Sleep, as I press Thee to my heart.
Poor the place where Thou dost lie,
Earth's loveliest!
Yet take Thy rest;
Sleep my Child, and lullaby.

ALSATIAN

## SLEEP, LITTLE DOVE

Sleep, little Dove, the sky's dark above,
The Virgin sang to her infant son;
My watch I'm keeping while Thou art sleeping;
Swiftly to heaven Thy dreams will run.
Sing, holy angels, your sweet lullabies,
Smiling and dreaming my little one lies.

This humble stable is charitable,
Off'ring a nest of which I've need;
Chill night's a danger, but in the manger
All in the hay no cold He'll heed.
Sing, holy angels, your sweet lullabies,
Smiling and dreaming my little one lies.

Darker 'tis growing, and the wind blowing,
Beats on the roof and bends each tree;
Naught need'st Thou fear, O Jesus, my Dear,
For, see, ox and ass are both near Thee.
Sing, holy angels, your sweet lullabies,
Smiling and dreaming my little one lies.

ENGLISH

## LOLLAI, LOLLAI, LITIL CHILD

Lollai, lollai, litil Child,
Whi wepis Thou so sore?
Nedes mostou wepe
Hit was iyarkid the yore

Ever to lib in sorrow
And sich and mourne evere,
As thine eldren did er this
Whil hi alwes were.
*Lollai, lollai, litil Child,*
*Child, lolai lullow*
*Into uncouth world*
*I commen so ertow.*

## BY-BY, LULLABY

*By-by, lullaby, by-by, lullaby,*
*Rocked I my child;*
*By-by, by-by, by-by, lullaby,*
*Rocked I my child.*
In a dream late as I lay,
Methought I heard a maiden say
And speak these words [so] mild:
"My little son, with Thee I play,
And come," she sang, "by, lullaby."
Thus rocked she her child.
*By-by, lullaby, by-by, lullaby,*
*Rocked I my child;*
*By-by.*

Then marvelled I right sore of this:
A maid to have a child ywis.
"By-by, lullaby."
Thus rocked she her child.
*By-by, lullaby, by-by, lullaby,*
*Rocked I my child;*
*By-by, by-by, by-by, lullaby,*
*Rocked I my child.*

## CAROL

I saw a sweet and seemly sight,
A blissful maid, a blossom bright,
That moaning made and mirth of mange,
A maiden mother, meek and mild,
In cradle keep a knavë child
That softly slept; she sat and sang,
"*Lullay, lullow, lully, lullay, lully, lully, lully, lully, lully,*
*Lullow, lully, lullay, baw, baw,*
*My Bairn, sleep softly now.*"

*Friar John Brackley of Norwich.*

## LULLAY! LULLAY! LYTEL CHILD

Lullay! lullay! lytel Child, myn owyn dere fode,
How xalt Thou sufferin be nayled on the rode.
So blyssid be the tyme!

Lullay! lullay! lytel Child, myn owyn dere smerte,
How xalt thou sufferin the scharp spere to Thi herte?
So blyssid be the tyme!

Lullay! lullay! lytel Child, I synge all for Thi sake,
Many on is the scharpe to Thi body is schape.
So blyssid be the tyme!

Lullay! lullay! lytel Child, fayre happis the befalle,
How xalt Thou sufferin to drynke ezyl and galle?
So blyssid be the tyme!

Lullay! lullay! lytel Child, I synge al beforn
How xalt Thou sufferin the scharpe garlong of thorn?
So blyssid be the tyme!

Lullay! lullay! lytel Child, gwy wepy Thou so sore,
Thou art bothin God and man, gwat woldyst Tou be more?
So blyssid be the tyme!

## A CAROL AT THE MANGER

*Lully, lulla, thow littell tiné Child;*
*By, by, lully, lullay, thow littell tyné Child;*
*By, by, lully, lullay.*

O, sisters too! how may we do,
For to preserve this day
This pore yongling, for whom we do singe
By, by, lully, lullay.

Herod, the King, in his raging,
Chargid he hath this day
His men of might, in his owne sight,
All yonge children to slay.

That wo is me, pore Child, for Thee,
And ever morne and say,
For Thi parting, nether say nor singe
By, by, lully, lullay.

## NATIVITY CAROL

O my deir hert, young Jesus sweit,
Prepare thy creddil in my spreit,
And I sall rock Thee in my hert,
And never mair from Thee depart.

But I sall praise Thee evermoir,
With sangis sweit unto Thy gloir;
The knees of my hert sall I bow,
And sing that richt *Balulalow!*

## THE MADONNA AND CHILD

This endris night
I saw a sight,
A star as bright as day;
And ever among
A maiden sung,
*Lullay, by-by, lullay.*

This lovely lady sat and sang, and to her child she said:

" My Son, my Brother, my Father dear, why liest Thou in hayd?
My sweet Bird,

Thus it is betide
Though Thou be king veray;
But, nevertheless,
I will not cease
To sing, *by-by, lullay.*"

The child then spake; in his talking He to His mother said:
"I bekid am king, in crib though I be laid;
For angels bright
Down to me light,
Thou knowest it is no nay,
And of that sight
Thou mayest be light
To sing, *by-by, lullay.*"

"Now, sweet Son, since Thou art king, why art Thou laid in stall?
Why not Thou ordain Thy bedding in some great kingès hall?
Methinketh it is right
That king or knight
Should be in good array;
And them among
It were no wrong
To sing, *by-by, lullay.*"

"Mary, mother, I am thy child, though I be laid in stall,
Lords and dukes shall worship me and so shall kingès all.

Ye shall well see
That kingès three
Shall come on the twelfth day;
For this behest
Give me thy breast
And sing, *by-by, lullay.*"

"Now tell me, sweet Son, I Thee pray, Thou art my love and dear,
How should I keep Thee to Thy pay and make Thee glad of cheer?
For all Thy will
I would fulfil
Thou weet'st full well in fay,
And for all this
I will thee kiss,
And sing, *by-by, lullay.*"

"My mother dear, when time it be, take thou me up aloft,
And set me upon thy knee and handle me full soft,
And in thy arm
Thou wilt me warm,
And keep me night and day;
And if I weep
And may not sleep
Thou sing, *by-by, lullay.*"

"Now, sweet Son, since it is so, all things are at Thy will,
I pray Thee grant to me a boon if it be right and skill,

That child or man,
That will or can,
Be merry upon my day;
To bliss them bring,
And I shall sing,
*Lullay, by-by, lullay.*"

## LULLABY CAROL

I saw a fair maiden sit and sing,
She lulled a little child, a sweet lording:
*Lullay, mine Liking, my dear Son, mine Sweeting,*
*Lullay, my dear Heart, mine own dear Darling.*

That very lord is He that made all things
Of all lords He is Lord [and] King of all kings.
*Lullay, mine Liking, my dear Son, mine Sweeting,*
*Lullay, my dear Heart, mine own dear Darling.*

There was mickle melody at that Childës birth,
All that were in heaven's bliss, they made mickle mirth.
*Lullay, mine Liking, my dear Son, mine Sweeting,*
*Lullay, my dear Heart, mine own dear Darling.*

Angels bright they sang that night and saiden
to that Child,
" Blessed be Thou, and so be she that is both
meek and mild."
*Lullay, mine Liking, my dear Son, mine*
*Sweeting,*
*Lullay, my dear Heart, mine own dear*
*Darling.*

Pray we now to that Child, and to His mother
dear,
Grant them His Blessing that now maken cheer.
*Lullay, mine Liking, my dear Son, mine*
*Sweeting,*
*Lullay, my dear Heart, mine own dear*
*Darling.*

## A DREAM CAROL

*" Ah, my dear Son," said Mary, " ah, my dear,*
*Kiss Thy mother, Jesu, with a laughing*
*cheer! "*

This endnes night I saw a sight
All in my sleep,
Mary, that May, she sang lullay
And sore did weep;
To keep, she sought, full fast about
Her Son from cold.
Joseph said, Wife, my joy, my life,
Say what ye would.

Nothing, my spouse, is in this house
Unto my pay;
My Son a king, that made all thing,
Lieth in hay.
*"Ah, my dear Son," said Mary, "ah, my dear,*
*Kiss Thy mother, Jesu, with a laughing cheer!"*

My mother dear, amend your cheer
And now be still;
Thus for to lie it is soothly
My Father's will.
Derision, great passion,
Infinitely,
As it is found many a wound
Suffer shall I;
On Calvary that is so high
There shall I be,
Man to restore, nailèd full sore
Upon a tree.
*"Ah, my dear Son," said Mary, "ah, my dear,*
*Kiss Thy mother, Jesu, with a laughing cheer!"*

## LULLAY, LULLAY

Lullay, lullay, Thou lytill Child,
Sleep and be well still;
The King of bliss Thy father is,
As it was his will.

The other night I saw a sight,
A mayd a cradle keep:
"Lullay," she sung, and said among,
"Lie still, my Child, and sleep."

"How should I sleep? I may not for weep,
So sore am I begone:
Sleep I would; I may not for cold,
And clothes have I none.

"For Adam's guilt mankind is spilt
And that me rueth sore;
For Adam and Eve here shall I live
Thirty winter and more."

## THE KING IN THE CRADLE

My sweet little Babie, what meanest Thou to cry?
Be still, my blesséd Babe, though cause Thou hast to mourn,
Whose blood, most innocent, to shed the cruel king hath sworn;
And lo, alas; behold what slaughter he doth make,
Shedding the blood of infants all, sweet Saviour, for Thy sake.
A King, a King is born, they say, which King this king would kill:
*O woe and woful heavy day when wretches have their will!*
*Lulla, la lulla, lulla, lullaby.*

Three kings this King of kings to see, are come
from far,
To each unknown, with offerings great, by guiding
of a star;
And shepherds heard the song, which angels bright
did sing,
Giving all glory unto God for coming of this King,
Which must be made away—King Herod would
Him kill;
*O woe and woful heavy day when wretches have
their will!*
*Lulla, la lulla, lulla, lullaby.*

Lo, lo, my little Babe, be still, lament no more;
From fury Thou shalt step aside, help have we
still in store;
We heavenly warning have, some other soil to
seek;
From death must fly the Lord of life, as lamb
both mild and meek;
Thus must my Babe obey the king that would
Him kill;
*O woe and woful heavy day when wretches have
their will!*
*Lulla, la lulla, lulla, lullaby.*

But Thou shalt live and reign, as sibyls hath fore-
said,
As all the prophets prophesy, whose mother, yet
a maid

And perfect virgin pure, with her breasts shall upbreed
Both God and man that all hath made, the Son of heavenly seed;
Whom caitives none can 'tray, whom tyrants none can kill:
*O joy and joyful happy day when wretches want their will!*
*Lulla, la lulla, lulla, lullaby.*

## GLORIA TIBI, DOMINE

There is a Child born of our blessed Virgin;
I heard a Maid lullaby to sing:
"Peace, my dear Child, of Thy weeping,
For Thou shalt be our Heavenly King."
Now sing we, and now sing we,
To the Gloria tibi, Domine.

"O Mother! O Mother! your wishes are nought;
It is not for Me such carols are wrought;
Such carols were never by woman thought
To the Gloria tibi, Domine."
Now sing we, etc.

"O my dear Son, why sayest Thou so?
Thou art my Son, I have no moe;
When Gabriel bespoke Thee, full of grace,
Thou needest not to tell me of this case."
Now sing we, etc.

"O, they will thrust, Mother, My head from
My hair,
With a crown of sharp thorns they Me will
not spare,
And with sharp spears My heart will tear,
To the Gloria tibi, Domine.
Now sing we, etc.

"O come you here, Mother, and you shall see
My hands and feet nailed to the rood tree,
And my feet, Mother, are fastened thereby,
A vile sight, Mother, for you to see."

Now sing we, and now sing we,
To the Gloria tibi, Domine,
And now sing we more or less,
And welcome be this merry Christmas.

## OUR BLESSED LADY'S LULLABY

Upon my lap my Sovereign sits
And sucks upon my breast;
Meanwhile His love sustains my life
And gives my body rest.
Sing, lullaby, my little boy!
Sing, lullaby, my life's joy!

When Thou hast taken Thy repast,
Repose, my Babe, on me!
So may Thy mother and Thy nurse
Thy cradle also be!
Sing, lullaby, my little boy!
Sing, lullaby, my life's joy!

I grieve, that duty doth not work
All that my wishing would;
Because I would not be to Thee
But in the best I should!
Sing, lullaby, my little boy!
Sing, lullaby, my life's joy!

Yet as I am, and as I may,
I must, and will, be Thine!
Though all too little for thyself
Vouchsafing to be mine.
Sing, lullaby, my little boy!
Sing, lullaby, my life's joy!

My wits, my words, my deeds, my thoughts,
And else what is in me,
I rather will not wish to use,
If not in serving Thee!
Sing, lullaby, my little boy!
Sing, lullaby, my life's joy!

My babe, my bliss, my child, my choice,
My fruit, my flower, and bud;
My Jesus, and my only joy!
The sum of all my good!
Sing, lullaby, my little boy!
Sing, lullaby, my life's joy!

My sweetness, and the sweetest most
That Heaven could Earth deliver!
Soul of my love, Spirit of my life,
Abide with me for ever!
Sing, lullaby, my little boy!
Sing, lullaby, my life's joy!

Live still with me, and be my Love!
And death will me refrain;
Unless Thou let me die with Thee,
To live with Thee again!
Sing, lullaby, my little boy!
Sing, lullaby, my life's joy!

Leave now to wail! thou luckless wight
That wrought'st thy race's woe!
Redress is found! and foilèd is
Thy fruit-alluring foe!
Sing, lullaby, my little boy!
Sing, lullaby, my life's joy!

The fruit of death, from Paradise
  Made thee, exilèd, mourn!
My fruit of life, to Paradise
  Makes joyful thy return!
    Sing, lullaby, my little boy!
    Sing, lullaby, my life's joy!

Grow up, good fruit! Be nourished by
  These fountains two of me!
That only flow with Maiden's milk,
  The only meat for Thee!
    Sing, lullaby, my little boy!
    Sing, lullaby, my life's joy!

The earth is now a heaven become!
  And this base bower of mine,
A princely Palace unto me,
  My son doth make it shine!
    Sing, lullaby, my little boy!
    Sing, lullaby, my life's joy!

His sight gives clearness to my sight,
  When waking I Him see!
And, sleeping, His mild countenance
  Gives favor unto me!
    Sing, lullaby, my little boy!
    Sing, lullaby, my life's joy!

When I Him in mine arms embrace;
  I feel my heart embraced!
E'en by the inward grace of His,
  Which He in me hath placed.
    Sing, lullaby, my little boy!
    Sing, lullaby, my life's joy!

And when I kiss His loving lips;
  Then His sweet-smelling breath
Doth yield a savor to my soul,
  That feeds Love, Hope, and Faith!
    Sing, lullaby, my little boy!
    Sing, lullaby, my life's joy!

The Shepherds left their keeping sheep,
  For joy to see my lamb!
How may I more rejoice to see
  Myself to be the dam!
    Sing, lullaby, my little boy!
    Sing, lullaby, my life's joy!

Three kings their treasures hither brought,
  Of incense, myrrh, and gold;
The Heaven's treasure, and the King,
  That here they might behold,
    Sing, lullaby, my little boy!
    Sing, lullaby, my life's joy!

One sort, an Angel did direct;
  A star did guide the other:
And all, the fairest son to see
  That ever had a mother!
    Sing, lullaby, my little boy!
    Sing, lullaby, my life's joy!

This sight I see! this child I have!
  This infant I embrace!
O, endless comfort of the earth;
  And Heaven's eternal grace!
    Sing, lullaby, my little boy!
    Sing, lullaby, my life's joy!

Thee, Sanctity herself doth serve!
  Thee, Goodness doth attend!
Thee, Blessedness doth wait upon;
  And Virtues all commend!
    Sing, lullaby, my little boy!
    Sing, lullaby, my life's joy!

Great Kings and Prophets wishèd have
  To see that I possess!
Yet wish I never Thee to see,
  If not in thankfulness!
    Sing, lullaby, my little boy!
    Sing, lullaby, my life's joy!

Let Heaven and Earth, and saints and men,
  Assistance give to me!
That all their most occurring aid
  Augment my thanks to Thee!
    Sing, lullaby, my little boy!
    Sing, lullaby, my life's joy!

And let th' ensuing blessèd race,
  Thou wilt succeeding raise,
Join all their praises unto mine,
  To multiply Thy praise!
    Sing, lullaby, my little boy!
    Sing, lullaby, my life's joy!

And take my service well in worth,
  And Joseph's here with me!
Who, of my husband bears the name,

Thy servant for to be!
Sing, lullaby, my little boy!
Sing, lullaby, my life's joy!

*Richard Rowlands.*

## WHISPERING PALMS

Holy angels and blest,
Through these palms as ye sweep,
Hold their branches at rest,
For my Babe is asleep.

And ye, Bethlehem palm-trees,
As stormy winds rush
In tempest and fury
Your angry noise hush;—
Move gently, move gently,
Restrain your wild sweep;
Hold your branches at rest—
My Babe is asleep.

*Lope de Vega.*

## SLEEP! HOLY BABE

Sleep, holy Babe, upon Thy mother's breast;
Great Lord of earth and sea and sky,
How sweet it is to see Thee lie
In such a place of rest.

Sleep, holy Babe; Thine Angels watch around,
All bending low with folded wings,
Before the incarnate King of kings,
In reverent awe profound.

Sleep, holy Babe; while I with Mary gaze
In joy upon that face a while,
Upon the loving infant smile
Which there divinely plays.

Sleep, holy Babe; ah! take Thy brief repose;
Too quickly will Thy slumbers break,
And Thou to lengthened pains awake,
That death alone shall close.

*Edward Caswall.*

## SLEEP, MY INFANT SAVIOUR

Sleep, my infant Saviour, on Thy lowly bed,
Mystic Star in splendor, shine above Thy head.

Sleep, while quiring angels, from the midnight sky,
Come with choral greeting, chant Thy lullaby.

Sleep, while faithful wise men 'round Thy manger meet,
Laying precious treasure at Thy kingly feet.

While Thy Maiden Mother, Rose and Lily, one,
Bends in adoration, o'er Thy cradle-throne.

Slumber, Holy Child, while men and angels sing,
Hail, Thou Son of Mary, Prophet, Priest and King.

*George T. Rider.*

## SWEET MARY LULLED HER BLESSED CHILD

Sweet Mary lulled her blessed Child
In manger lying lowly;
Full tender was her gaze and mild,
Her heart was pure and undefiled
And all her thoughts were holy.
She sang a song of slumber:

"Sleep, my Heart's Desire!
Lullaby, I sing;
Born in lowly byre,
Yet Saviour, Lord and King.

"The sages of a wondrous line
Have come and bow'd before Thee,
In eastern heav'n they saw the sign,
That mark'd Thee as the Child Divine,
And hasted to adore Thee.
Thine eyes were closed in slumber.
"Sleep, my Heart's Desire," etc.

"Yet while I look upon Thy face,
As Thou art calmly sleeping,
Across the coming years I trace,
Both gloom and glory, grief and grace,
Both sounds of joy and weeping,
Though Thou art wrapped in slumber."
"Sleep, my Heart's Desire," etc.

But Jesus in His lowly bed,
Lay dreaming dreams of gladness,
And Mary lifted up her head,
"The Father's will is best!" she said,
"He healeth all our sadness,
Thou smilest in Thy slumber."
"Sleep, my Heart's Desire," etc.

*H. E. Nichol.*

## THE VIRGIN MARY TO THE CHILD JESUS

*But see, the Virgin blest*
*Hath laid her babe to rest.*

*Milton.*

I

Sleep, sleep, mine Holy One!
My flesh, my Lord!—what name? I do not know
A name that seemeth not too high or low,
Too far from me or heaven.
My Jesus, that is best! that word being given
By the majestic angel whose command
Was softly as a man's beseeching said,
When I and all the earth appeared to stand
In the great overflow
Of light celestial from his wings and head.
Sleep, sleep, my saving One!

II

And art Thou come for saving, baby-browed
And speechless Being—art Thou come for saving?
The palm that grows beside our door is bowed

By treadings of the low wind from the south,
A restless shadow through the chamber waving:
Upon its bough a bird sings in the sun;
But Thou, with that close slumber on Thy mouth,
Dost seem of wind and sun already weary.
Art come for saving, O my weary One?

III

Perchance this sleep that shutteth out the dreary
Earth-sounds and motions, opens on Thy soul
High dreams on fire with God;
High songs that make the pathways where they roll
More bright than stars do theirs; and visions new
Of Thine eternal nature's old abode.
Suffer this mother's kiss,
Best thing that earthly is,
To glide the music and the glory through,
Nor narrow in Thy dream the broad upliftings
Of any seraph wing!
Thus, noiseless, thus. Sleep, sleep, my dreaming One!

IV

The slumber of His lips meseems to run
Through my lips to mine heart; to all its shiftings
Of sensual life, bringing contrariousness

In a great calm. I feel, I could lie down
As Moses did, and die,—and then live most.
I am 'ware of you, heavenly Presences,
That stand with your peculiar light unlost,
Each forehead with a high thought for a crown,
Unsunned i' the sunshine! I am 'ware. Ye
throw
No shade against the wall! How motionless
Ye round me with your living statuary,
While through your whiteness, in and out-
wardly,
Continual thoughts of God appear to go,
Like light's soul in itself! I bear, I bear
To look upon the dropt lids of your eyes,
Though their external shining testifies
To that beatitude within, which were
Enough to blast an eagle at his sun.
I fall not on my sad clay face before ye;
I look on His. I know
My spirit which dilateth with the woe
Of His mortality,
May well contain your glory.
Yea, drop your lids more low,
Ye are but fellow-worshippers with me!
Sleep, sleep, my worshipped One!

V

We sate among the stalls at Bethlehem.
The dumb kine from their fodder turning them,
Softened their hornèd faces
To almost human gazes
Toward the newly born.

The simple shepherds from the star-lit brooks
Brought visionary looks,
As yet in their astonied hearing rung
The strange, sweet angel-tongue.
The magi of the East, in sandals worn,
Knelt reverent, sweeping round,
With long pale beards, their gifts upon the ground,
The incense, myrrh and gold,
These baby hands were impotent to hold.
So, let all earthlies and celestials wait
Upon Thy royal state!
Sleep, sleep, my kingly One!

## VI

I am not proud—meek angels, ye invest
New meeknesses to hear such utterance rest
On mortal lips,—"I am not proud"—not proud!
Albeit in my flesh God sent His Son,
Albeit over Him my head is bowed
As others bow before Him, still mine heart
Bows lower than their knees. O centuries
That roll, in vision, your futurities
My future grave athwart,—
Whose murmurs seem to reach me while I keep
Watch o'er this sleep,—
Say of me as the heavenly said,—"Thou art
The blessedest of women!"—blessedest,

Not holiest, not noblest,—no high name,
Whose height misplaced may pierce me like a
shame,
When I sit meek in heaven!

VII

For me—for me—
God knows that I am feeble like the rest!—
I often wandered forth, more child than maiden,
Among the midnight hills of Galilee,
Whose summits looked heaven-laden;
Listening to silence as it seemed to be
God's voice, so soft yet strong—so fain to press
Upon my heart as heaven did on the height,
And waken up its shadows by a light,
And show its vileness by a holiness.
Then I knelt down most silent like the night,
Too self-renounced for fears,
Raising my small face to the boundless blue
Whose stars did mix and tremble in my tears.
God heard them falling after—with His dew.

VIII

So, seeing my corruption, can I see
This incorruptible now born of me—
This fair new Innocence no sun did chance
To shine on, (for even Adam was no child,)
Created from my nature all defiled,
This mystery from out mine ignorance—
Nor feel the blindness, stain, corruption, more
Than others do, or I did heretofore?—

Can hands wherein such burden pure has been,
Not open with the cry, " Unclean, unclean! "
More oft than any else beneath the skies?
  Ah King, ah Christ, ah Son!
The kine, the shepherds, the abased wise,
  Must all less lowly wait
  Than I, upon Thy state!—
  Sleep, sleep, my kingly One!

IX

Art Thou a King, then? Come, His universe,
  Come, crown me Him a King!
Pluck rays from all such stars as never fling
  Their light where fell a curse.
And make a crowning for this kingly brow!—
What is my word?—Each empyreal star
  Sits in a sphere afar
  In shining ambuscade:
  The child-brow, crowned by none,
  Keeps its unchildlike shade.
  Sleep, sleep, my crownless One!

X

Unchildlike shade!—no other babe doth wear
An aspect very sorrowful, as Thou.—
No small babe-smiles, my watching heart has
    seen,
To float like speech the speechless lips between;
No dovelike cooing in the golden air,

No quick, short joys of leaping babyhood.
Alas, our earthly good
In heaven thought evil, seems too good for Thee:
Yet, sleep, my weary One!

XI

And then the drear, sharp tongue of prophecy,
With the dread sense of things which shall be done,
Doth smite me inly, like a sword—a sword?—
(That "smites the Shepherd!") then I think aloud
The words "despised,"—"rejected,"—every word
Recoiling into darkness as I view
The darling on my knee.
Bright angels,—move not!—lest ye stir the cloud
Betwixt my soul and His futurity!
I must not die, with mother's work to do,
And could not live—and see.

XII

It is enough to bear
This image still and fair—
This holier in sleep,
Than a saint at prayer:
This aspect of a child
Who never sinned or smiled—

This presence in an infant's face:
This sadness most like love,
This love than love more deep,
This weakness like omnipotence,
It is so strong to move!
Awful is this watching place,
Awful what I see from hence—
A king, without regalia,
A God, without the thunder,
A child, without the heart for play;
Ay, a Creator rent asunder
From His first glory and cast away
On His own world, for me alone
To hold in hands created, crying—Son!

XIII

That tear fell not on Thee
Beloved, yet Thou stirrest in Thy slumber!
Thou, stirring not for glad sounds out of number
Which through the vibratory palm-trees run
From summer wind and bird,
So quickly hast Thou heard
A tear fall silently?—
Wak'st Thou, O loving One?

*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

## A LULLABY FOR CHRISTMAS

Sleep, Baby, sleep! The mother sings:
Heaven's angels kneel and fold their wings.
Sleep, Baby, sleep!

Sleep, Baby, sleep! The father cries:
Stars lean and worship from the skies.
Sleep, Baby, sleep!

With swathes of scented hay Thy bed
By Mary's hand at eve was spread.
Sleep, Baby, sleep!

At midnight came the shepherds, they
Whom angels wakened by the way.
Sleep, Baby, sleep!

And three kings from the East afar
Ere dawn came, guided by Thy star.
Sleep, Baby, sleep!

They brought Thee gifts of gold and gems,
Pure Orient pearls, rich diadems.
Sleep, Baby, sleep!

But Thou, who liest slumbering there,
Art King of kings, earth, stars, and air.
Sleep, Baby, sleep!

Sleep, Baby, sleep! The shepherds sing:
Through earth, through heaven, hosannas ring.
Sleep, Baby, sleep!

*John Addington Symonds.*

## MARY TO HER BABE

Sleep, O my little Babe, my Son, my King!
Within my arms I fold Thee tenderly;
While all around the birds in rapture sing
A silvery litany.

O mystery! on my heart I hold the world
That lies within the hollow of Thy hand.
Thy little hand, thus, like a roseleaf curled,
The vast creation planned.

It is the evening hour, the day is done—
How still Thou liest here upon my breast,
While Thy great servant, the illumining sun,
Glides to the waiting West.

Rest Thee, my Babe, the summer night is sweet;
Sweet is the lullaby the south wind sings;
I hear on the velvet grass about my feet
The sweep of Thy angels' wings.

*L. L. O'K.*

## LULLABY IN BETHLEHEM

There hath come an host to see Thee,
Baby dear,
Bearded men with eyes of flame
And lips of fear,
For the heavens, they say, have broken
Into blinding gulfs of glory,
And the Lord, they say, hath spoken
In a little, wondrous story,
Baby dear.

There have come three kings to greet Thee,
Baby dear,
Crowned with gold and clad in purple,
They draw near,

They have brought rare silks to bind Thee,
At Thy feet behold they spread them,
From their thrones they sprang to find
Thee,
And a blazing star hath led them,
Baby dear.

I have neither jade nor jasper,
Baby dear,
Thou art all my hope and glory,
And my fear,
Yet for all the gems that strew Thee,
And the kingly gowns that fold Thee,
Yea, though all the world should woo Thee,
Thou art mine—and fast I hold Thee,
Baby dear.

*H. H. Bashford.*

## THE VIRGIN'S LULLABY

Hush Thee, hush Thee, little Son,
Dearest and divinest One;
Thine are all the untamed herds
That upon the mountain go,
Thine are all the timid birds,
Thine the thunders and the snow.

Cry not so. Husho, my dear!
Thunder shall not come Thee near
While its roar shall frighten Thee.
Mother holds Thee safe and warm;
Thou shalt walk upon the sea
And cry "Peace" unto the storm.

MADONNA AND CHILD.

*From Painting by Giovanni Sassoferrato.*

Thou shalt take the souls of men
In Thine hand, as I a wren.
But not yet, not yet, my Son.
Thou art still a babe asleep;
All Thy glories are un-won,
All mine own Thou art to keep.

Some day I shall see Thee stand
King and Lord of every land.
Now I feed Thee at my breast,
And delight to feel Thee near.
Some day—Ah! this time is best.
Hush Thee, hush Thee, Babe most dear!

*Nora Hopper.*

## MARY'S MANGER-SONG

Sleep, my little Jesus,
  On Thy bed of hay,
While the shepherds homeward
  Journey on the way!
Mother is Thy shepherd,
  And will vigil keep;
Oh, did the angels wake Thee?
  Sleep, my Jesus, sleep!

Sleep, my little Jesus,
  While Thou art my own!
Ox and ass Thy neighbors,
  Shalt Thou have a throne?

Will they call me blessed?
  Shall I stand and weep?
Oh, be it far, Jehovah!
  Sleep, my Jesus, sleep!

Sleep, my little Jesus,
  Wonder-baby mine!
Well the singing angels
  Greet Thee as divine.
Through my heart, as heaven,
  Low the echoes sweep
Of glory to Jehovah!
  Sleep, my Jesus, sleep!

*William Channing Gannett.*

## CAROL

Mary, the mother, sits on the hill,
And cradles Child Jesu, that lies so still;
She cradles Child Jesu, that sleeps so sound,
And the little wind blows the song around.

The little wind blows the mother's words,
"Ei, Jesu, ei," like the song of birds;
"Ei, Jesu, ei," I heard it still,
As I lay asleep at the foot of the hill.

"Sleep, Babe, sleep, mother watch doth keep,
Ox shall not hurt Thee, nor ass, nor sheep;
Dew falls sweet from Thy Father's sky,
Sleep, Jesu, sleep! ei, Jesu, ei."

*Langdon E. Mitchell.*

## CAROL OF JESUS CHILD

"What danger, Mary,
Imaging,
To those infant cries
So quick dost spring?"

The lovely lady
She rocked His bed,
She laughed to herself
And, singing, said:

"Lullay, my love,
By-by, lullay,
I fear the darkness,
I fear the day;
A body so quaint
With heaviness
(By-by, lullay)
The air might press.
The ground such lightness
Beneath might rise,
And my flooring sweet
Throw in surprise.
Danger is waiting
By hearth and by way,
Lullay, my Love,
By-by, lullay."

"If soldiers bristled
In all the trees
And a tempest each morn
Were hid in the breeze:

No harm could threaten,
Nor hatred wrong,
The child who is kept
For sufferings long.
Who are born to sorrow
God guards well aye."

"Lullay, my Darling,
By-by, lullay."

*Francis Macnamara.*

## SLUMBER-SONGS OF THE MADONNA

### Prelude

*Dante saw the great white Rose*
*Half unclose;*
*Dante saw the golden bees*
*Gathering from its heart of gold*
*Sweets untold,*
*Love's most honeyed harmonies.*

*Dante saw the threefold bow*
*Strangely glow,*
*Saw the Rainbow Vision rise,*
*And the Flame that wore the crown*
*Bending down*
*O'er the flowers of Paradise.*

*Something yet remained, it seems;*
*In his dreams*
*Dante missed—as angels may*

*In their white and burning bliss—*
*Some small kiss*
*Mortals meet with every day.*

*Italy in splendor faints*
*'Neath her saints!*
*O, her great Madonnas, too,*
*Faces calm as any moon*
*Glows in June,*
*Hooded with the night's deep blue!*

*What remains? I pass and hear*
*Everywhere,*
*Ay, or see in silent eyes*
*Just the song she still would sing*
*Thus—a-swing*
*O'er the cradle where He lies.*

I

Sleep, little Baby, I love Thee;
Sleep, little King, I am bending above Thee!
How should I know what to sing
Here in my arms as I swing Thee to sleep?
Hushaby low,
Rockaby so,
Kings may have wonderful jewels to bring,
Mother has only a kiss for her King!
Why should my singing so make me to weep?
Only I know that I love Thee, I love Thee,
Love Thee, my little One, sleep.

II

Is it a dream? Ah yet, it seems
Not the same as other dreams!
I can but think that angels sang,
When Thou wast born, in the starry sky,
And that their golden harps out-rang
While the silver clouds went by!
The morning sun shuts out the stars,
Which are much loftier than the sun;
But, could we burst our prison-bars
And find the Light whence light begun,
The dreams that heralded Thy birth
Were truer than the truths of earth;
And, by that far immortal Gleam,
Soul of my soul, I still would dream!

A ring of light was round Thy head,
The great-eyed oxen nigh Thy bed
Their cold and innocent noses bowed!
Their sweet breath rose like an incense cloud
In the blurred and mystic lanthorn light.
About the middle of the night
The black door blazed like some great star
With a glory from afar,
Or like some mighty chrysolite
Wherein an angel stood with white
Blinding arrowy bladed wings
Before the throne of the King of kings;
And, through it, I could dimly see
A great steed tethered to a tree.

Then, with crimson gems aflame
Through the door the three kings came,
And the black Ethiop unrolled
The richly broidered cloth of gold,
And pourèd forth before Thee there
Gold and frankincense and myrrh!

III

See, what a wonderful smile! Does it mean
That my little one knows of my love?
Was it meant for an angel that passed unseen,
And smiled at us both from above?
Does it mean that He knows of the birds and the flowers
That are waiting to sweeten His childhood's hours,
And the tales I shall tell and the games He will play,
And the songs we shall sing and the prayers we shall pray
In His boyhood's May,
He and I, one day?

IV

For in the warm blue summer weather
We shall laugh and love together:
I shall watch my baby growing,
I shall guide His feet,
When the orange trees are blowing
And the winds are heavy and sweet!

When the orange orchards whiten
I shall see His great eyes brighten
To watch the long-legged camels going
Up the twisted street,
When the orange trees are blowing
And the winds are sweet.

*What does it mean? Indeed, it seems*
*A dream! Yet not like other dreams!*

We shall walk in pleasant vales,
Listening to the shepherd's song
I shall tell Him lovely tales
All day long:
He shall laugh while mother sings
Tales of fishermen and kings.
He shall see them come and go
O'er the wistful sea,
Where rosy oleanders blow
Round blue Lake Galilee,
Kings with fishers' ragged coats
And silver nets across their boats,
Dipping through the starry glow,
With crowns for Him and me!
Ah, no;
Crowns for Him, not me!

*Rockaby so! Indeed, it seems*
*A dream! Yet not like other dreams!*

V

Ah, see what a wonderful smile again!
Shall I hide it away in my heart,
To remember one day in a world of pain
When the years have torn us apart,
Little Babe,
When the years have torn us apart?

Sleep, my little One, sleep,
Child with the wonderful eyes,
Wild miraculous eyes,
Deep as the skies are deep!
What star-bright glory of tears
Waits in You now for the years
That shall bid You waken and weep?
Ah, in that day, could I kiss You to sleep
Then, little lips, little eyes,
Little lips that are lovely and wise,
Little lips that are dreadful and wise!

VI

Clenched little hands like crumpled roses
Dimpled and dear,
Feet like flowers that the dawn uncloses,
What do I fear?
Little hands, will you ever be clenched in anguish?
White little limbs, will you droop and languish?
Nay, what do I hear?
I hear a shouting, far away,
You shall ride on a kingly palm-strewn way
Some day!

But when You are crowned with a golden crown
And throned on a golden throne,
You'll forget the manger of Bethlehem town
And your mother that sits alone
Wondering whether the mighty King
Remembers a song she used to sing,
Long ago,
*"Rockaby so,*
*Kings may have wonderful jewels to bring,*
*Mother has only a kiss for her King!"* . . .

Ah, see what a wonderful smile, once more!
He opens His great dark eyes!
Little child, little King, nay, hush, it is o'er,
My fear of those deep twin skies,—
Little Child,
You are all too dreadful and wise!

VII

But now You are mine, all mine,
And Your feet can lie in my hand so small,
And Your tiny hands in my heart can twine,
And You cannot walk, so You never shall fall,
Or be pierced by the thorns beside the door,
Or the nails that lie upon Joseph's floor;
Through sun and rain, through shadow and shine
You are mine, all mine!

*Alfred Noyes.*

## A SONG OF MARY

Closely to my heart I hold thee,
O my blessèd Son!
Safe Thy mother's arms enfold thee,
—Sleep, my little One!

I will sing to Thee, my Treasure,
Songs so low and sweet,
Love I lay without a measure
At Thy tender feet.

All my soul is bowed with wonder
Whilst my watch I keep,
Thou hast cast its bonds asunder,
—Sleep, my Darling, sleep!

Soft, I'll sing Thee lullabies,
Jesu, Son and King!
Listening Spirits in the skies
Hear a mother sing!

O great Angels of the Father
Guard His holy Son!
In my woman's arms I gather
Close this little One!

*Agnes H. Begbie.*

## A LULLABY

See how the poppies nod,
Baby Boy, Baby Boy!
Saying "Good-night" to God,

Baby Boy, Baby Boy.
Nestle down, little King,
Night comes to everything,
Calling to sleep.

Close up those wondering eyes,
Baby Boy, Baby Boy,
Now all the daylight flies,
Baby Boy, Baby Boy.
Hush Thee, my little King!
Mother will softly sing
—Sing Thee to sleep.

Sucking Thy rosy thumb,
Baby Boy, Baby Boy,
Swiftly the fair dreams come,
Baby Boy, Baby Boy.
Hush Thee, my little King!
Dreamy bells dreaming ring
—Ring Thee to sleep.

Head with its golden crest,
Baby Boy, Baby Boy,
Close to my heart is prest,
Baby Boy, Baby Boy.
Hush Thee, my little King!
Gabriel holy bring
—Bring Thee sweet sleep.

Gift of my gracious Lord,
Baby Boy, Baby Boy.
Crown of my soul—and sword!

Baby Boy, Baby Boy.
Hush, hush, my King o' kings!
'Tis Thy blest mother sings
—Sings Thee to sleep.

Fears I will cast from me,
Baby Boy, Baby Boy,
Tears must not fall on Thee,
Baby Boy, Baby Boy.
Sleep, sleep, my King o' kings
Mary Thy mother sings
—Sings Thee to sleep.

*Agnes H. Begbie.*

## DE LI'L' JESUS-BABY

De li'l' Jesus-baby
Wuz cuddle' snug en fas'
Ag'in' de heaht o' Mary
Lak twigs o' sarsafras
Dat clusters in de mammy-tree
En feels de sun go pas'.

Mary-o'-Gawd wuz happy,
Full o' pra'r en res',
Wid li'l' Jesus-baby
A-layin' in 'is nes',
His purty hannies, des lak buds,
A-leanin' on 'er breas'.

En Mary prayed ter heab'n:
"O mighty Holy Ghos'!
You sont ter earth a Sabyer
Ter lead de headless hos'—
But firs' You let 'im come ter me
Whar I could lub 'im mos'."

En den she sung ter Jesus:
"Mah li'l' honey-rose,
Yer face am lak de sweettime
W'en win's f'om heab'n blows,
Wid kindlin' stars beneaf Yer lids
Lak lightnin's in er doze.

De road You gotter trabel
Am mighty ha'd ter climb,
Wid black folks stumblin' arter
Lak wo'ds dat los' deir rhyme;
But You am come ter lead 'em on
En sabe 'em fer all time."

De li'l' Jesus-baby
He listen w'ile she speak;
Den, He wuz sech a teeny-un,
So monst'us noo en weak,
He on'y twink a smile at her
En snuggle nex' 'er cheek.

*Louise Ayres Garnett.*

## THE VIRGIN'S SLUMBER SONG

Shoon-a-shoon,
I sing no psalm
  Little Man
Although I am
Out of David's
  House and Clann.
Shoon-a-shoon
I sing no psalm.

(Hush-a-hoo,
  Blowing of pine;
Hush-a-hoo,
  Lowing of kine:
Hush-a-hoo,
  Though even in sleep,
His ear can hear
  The shamrocks creep.)

Moons and moons
And suns galore,
  Match their gold
On Slumber's shore,
With Your glittering
  Eyes that hold,
Moons and moons
And suns galore.

(Hush-a-hoo,
  Oceans of earth;
Hush-a-hoo,
  Motions of mirth:

Hush-a-hoo
  Though over all,
His ear can hear
  The planets fall.)

O'er and o'er
And under all,
  Every star
Is now a ball,
For Your little
  Hands that are
O'er and o'er
And under all.

(Hush-a-hoo,
  Whirring of wings;
Hush-a-hoo,
  Stirring of strings:
Hush-a-hoo,
  Though in slumber deep,
His ear can hear
  My song of sleep.)

*Francis Carlin.*

## ST. BRIDE'S LULLABY

Oh, Baby Christ, so dear to me,
  Sang Bridget Bride,
How sweet Thou art,
My baby dear,
Heart of my heart.

Heavy her body was with Thee,
Mary, beloved of One in Three,
  Sang Bridget Bride.
Mary, who bore thee, little lad;
But light her heart was, light and glad,
With God's love clad.

Sit on my knee,
  Sang Bridget Bride.
Sit here,
O Baby dear,
Close to my heart, my heart;
For I Thy foster mother am,
My helpless Lamb!
O have no fear,
  Sang good St. Bride.

None, none,
No fear have I;
So let me cling
Close to Thy side,
Whilst Thou dost sing,
O Bridget Bride!
My Lord, my Prince, I sing;
My Baby dear, my King!
  Sang Bridget Bride.

*"Fiona Macleod"* (*William Sharp*).

## THE CHILD AND THE INFANT CHRIST

### LULLABY

*From the Spanish*

The baby child of Mary,
Now cradle He has none;
His father is a carpenter,
And he shall make Him one.

The lady good St. Anna,
The lord St. Joachim,
They rock the Baby's cradle,
That sleep may come to Him.

Then sleep thou too, my baby,
My little heart so dear;
The Virgin is beside thee,
The Son of God is near.

### A MOTHER'S EVENING HYMN

Sleep well, my dear, sleep safe and free;
The holy angels are with thee,
Who always see thy Father's face,
And never slumber nights nor days.

Thou liest in down, soft every way;
Thy Saviour lay in straw and hay;
Thy cradle is far better drest
Than the hard crib where He did rest.

God make thy mother's health increase,
To see thee grow in strength and grace,
In wisdom and humility,
As infant Jesus did for thee.

Sleep now, my dear, and take thy rest;
And if with riper years thou'rt blest,
Increase in wisdom, day and night,
Till thou attain'st th' eternal Light.

*Martin Luther.*
*Translated by John Christian Jacobi.*

## CRADLE HYMN

Away in a manger, no crib for a bed,
The little Lord Jesus laid down His sweet head.
The stars in the bright sky looked down where
He lay—
The little Lord Jesus asleep on the hay.

The cattle are lowing, the baby awakes,
But little Lord Jesus, no crying He makes.
I love Thee, Lord Jesus! look down from the sky,
And stay by my cradle till morning is nigh.

*Martin Luther.*

## A ROCKING HYMN

Sweet baby, sleep; what ails my dear;
What ails my darling thus to cry?
Be still, my child, and lend thine ear,

To hear me sing thy lullaby.
My pretty lamb, forbear to weep;
Be still, my dear; sweet baby, sleep.

Thou blessed soul, what canst thou fear?
What thing to thee can mischief do?
Thy God is now thy Father dear,
His holy Spouse thy mother too.
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe, sweet baby, sleep.

Though thy conception was in sin,
A sacred bathing thou hast had;
And though thy birth unclean hath been,
A blameless babe thou now art made.
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;
Be still, my dear; sweet baby, sleep.

Whilst thus thy lullaby I sing,
For thee great blessings ripening be;
Thine eldest brother is a King,
And hath a kingdom bought for thee.
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

Sweet baby, sleep and nothing fear,
For whosoever thee offends
By thy protector threaten'd are,
And God! and angels are thy friends.
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe, sweet baby, sleep.

When God with us was dwelling here,
In little babes He took delight;
Such innocents as thou, my dear!
Are ever precious in His sight.
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe, sweet baby, sleep.

A little infant once was He,
And strength in weakness then was laid
Upon His virgin mother's knee,
That power to thee might be convey'd.
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe, sweet baby, sleep.

In this thy frailty and thy need,
He friends and helpers doth prepare,
Which thee shall cherish, clothe, and feed;
For of thy weal they tender are.
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe, sweet baby, sleep.

The King of kings when He was born,
Had not so much for outward ease;
By Him such dressings were not worn,
Nor such-like swaddling clothes as these.
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe, sweet baby, sleep.

Within a manger lodged thy Lord!
Where oxen lay, and asses fed;
Warm rooms we do to thee afford,

An easy cradle or a bed.
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe, sweet baby, sleep.

The wants that He did then sustain,
Have purchased wealth, my babe, for thee;
And by His torments and His pain,
Thy rest and ease secured be.
My baby, then forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe, sweet baby, sleep.

Thou hast yet more to perfect this,
A promise and an earnest got,
Of gaining everlasting bliss,
Though thou, my babe, perceiv'st it not;
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe, sweet baby, sleep.

*George Wither.*

## A CRADLE HYMN

Hush! my dear, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed,
Heavenly blessings, without number,
Gently falling on thy head.

Sleep, my babe; thy food and raiment,
House and home, thy friends provide;
All without thy care or payment;
All thy wants are well supply'd.

How much better thou'rt attended
Than the Son of God could be,
When from heaven He descended,
And became a child like thee!

Soft and easy is thy cradle;
Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay;
When His birthplace was a stable,
And His softest bed was hay.

Blessèd babe! what glorious features—
Spotless fair, divinely bright!
Must He dwell with brutal creatures?
How could angels bear the sight?

Was there nothing but a manger
Cursèd sinners could afford,
To receive the heav'nly stranger?
Did they thus affront their Lord?

Soft, my child; I did not chide thee,
Though my song might sound too hard;
'Tis thy mother sits beside thee,
And her arms shall be thy guard.

Yet to read the shameful story,
How the Jews abus'd their King,
How they served the Lord of Glory,
Makes me angry while I sing.

See the kinder shepherds round Him,
Telling wonders from the sky,
Where they sought Him, there they found Him,
With His virgin mother by.

See the lovely babe a-dressing;
Lovely infant, how He smil'd!
When He wept, the mother's blessing
Sooth'd and hush'd the holy child.

Lo, He slumbers in His manger,
Where the hornèd oxen fed;
Peace, my darling, here's no danger,
Here's no ox a-near thy bed.

'Twas to save thee, child, from dying,
Save my dear from burning flame,
Bitter groans and endless crying,
That thy blest Redeemer came.

May'st thou live to know and fear Him,
Trust and love Him all thy days;
Then go dwell for ever near Him,
See His face, and sing His praise!

I could give thee thousand kisses,
Hoping what I most desire;
Not a mother's fondest wishes,
Can to greater joys aspire!

*Isaac Watts.*

## A CRADLE SONG

Sweet dreams, form a shade
O'er my lovely infant's head;—
Sweet dreams of pleasant streams
By happy, silent, moony beams.

Sweet sleep, with soft down
Weave thy brows an infant crown.
Sweet sleep, Angel mild,
Hover o'er my happy child.

Sweet smiles, in the night
Hover over my delight;—
Sweet smiles, mother's smiles,
All the livelong night beguiles.

Sweet moans, dovelike sighs,
Chase not slumber from thy eyes.
Sweet moans, sweeter smiles,
All the dovelike moans beguiles.

Sleep, sleep, happy child,
All creation slept and smil'd;
Sleep, sleep, happy sleep,
While o'er thee thy mother weep.

Sweet babe, in thy face
Holy image I can trace.
Sweet babe, once like thee,
Thy Maker lay, and wept for me,

Wept for me, for thee, for all,
When He was an infant small.
Thou His image ever see,
Heavenly face that smiles on thee,

Smiles on thee, on me, on all;
Who became an infant small.
Infant smiles are His own smiles;
Heaven and earth to peace beguiles.

*William Blake.*

## IN A LOW ROCKING-CHAIR

Heaven is a fine place, a fine place entirely,
Oh, like Killarney in rose-time 'twill be,
With Mary in a blue gown flowered like the meadow,
And little Christ as like a rose
As any rose you'd see.

Himself is high upon a throne, but Herself sits a-rocking
In a low rocking-chair, her Babe on her knee.
Sure, now he'd go to sleep at once, and Herself a-crooning,
And not lie with his eyes wide
The way you'd treat me!

Now fasten down your eyelids and get you gone a-sleeping,
And in a little heartbeat in Heaven you'll be,
And when I've bowed to Himself, and made Herself a curtsey,
And kissed the little rose o' Heaven,
Come back along to me.

*Helen Coale Crew.*

## LULLABY

Sleep, O my babe, not thine a manger
Where cradled lies thy helpless head;
No oxen low, dear little stranger,
And wondering stare above thy bed;

Thou needst not weep,
Ah, slumber deep,
For fond hearts wake while thou dost sleep,
And light as dews shed from the skies
Love shuts the violets of thine eyes;
Not in a stall
Love's kisses all
As soft as rose-leaves on thee fall.

*James B. Kenyon.*

## CRADLE-SONG

Madonna, Madonna,
Sat by the gray roadside,
Saint Joseph her beside,
And Our Lord at her breast;
Oh they were fain to rest,
Mary and Joseph and Jesus,
All by the gray roadside.

She said, Madonna Mary,
"I am hungry, Joseph, and weary,
All in the desert wide."
Then bent a tall palm-tree
Its branches low to her knee;
"Behold," the palm-tree said,
"My fruit that shall be your bread."
So were they satisfied,
Mary and Joseph and Jesus,
All by the gray roadside.

From Herod they were fled
Over the desert wide,
Mary and Joseph and Jesus,
In Egypt to abide:
Mary and Joseph and Jesus,
In Egypt to abide.

The blessèd Queen of Heaven
Her own dear Son hath given
For my son's sake; his sleep
Is safe and sweet and deep.

Lully . . . Lulley. . . .
So may you sleep alway,
My baby, my dear son:
Amen, Amen, Amen.
My baby, my dear son.

*Adelaide Crapsey.*

## A CHILD'S SONG OF CHRISTMAS

My counterpane is soft as silk,
My blankets white as creamy milk.
The hay was soft to Him, I know,
Our little Lord of long ago.

Above the roofs the pigeons fly
In silver wheels across the sky.
The stable-doves they cooed to them,
Mary and Christ in Bethlehem.

REST ON THE FLIGHT TO EGYPT.

*From Painting by Anton Van Dyck.*

Bright shines the sun across the drifts,
And bright upon my Christmas gifts.
They brought Him incense, myrrh, and gold,
Our little Lord who lived of old.

O, soft and clear our mother sings
Of Christmas joys and Christmas things.
God's holy angels sang to them,
Mary and Christ in Bethlehem.

Our hearts they hold all Christmas dear,
And earth seems sweet and heaven seems near,
O, heaven was in His sight, I know,
That little Child of long ago.

*Marjorie L. C. Pickthall.*

# CHRISTMAS LULLABIES

## THREE KINGS' SONG

The Magi came out of the Orient Land,
  Now rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, pretty babie!
They rode over rock and they rode over sand,
  Right *glad,* then, were those three.

And as they went riding, a Star went before,
  Now rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, pretty babie!
The form of a glorious Infant it bore,
  Right *glad,* then, were those three.

And when to Jerusalem city they came,
  Now rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, pretty babie!
They saw not the star with its glorious flame,
  How *sad,* then, were those three.

And as they were sitting at dinner one day,
  Now rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, pretty babie!
An angel of heaven appeared and did say,
  Right *glad,* then, were those three.

"Go, Magi, once more from the town to the wild,"
  Now rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, pretty babie!
"For Herod is seeking the life of the Child,"
  How *sad,* then, were those three.

But when from the city they hastened in fear,
Now rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, pretty babie!
The Star went before, shining brightly and clear,
Right *glad,* then, were those three.

They came to the stable at Bethlehem town,
Now rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, pretty babie!
They pour'd out their treasures, and lowly kneel'd down,
Right *glad,* then, were those three.

For there in the stable, enthroned on the knee,
Now rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, pretty babie!
Of Mary, the Virgin, Messiah they see,
Right *glad,* then, were those three.

*Translated by Sabine Baring-Gould.*

## A CHRISTMAS LULLABY

The restless clock is ticking out
The hours that go before the dawn,
And icy moonbeams dart about
The snow that shrouds the slumbering lawn,—
The lawn that Santa Claus must cross
Ere he shall reach my baby's cot,—
Ah! who shall measure Bertie's loss
Should Santa Claus come not!
Sleep, softly sleep, my pretty one;
I hear the neighing of the steeds,—
Good Santa Claus has just begun
His round of kindly deeds.

What has the little man for thee,
  My precious babe who slumb'rest there?
He brings, sweet one, a gift from me,
  A mother's love, a mother's care,—
A mother's care that shall not wane,
  While hands can toil or brain can think,
Until that day shall come again
  When thou shalt cross life's brink.
    Sleep, softly sleep, my pretty one;
      I hear the neighing of the steeds,—
    Good Santa Claus has just begun
      His round of kindly deeds.

He brings a cross, he brings a crown,
  And places them on either hand.
Upon the cross thou must not frown,
  For some day thou shalt understand,—
Shalt understand the preciousness
  That to the sombre cross pertains,
And thou wilt hold the crown far less
  Than of the cross the pains.
    Sleep, softly sleep, my pretty one;
      I hear the neighing of the steeds,—
    Good Santa Claus has just begun
      His round of kindly deeds.

He brings the greatest gift of all
  In bringing thee this Christmas Day:
The deathless love it doth recall
  Of Him who took thy sins away;

And when no more thy mother's care
Can guide thy footsteps, Baby Mine,
Thy steps shall be secured, each where,
By love of One divine.
Sleep, softly sleep, my pretty one;
I hear the neighing of the steeds,—
Good Santa Claus has just begun
His round of kindly deeds.

*Arthur Weir.*

## CHRISTMAS EVE

Oh hush thee, little Dear-my-Soul,
The evening shades are falling,—
Hush thee, my dear, dost thou not hear
The voice of the Master calling?

Deep lies the snow upon the earth,
But all the sky is ringing
With joyous song, and all night long
The stars shall dance with singing.

Oh hush thee, little Dear-my-Soul,
And close thine eyes in dreaming,
And angels fair shall lead thee where
The singing stars are beaming.

A Shepherd calls His little lambs,
And He longeth to caress them;
He bids them rest upon His breast,
That His tender love may bless them.

So hush thee, little Dear-my-Soul,
Whilst evening shades are falling,
And above the song of the heavenly throng
Thou shalt hear the Master calling.

*Eugene Field.*

## A MOTHER-SONG

Sleep, baby, sleep! The Christmas stars are shining,
Clear and bright the Christmas stars climb up the vaulted sky;
Low hangs the pale moon, in the west declining:
Sleep, baby, sleep, the Christmas morn is nigh!

Hush, baby, hush! For Earth her watch is keeping;
Watches and waits she the angels' song to hear;
Listening for the swift rush of their wings down-sweeping,
Joy and Peace proclaiming through the mid-night clear.

Dream, baby, dream! The far-off chimes are ringing;
Tenderly and solemnly the music soars and swells;
With soft reverberation the happy bells are swinging,
While each to each responsive the same sweet story tells!

Hark, baby, hark! Hear how the choral voices,
All jubilantly singing, take up the glad refrain,
"Unto you is born a Saviour,"—while heaven with earth rejoices,
And all its lofty battlements reëcho with the strain!

Wake, baby, wake! For, lo! in floods of glory
The Christmas Day advances over the hills of morn!
Wake, baby, wake! and smile to hear the story
How Christ, the Son of Mary, in Bethlehem was born!

*Julia C. R. Dorr.*

## GOOD-NIGHT

Good-night, good-night, the day is done;
Rock, rock the cradle, little one;
The lamp is low, and low the sun,
Good-night!

Good-night, good-night, the Christmas bough
Bends to the rocking wind, and thou
To mother's ditty noddest now,
Good-night!

Good-night, good-night, the holy day
Bring baby sweets, and sweets alway!
Rock, rock—then, tiptoe, steal away,
Good-night!

*Harrison S. Morris.*

## SONG OF THE DOVE

*From "The Home"*

There sitteth a dove, so white and fair,
All on the lily spray;
And she listeneth how to Jesus Christ,
The little children pray.

Lightly she spreads her friendly wings,
And to heaven's gate hath sped,
And unto the Father in heaven she bears
The prayers which the children said.

And back she comes from heaven's gate,
And brings—that dove so mild—
From the Father in heaven, who hears her speak,
A blessing for every child.

Then, children, lift up a pious prayer,
It hears whatever you say,
That heavenly dove, so white and fair,
That sits on the lily-spray.

*Fredrika Bremer.*
*Translated by Mary Howitt.*

From a Copley Print.
Copyright by Curtis & Cameron, Boston, Mass.

NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP.

*From Painting by Jessie Willcox Smith.*

## PRAYERS

I lay me down to rest me,
And pray the Lord to bless me.
If I should sleep no more to wake
I pray the Lord my soul to take.

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take.
And this I ask for Jesus' sake. *Amen.*

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep;
Thy love go with me all the night,
And wake me with the morning light.

## A CHILD'S PRAYER

Lord, teach a little child to pray,
  And oh, accept my prayer;
Thou canst hear all the words I say,
  For Thou art everywhere.

A little sparrow cannot fall
  Unnoticed, Lord, by Thee;
And though I am so young and small
  Thou dost take care of me.

Teach me to do whate'er is right,
  And when I sin, forgive;
And make it still my chief delight,
  To serve Thee while I live.

## A LITTLE HYMN

God is so good that He will hear,
  Whenever children humbly pray;
He always lends a gracious ear
  To what the youngest child can say.

His own most holy Book declares
  He loves good little children still;
And that He listens to their prayers,
  Just as a tender father will.

He will not scorn an infant tongue
  That thanks Him for His mercies given;
And when by babes His praise is sung,
  Their cheerful songs ascend to heaven.

*Ann or Jane Taylor.*

## AT EVENING

Another day is numbered with the past;
  Another night is given us for rest;
Father, my spirit at Thy feet I cast,
  Oh, gather it unto Thy loving breast.

Nightly Thou sendest rest to all the earth,
  Sendest a time for silence and returning;
O Father! teach me all the holy worth
  Of the still hours when Thy clear stars are
    burning.

## EVEN-SONG

*From the Polish*

The stars shine forth from the blue sky;
How great and wondrous is God's might;
Shine, stars, through all eternity,
His witness in the night.

O Lord, Thy tired children keep:
Keep us who know and feel Thy might;
Turn Thine eye on us as we sleep,
And give us all good-night.

Shine, stars, God's sentinels on high,
Proclaimers of His power and might;
May all things evil from us fly;
O stars, good-night, good-night!

## TO THE GUARDIAN ANGEL

*From the French*

Watch over me while I'm asleep,
And, as God bids you, vigil keep;
And every night above my head
Bend down, dear Angel, o'er the bed.
Have pity on my feebleness,
Walk by my side to guard and bless;
Talk to me all along the way,
And, while I hearken what you say,
Lest I should fall, help me to stand;
I pray you, Angel, hold my hand!

*Madame Tastu.*

## EVENING HYMN

God, that madest Earth and Heaven,
  Darkness and light!
Who the day for toil hast given,
  For rest the night;
May Thine Angel guards defend us,
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
  This livelong night!

*Reginald Heber.*

## EVENING HYMN FOR A CHILD

Another day its course hath run,
  And still, O God, Thy child is blest;
For Thou hast been by day my sun,
  And Thou wilt be by night my rest.

Sweet sleep descends, my eyes to close;
  And now, when all the world is still,
I give my body to repose,
  My spirit to my Father's will.

*John Pierpont.*

## A CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER

Ere on my bed my limbs I lay,
God grant me grace my prayers to say!
O God, preserve my mother dear
In strength and health for many a year.
And, O! preserve my father too,
And may I pay him reverence due;

And may I my best thoughts employ
To be my parents' hope and joy!
And O! preserve my brothers both
From evil doings and from sloth,
And may we always love each other,
Our friends, our father, and our mother!
And still, O Lord, to me impart
An innocent and grateful heart,
That after my last sleep I may
Awake to Thy eternal day! *Amen.*

*Samuel Taylor Coleridge.*

## EVENING HYMN

I hear no voice, I feel no touch,
I see no glory bright;
But yet I know that God is near,
In darkness as in light.

He watches ever by my side,
And hears my whispered prayer:
The Father for His little child
Both night and day doth care.

## A CHILD'S EVENING HYMN

Shepherd Jesus, in Thy arms
Let Thy little lamb repose,
Safe and free from all alarms
In the love the Shepherd shows;
May my slumber quiet be,
Angels watching over me!

Often mother dear has told
How the children Thou didst bless,
And I know that in Thy fold
All is joy and happiness:
May my slumber quiet be,
Angels watching over me!

Shepherd Jesus, make Thy child
Pure and gentle as the dew,
Keep my spirit undefiled
Waking, sleeping, kind and true:
May my slumber quiet be,
Angels watching over me!

*George Herbert Clarke.*

## THE TENDER SHEPHERD

Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me!
Bless Thy little lamb to-night!
Through the darkness be Thou near me,
Watch my sleep till morning light.

All this day Thy hand hath led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care;
Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed me,
Listen to my evening prayer.

Let my sins be all forgiven;
Bless the friends I love so well;
Take me, when I die, to heaven,
Happy, there, with Thee to dwell.

*Mary L. Duncan.*

## GENTLE JESUS, MEEK AND MILD

Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to Thee.

Fain I would to Thee be brought:
Dearest God, forbid it not;
Give me, dearest God, a place
In the kingdom of Thy grace.

Put Thy hands upon my head,
Let me in Thine arms be stayed;
Let me lean upon Thy breast,—
Lull me, lull me, Lord, to rest.

Hold me fast in Thy embrace,
Let me see Thy smiling face.
Give me, Lord, Thy blessing give;
Pray for me, and I shall live.

I shall live the simple life,
Free from sin's uneasy strife,
Sweetly ignorant of ill,
Innocent and happy still.

Oh that I may never know
What the wicked people do!
Sin is contrary to Thee.
Sin is the forbidden tree.

Keep me from the great offense,
Guard my helpless innocence;
Hide me, from all evil hide,
Self, and stubbornness, and pride.

Lamb of God, I look to Thee;
Thou shalt my example be;
Thou art gentle, meek and mild,
Thou wast once a little child.

Fain I would be as Thou art:
Give me Thy obedient heart.
Thou art pitiful and kind:
Let me have Thy loving mind.

Meek and lowly may I be:
Thou art all humility.
Let me to my betters bow:
Subject to Thy parents Thou.

Let me above all fulfill
God my heavenly Father's will;
Never His good Spirit grieve,
Only to His glory live.

Thou didst live to God alone,
Thou didst never seek Thine own;
Thou Thyself didst never please,
God was all Thy happiness.

Loving Jesu, gentle Lamb,
In Thy gracious hands I am;
Make me, Saviour, what Thou art;
Live Thyself within my heart!

I shall then show forth Thy praise;
Serve Thee all my happy days;
Then the world shall always see
Christ, the Holy Child, in me.

*Charles Wesley.*

## A CHILD'S PRAYER

God, make my life a little light
Within the world to glow;
A little flame that burneth bright,
Wherever I may go.

God, make my life a little flower
That giveth joy to all,
Content to bloom in native bower,
Although the place be small.

God, make my life a little song
That comforteth the sad;
That helpeth others to be strong,
And makes the singer glad.

God, make my life a little staff
Whereon the weak may rest,
That so what health and strength I have
May serve my neighbors best.

God, make my life a little hymn
Of tenderness and praise;
Of faith—that never waxeth dim,
In all His wondrous ways.

*Matilda B. Edwards.*

## EVENING HYMN

Now the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh,
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

Now the darkness gathers,
Stars begin to peep,
Birds, and beasts, and flowers
Soon will be asleep.

Jesu, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With Thy tenderest blessing
May our eyelids close.

Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep blue sea.

Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain;
Those who plan some evil,
From their sin restrain.

Through the long night-watches
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In Thy holy eyes.

Glory to the Father,
Glory to the Son,
And to Thee, Blest Spirit,
While all ages run.

*Sabine Baring-Gould.*

## AN EVENING HYMN

Lord, I have passed another day,
And come to thank Thee for Thy care;
Forgive my faults in work and play,
And listen to my evening prayer.

Thy favor gives me daily bread,
And friends, who all my wants supply;
And safely now I rest my head,
Preserved and guarded by Thine eye.

Look down in pity, and forgive
Whate'er I've said or done amiss;
And help me, every day I live,
To serve Thee better than on this.

Now, while I speak, be pleased to take
A helpless child beneath Thy care;
And condescend, for Jesus' sake,
To listen to my evening prayer.

*Ann or Jane Taylor.*

## THE SHEPHERD BOY'S SONG

He that is down needs fear no fall;
  He that is low no pride;
He that is humble ever shall
  Have God to be his Guide.

I am content with what I have,
  Little be it or much;
And, Lord, contentment still I crave,
  Because Thou savest such.

Fulness to such a burden is,
  That go on pilgrimage;
Here little, and hereafter bliss,
  Is best from age to age.

*John Bunyan.*

## THE GOOD SHEPHERD

Kind Shepherd, see, Thy little lamb
  Comes very tired to Thee;
O fold me in Thy loving arms,
  And smile on me.

I've wander'd from Thy fold to-day,
  And could not hear Thee call;
And O! I was not happy then,
  Nor glad at all.

I want, dear Saviour, to be good,
  And follow close to Thee,
Through flowery meads and pastures green
  And happy be.

Thou kind, good Shepherd, in Thy fold
I evermore would keep,
In morning's light or evening's shade,
And while I sleep.

But now, dear Jesus, let me lay
My head upon Thy breast;
I am too tired to tell Thee more,
Thou know'st the rest.

*H. P. Hawkins.*

## FATHER, HEAR THY CHILDREN

Father, hear Thy children,
When they cry to Thee,
Praying night and morning
At their mother's knee.

Saviour, ever pleading
For the human race,
Plead for little children
At the throne of grace.

Holy Spirit, filling
Human hearts with love,
Guide the little children
To their home above.

Father, Son, and Spirit,
Ever watch and keep,
Like a careful Shepherd,
These Thy little sheep.

*A. G.*

## A CHRISTMAS PRAYER

Loving looks the large-eyed cow,
Loving stares the long-eared ass
At Heaven's glory in the grass!
Child, with added human birth
Come to bring the child of earth
Glad repentance, tearful mirth,
And a seat beside the hearth
At the Father's knee—
Make us peaceful as thy cow;
Make us patient as thine ass;
Make us quiet as thou art now;
Make us strong as thou wilt be.
Make us always know and see
We are His, as well as thou.

*George MacDonald.*

## A PRAYER

Teach me, Father, how to go
Softly as the grasses grow;
Hush my soul to meet the shock
Of the wild world as a rock;
But my spirit, propt with power,
Make as simple as a flower.
Let the dry heart fill its cup,
Like a poppy looking up;
Let life lightly wear her crown,
Like a poppy looking down,
When its heart is filled with dew,
And its life begins anew.

THE INFANT SAMUEL.

*From Painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds.*

Teach me, Father, how to be
Kind and patient as a tree.
Joyfully the crickets croon
Under shady oak at noon;
Beetle, on his mission bent,
Tarries in that cooling tent.
Let me, also, cheer a spot,
Hidden field or garden grot—
Place where passing souls can rest
On the way and be their best.

*Edwin Markham.*

## A CHILD'S EVENING HYMN

O Lord, Who, when Thy cross was nigh,
Didst wake and pray as night went by,
Thy gentle sleep like dew once more
Upon my head I pray Thee pour.

One little heap of days for me
Is measured out by God's decree;
And one day from that little heap
Is gone as I lie down to sleep.

And I know not how soon the tale
Of my few days and short may fail;—
O God, whene'er!—for Thy dear Son,
Me, even me, have mercy on!

O strange, that as I kneel and pray,
He from His throne hears all I say!
—Give me but what for me is best:—
This is enough: Thou know'st the rest.

O sleepless Shepherd of the sheep,
Now fold me in, and bid me sleep:
From evil safe, and night's alarms,
Nursed in Thine everlasting arms.

*Francis Turner Palgrave.*

## GOING TO BED AT NIGHT

Receive my body, pretty bed;
Soft pillow, O receive my head,
And thanks, my parents kind,
For comforts you for me provide;
Your precepts still shall be my guide,
Your love I'll keep in mind.

My hours misspent this day I rue,
My good things done, how very few!
Forgive my faults, O Lord;
This night, if in Thy grace I rest,
To-morrow may I rise refreshed,
To keep Thy holy word.

*Adelaide O'Keeffe.*

## A LITTLE CHILD'S HYMN

Thou that once, on mother's knee,
Wert a little one like me,
When I wake or go to bed,
Lay Thy hands about my head;
Let me feel Thee very near,
Jesus Christ, our Saviour dear.

Be beside me in the light,
Close by me through all the night;
Make me gentle, kind, and true,
Do what mother bids me do;
Help and cheer me when I fret,
And forgive when I forget.

Once wert Thou in cradle laid,
Baby bright in manger-shade,
With the oxen and the cows,
And the lambs outside the house:
Now Thou art above the sky;
Canst Thou hear a baby cry?

Thou art nearer when we pray,
Since Thou art so far away;
Thou my little hymn wilt hear,
Jesus Christ, our Saviour dear,
Thou that once, on mother's knee,
Wert a little one like me.

*Francis Turner Palgrave.*

## "EX ORE INFANTIUM"

Little Jesus, wast Thou shy
Once, and just so small as I?
And what did it feel like to be
Out of Heaven, and just like me?
Didst Thou sometimes think of *there,*
And ask where all the angels were?
I should think that I would cry
For my house all made of sky;

I would look about the air,
And wonder where my angels were;
And at waking 'twould distress me—
Not an angel there to dress me!
Hadst Thou ever any toys,
Like us little girls and boys?
And didst Thou play in Heaven with all
The angels that were not too tall,
With stars for marbles? Did the things
Play *Can you see me?* through their wings?
And did Thy Mother let Thee spoil
Thy robes, with playing on *our* soil?
How nice to have them always new
In Heaven, because 'twas quite clean blue!
Didst Thou kneel at night to pray,
And didst Thou join Thy hands, this way?
And did they tire sometimes, being young,
And make the prayer seem very long?
And dost Thou like it best, that we
Should join our hands to pray to Thee?
I used to think, before I knew,
The prayer not said unless we do.
And did Thy Mother at the night
Kiss Thee, and fold the clothes in right?
And didst Thou feel quite good in bed,
Kissed, and sweet, and Thy prayers said?
Thou canst not have forgotten all
That it feels like to be small:
And Thou know'st I cannot pray
To Thee in my Father's way—
When Thou wast so little, say,

Couldst Thou talk Thy Father's way?—
So, a little Child come down
And hear a child's tongue like Thy own;
Take me by the hand and walk,
And listen to my baby-talk.
To Thy Father show my prayer
(He will look, Thou art so fair),
And say: "Lo, Father, I, Thy Son,
Bring the prayer of a little one."

And He will smile, that children's tongue
Has not changed since Thou wast young!

*Francis Thompson.*

## EVENING HYMN

Thou, from whom we never part;
  Thou, whose love is everywhere;
Thou, who seest every heart,—
  Listen to our evening prayer.

Father, fill our souls with love,—
  Love unfailing, full, and free;
Love no injury can move;
  Love that ever rests on thee.

Heavenly Father! through the night
  Keep us safe from every ill:
Cheerful as the morning light,
  May we wake to do Thy will.

*R. W.*

## AN EVENING PRAYER

Before I close my eyes in sleep,
  Lord, hear my evening prayer,
And deign a helpless child to keep
  With Thy protecting care.

Though young in years, I have been taught
  Thy name to love and fear,
Of Thee to think with solemn thought,
  Thy goodness to revere.

That goodness gives each simple flower
  Its scent and beauty too;
And feeds it in night's darkest hour
  With heaven's refreshing dew.

Nor will Thy mercy less delight
  The infant's God to be,
Who, through the darkness of the night,
  For safety trusts to Thee.

The little birds that sing all day
  In many a leafy wood,
By Thee are clothed in plumage gay,
  By Thee supplied with food.

And when at night they cease to sing,
  By Thee protected still,
Their young ones sleep beneath their wing,
  Secure from every ill.

Thus mayst Thou guard with gracious arm
The bed whereon I lie,
And keep a child from every harm
By Thine all-watchful eye.

For night and day to Thee are one;
The helpless are Thy care;
And, for the sake of Thy dear Son,
Thou hearest my childish prayer.

*Bernard Barton.*

## EVENING HYMN

Now the sun has passed away
With the golden light of day,
Now the little stars on high
Twinkle in the mighty sky,
Father merciful and mild,
Listen to Thy little child.

Loving Father, put away
All things wrong I've done to-day;
Make me gentle, true, and good;
Make me love Thee as I should;
Make me feel by day and night
I am ever in Thy sight.

Heavenly Father, hear my prayer;
Take Thy child into Thy care;
Let Thy angels good and bright
Watch around me through the night.

Keep me now, and, when I die,
Take me to the glorious sky:
Father merciful and mild,
Listen to Thy little child.

## A CHILD'S PRAYER AT EVENING

(*Domine, cui sunt Pleiades curae*)

Father, who keepest
  The stars in Thy care,
Me, too, Thy little one,
  Childish in prayer,
Keep, as Thou keepest
  The soft night through,
Thy long, white lilies
  Asleep in Thy dew.

*Charles G. D. Roberts.*

## THE CHILD'S DESIRE

I think, when I read that sweet story of old,
  When Jesus was here among men,
How He called little children as lambs to His fold,
  I should like to have been with Him then.
I wish that His hands had been placed on *my* head,
  That His arm had been thrown around *me,*
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,
  "Let the little ones come unto Me."

Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share of His love;
And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above;

In that beautiful place He is gone to prepare,
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

But thousands and thousands who wander and fall,
Never heard of that beautiful home;
I should like them to know there is room for them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come.

I long for the joy of that glorious time,
The sweetest, the brightest, the best,
When the dear little children of every clime
Shall crowd to His arms and be blest.

*Mrs. Luke.*

## GOOD-NIGHT PRAYER FOR A LITTLE CHILD

Father, unto Thee I pray,
Thou hast guarded me all day;
Safe I am while in Thy sight,
Safely let me sleep to-night.

Bless my friends, the whole world bless,
Help me to learn helpfulness;
Keep me ever in Thy sight:
So to all I say Good-night.

*Henry Johnstone.*

## AN EVENING HYMN FOR A LITTLE FAMILY

Now condescend, Almighty King,
To bless this little throng;
And kindly listen while we sing
Our pleasant evening song.

We come to own the power Divine
That watches o'er our days;
For this our feeble voices join
In hymns of cheerful praise.

Before Thy sacred footstool, see
We bend in humble prayer,
A happy little family,
To ask Thy tender care.

May we in safety sleep to-night,
From every danger free,
Because the darkness and the light
Are both alike to Thee.

*Ann or Jane Taylor.*

# NOTES

Page 1. " Bee baw babby lou " is probably a corruption of the French nurse's threat: " *He bas! la le loup!* " " Hush! there's the wolf." This rhyme and " Bee baw bunting " are both from " Gammer Gurton's Garland, or, The Nursery Parnassus; a Choice Collection of Pretty Songs and Verses for the Amusement of All Little Good Children Who Can Neither Read Nor Run." The original edition has been ascribed, but not with certainty, to 1760. According to Sir Harris Nicholas, it appeared in the year 1783, " one of the most prolific of Ritson's pen." It was a great favorite and was reprinted many times. It had a rival, however, in " Mother Goose's Melody," published by John Newbery about 1760. This collection is divided into two parts, the first of which contains " the most celebrated Songs and Lullabies of the old British Nurses, calculated to amuse Children and to excite them to Sleep." The title seems to have been derived from the French. The Mother Goose variant of " Bee baw babby lou " is

> Hush a by baby on the tree top,
> When the wind blows the cradle will rock,
> When the bough breaks the cradle will fall,
> Down tumbles baby, cradle and all.

The editor of the collection, believed to be Oliver Goldsmith, adds the pertinent reflection, " This may serve as a warning to the proud and ambitious, who climb so high that they generally fall at last."

A variant of " Bee baw bunting " is given in " The Only True Mother Goose Melodies," published in 1833 by Munroe & Francis, republished in 1905 by Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company:

Bye, baby bunting,
Father's gone a hunting,
Mother's gone a milking,
Sister's gone a silking,
And brother's gone to buy a skin,
To wrap the baby bunting in.

A more common version is the following:

Bye, baby bunting,
Daddy's gone a-hunting,
To get a little rabbit-skin,
To wrap his baby bunting in.

"Rock-a-bye, baby." Compare the two following lines from a French nursery rhyme as rendered into English by L. Edna Walter:

Papa is a knight, with armour so bright,
Mama is a queen, in her dresses of green.

"Hush thee, my baby." In English versions the first line generally reads: "Hush thee, my babby," and the last line, "And so, my dear babby, lie still." Another variant is as follows:

Hush-a-bye, baby, lie still with thy daddy,
Thy mammy has gone to the mill,
To get some wheat, to make some meat,
So pray, my dear baby, lie still.

In "The Only True Mother Goose Melodies," the third line is varied, "To get some meal to bake a cake."

Page 2. The little lullaby of Thomas Dekker is from "Patient Grissil."

Page 3. The Italian and Corsican rhymes are from an article on "Italian Cradle-Songs" by E. C. Vansittart, which appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine*. Very similar to the first is the following:

If mother but knew how,
In golden bands she'd swathe thee,
If mother but knew how,
In golden hose she'd clothe thee!

Page 4. The East Indian rhyme is from "The Life and Times of Mrs. Sherwood." This was the song sung to her baby boy by his native nurse. The words and the music became so familiar to Mrs. Sherwood that, in after years, she says, "I sang them to every little one who rested on my knee."

Additional hush rhymes will be found under the heading "Folk Lullabies" in other sections of the book.

Page 5. "Give me thy hand" is from the article by E. C. Vansittart. "Lullaby, Sweet Lullaby" is from "Essays in the Study of Folk-Songs" by the Countess Martinengo-Cesaresco. "The ever-marvellous baby is represented not only as the glory of its mother, but also as the light even of its most distant connections."

Pages 6–7. The Sicilian lullabies are from "Essays in the Study of Folk-Songs." In the first, Sleep acts the part of questioner. The second consists chiefly of blandishments but ends in a prayer. The third contains a reference to the "house women," who are supposed to inhabit every house in which a fire burns. If offended they revenge themselves on the children; but if they "are amiably disposed, they make the sleeping child smile, after the fashion of angels in other parts of the world." The original of "Lullaby, child of the Madonna" is in "Folk-Songs of Italy" by Rachel H. Busk.

Page 8. "Hush! lulla, lullaby" is from "Essays in the Study of Folk-Songs." The Greek rhyme is quoted in an article on lullabies by Laura A. Smith.

Page 9. "My baby is sleeping" is from "Chinese Mother Goose Rhymes," by Isaac T. Headland.

Page 11. "*Mo cheann ban beag*" is pronounced Mo chan bawn beg. The expression is used as a

term of endearment; but the literal meaning is "little white head." "*Mo mhuirnin ceann ban beag,*" pronounced Mavourneen kawn bawn beg, is "my darling little white or fair head."

Page 14. The authorship of this poem is uncertain. It has been attributed to Frank E. Holliday and also to S. B. McManus.

Page 15. Among the modern poems which dwell upon the baby's charms is the "Armenian Lullaby" of Eugene Field. Here the child is the mother's "mulberry one," her "golden sun," and her "own pomegranate blossom." See also the cradle songs of Blake and Swinburne on pages 26 and 27. The mother's song on page 69 also contains pretty endearments; and similar expressions illustrating motherly love and pride will be found in many other poems.

Page 18. The Sardinian lullaby is from "Essays in the Study of Folk-Songs." Its distinguishing feature is the interjection. As in the French folk lullaby, "Fais dodo," the singer is the little sister. Mr. Headland is the translator of the Chinese nursery rhyme.

Page 20. "Prince Lucifer" is a philosophic poem in dramatic form with its scene in a mountain valley of the Alps. This is the song which Eve, the shepherdess, sings to her baby.

Page 23. It is to be regretted that Paul Laurence Dunbar's lullaby, "Bedtime's Come Fu' Little Boys," could not be included here. It is a good example of the negro dialect poem and one of the best of the numerous lullabies written by Mr. Dunbar. Some of the others are, "The Sand-Man," "The Plantation Child's Lullaby," "The Fisher Child's Lullaby," and "The Farm Child's Lullaby." Another poem in the negro dialect, whose theme is the

child who has played all day and is "jes' tiahd out," is "Honey-Bug Baby" by Emma C. Dulaney. "Mr. Dream-Maker," by Samuel Minturn Peck, is also a lullaby for the child tired of play, in this case, for the "little lassie."

Page 26. The text is that of the Oxford edition of Blake's "Poetical Works." The other poems by Blake also follow this standard text which is edited by John Sampson.

Page 36. A negro dialect poem which is addressed to the sleeping child will be found in "Fifty Years, and Other Poems," by James Weldon Johnson. It is called "De Little Pickaninny's Gone to Sleep."

Page 37. Only the first stanza of this folk lullaby appears in "Gammer Gurton's Garland." The lines are as follows:

Danty baby diddy,
What can mammy do wid'e,
But sit in a lap,
An give 'un a pap,
Sing danty baby diddy.

Page 38. Most Roumanian lullabies begin and end with the slumber-suggesting word, "*nani-nani*." "Lullaby, my little one" is said to be a Gypsy song from the lips of a Tzigani mother. The second stanza contains a reference to the belief in enchantments and the efficacy of charms. The lullaby is also to be found in "Essays in the Study of Folk-Songs" with a slight variation in text.

Page 39. The Corsican lullaby is from "Essays in the Study of Folk-Songs." The author comments: "The whole genius of [the] people [of Corsica] seems to have passed [into this *ninna-nanna*]. The village *fêtes*, with dancing and music, the flocks and herds and sheep-dogs, even the mountains, stars, and

sea, and the perfumed air off the *macchi*, come back to the traveller in that island as he reads [the poem]."

Page 42. "*Bai-ush-ki-bayu.*" Literally, "clap hands;" really used as a lullaby expression.—*Translator's note.*

Page 43. "The Highland Balou." Stenhouse states that this is a "versification by Burns of a Gaelic nursery song, the literal import of which, as well as the air, were communicated to him by a Highland lady." Eugene Field's "Bambino" is akin in spirit. It is from a Sicilian folk-song and is an interesting example of this type. The lullaby is supposed to be sung by the grandmother and the boy is to become a mighty bandit and avenge the deadly wrong which had brought disaster to his race. The refrain "*ninna and anninia*" is similar to that of the Sardinian lullaby on page 18.

Page 44. *Dalta.* Foster-child. *Muim:* nurse.

Page 45. "*Cadul gu lo.*" Sleep on till day.

Page 46. "Hushaby, Darling." "Relics of an old Lochaber lullaby."

Page 47. A different translation of the "Cossack Cradle-Song" will be found in *Current Literature* for 1902. Compare also the Russian song on page 41.

Page 52. There is a pretty French folk-song which brings out this thought of the child's future:

> Little foot, little rosy foot,
> When thou comest to walk one day,
> Who knows what will be thy way?

The French original and an English translation will be found in "From Isles of the West," by Grace Warrack.

Page 55. The contrast between the joyous innocence of the child and the burdens and sorrows of

later life is also emphasized in the "Cradle Song" of Victor Hugo on page 32.

Page 59. James Whitcomb Riley's "Lullaby" in "Pipes o' Pan" is different in type; but the love of the mother which endures as long as life itself is the leading thought.

Page 60. From "Bards of the Gael and Gall." The original, which is supposed to be of great antiquity, is said to be from Bunting's "Ancient Music of Ireland."

Page 69. According to Mr. Sabine Baring-Gould, this is a West of England lullaby. "The fish in the well is a purely Celtic conception. It is the mystic fish that never dies."

Page 70. The Breton folk lullaby is included in "Studies in Folk-Song and Popular Poetry," by A. M. Williams. The following cradle song from Transylvania is similar in spirit:

*Nani-nani,* little treasure,
Sleep, dear angel, near thy mother,
For mother will rock thee,
And mother will clasp thee,
And mother will sing thee
*Nani-nani, nani-na.*

Page 71. "Drowsily hum," "Duru, duru," and "Hope of my heart," are literal translations by Miss E. C. Vansittart.

Page 81. "Hushaby" is from "The Mother's Nursery Songs," published in 1848. The object of this little book was "to aid mothers in attuning the voices of their infant offspring and inspiring them with the love of vocal music." The first section consists of lullabies for general use and for special occasions. One is for a child dangerously ill and another is for a fatherless child.

Page 83. "Lullaby," by Mrs. Follen, is from "Little Songs," published in 1856. It is sometimes attributed in collections to Jane Taylor.

Page 90. "Good-Night" is from "Rhymes for the Nursery," published in 1806. The poems are not allocated to their respective authors as in "Original Poems for Infant Minds"; but this lullaby is usually accredited to Jane Taylor. The practice, however, of attributing poems to Jane instead of to her sister seems to have become common at an early date; for in her "Autobiography," Ann Taylor, who became Mrs. Gilbert, remarks: "We were perhaps rather sought after as 'clever girls' . . . and of the two . . . I seemed to be generally accepted as the cleverest. The mistake has been rectified by the public since, and indeed, so as to swing a little beyond the mark, attributing to her many productions that are really mine. Publishers have frequently given a convenient wink, and announced 'by Jane Taylor,' when 'Ann Taylor' was the guilty person. Dear Jane never needed to steal, while I could not afford to lose."

Page 92. The libretto for "Erminie" is by Claxson Bellamy and Harry Paulton; the music is by Eduard Jakobowski.

Page 93. From "Irish Poems." The original is in Petrie's "Ancient Music of Ireland."

Page 100. The words have been spelled in the usual manner. The original is in the Dorset dialect.

Page 101. "Amantium Iræ" is from "The Paradyse of Dainty Devises," 1576.

Pages 105–106. The Sicilian and Venetian songs are from the article by Miss E. C. Vansittart.

Page 107. "Foolish Wide Eyes." Compare the following:

Néné, petite;
Sainte Marguerite,
Endormez moi mon enfant,
Jusqu' à l'âge de quinze ans.

The older folk-songs contain curious survivals of ancient customs and beliefs and it is claimed that the words *néné, nono, nenna, som-som,* found in the lullabies of southern France, are pagan invocations to sleep.

Page 108. Santa Maria. St. Marina, the Alexandrian martyr. This version is from "The Songs of Greece." A prose rendering is given in "Essays in the Study of Folk-Songs."

Page 109. This thought of the protection of the Heavenly Father is beautifully expressed by Norah M. Holland in her "Cradle Song":

> God, His watch above you keeping,
> Guard your sleeping.
> Husheen lo!
> Husheen lo!

This and other lullabies will be found in her "When Half Gods Go, and Other Poems."

Page 110. Attributed to Dr. H. H. Jessup of Beirut.

Page 113. Said to be a Roman folk-song. The translation is by Dr. Theo Baker.

Page 115. Lennavan-mo. My child.

Page 121. Irish Gaelic. See also Eugene Field's "Oh, Little Child" with its reference to "Mary mild," who kisses the face of the little one.

Page 123. The traditional Irish lullabies and the modern cradle songs by Irish writers are generally of great beauty; so it is not surprising to find Katharine Tynan, in her "Irish Harp," placing the mother's song of rest above the music of youth and of love:

> As drone of bees in the lily's blossom
> The song of sleep on the mother's bosom.
>
> Sweeter than songs of silver and gold
> The song of sleep in her tender hold.

Page 128. The idea of the watching angels is particularly widespread and numerous references to them will be found among the lullabies classed in other groups. Among the cradle songs not included in this collection which refer to the guardianship of angels is a Flemish song, beginning

Sleep, laddie, sleep,
May angels round you keep.

The English version with music is included in "Nursery Rhymes of Belgium, France and Russia," by L. Edna Walter.

Christina Rossetti says:

Angels at the foot,
And angels at the head,
And like a curly little lamb,
My pretty babe in bed.

Paul Laurence Dunbar, in his "Kiver up yo' haid, my little lady," refers to the angels who are "keepin' off de Bad Man in de night." References to the guardian angels and saints are also found in many prayers.

Page 129. "Lullaby and good-night." The German original, which has been set to music by Brahms, is as follows:

Guten Abend, gut' Nacht,
Mit Rosen bedacht,
Mit Näg'lein besteckt,
Schlupf unter die Deck':
Morgen früh, wenn Gott will,
Wirst du wieder geweckt.

Guten Abend, gut' Nacht,
Von Eng'lein bewacht,
Die Zeigen im Traum,
Dir Christ-kind-lein's Baum.
Schlaf' nun selig und süss,
Schau' im Traum s' Paradies.

Other translations are given, with music, in "Every Child's Folk Songs and Games," by Carolyn S. Bailey and in "The New Educational Music Course."

Page 130. The Moor, as the term is used in this Spanish folk-song, is a harmless sort of bogey who takes the place of the Scottish "wee Willie Winkie." These Spanish angels take flight if they see the baby weep; but in the German song they dry the child's tears. In the cradle song of Victor Hugo, it is the attendant angel who weeps, knowing all the future, and he kisses the child's hands with tears. In "Baloo, My Bairnie," the angel sings to the child.

Page 131. There are several English versions of this favorite German song. The translation of C. G. Leland commences:

> Sleep, little darling, an angel art thou!
> Sleep, while I'm brushing the flies from your brow.

This will be found in "Essays in the Study of Folk-Songs." Another well known version has the opening lines:

> Sleep, my heart's darling, in slumber repose;
> Let the fair lids those blue eyes now close.

The German text is as follows:

> Schlaf', Herzenssöhnchen! Mein Liebling bist du.
> Thue die blauen Guck-äugelein zu!
> Alles ist ruhig und still wie im Grab;
> Schlaf' nur ich wehre die Fliegen dir ab.
>
> Engel von Himmel so lieblich wie du,
> Schweben um's Bettchen und lächeln dir zu;
> Später zwar steigen sie auch noch herab,
> Aber sie trocknen nur Tränen dir ab.
>
> Jetzt noch, mein Söhnchen, ist goldene Zeit;
> Später, ach später ist's nimmer wie heut';
> Stellen erst Sorgen um's Lager sich her,
> Söhnchen, dann schläft sich's so ruhig nicht mehr.

Schlaf', Herzenssöhnchen! und kommt gleich die Nacht,
Sitzt doch die Mutter am Bettchen und wacht;
Sei es so spät auch und sei es so früh;
Mutter-lieb', Herzchen entschlummert doch nie!

Both this and the Bohemian cradle song on page 135 refer to the sorrows of life and to the mother's love and watchful care as well as to the angels who smile upon the child. In "As a Blossom Sweet and Rosy," the child's beaming face is attributed to a vision of his angel smiling through the open door of heaven.

Page 137. In this poem, and also in "Bye, Baby, Night Is Come," and in "Sleep, Robin, Sleep," the reference to the angels takes the form of a prayer. In Sidney Lanier's "Baby Charley," there is an invocation to the Sleep-Angel,

thronèd now
On the round glory of his brow.

Page 141. Referring to "The Angel's Whisper," the author says: "A superstition of great beauty prevails in Ireland that when a child smiles in its sleep it is talking with angels." The idea, however, seems to be prevalent elsewhere as well as in Ireland; and references to this belief will be found, not only in several other poems in this group, but also in the poem by Richard C. Trench, "To an Infant Sleeping," in Lachlan Macbean's "Hushaby, Darling," in Thomas Miller's "The Mother to Her Infant," and in other selections. In some lullabies the angel kisses the child. According to Eugene Field,

angels came and kisst the dearie smiling
In dreems while him hys moder ben beguiling
With "lolly, lolly, lollyby."

The idea that the baby's dreams are woven by the angel watchers is a pretty thought and another

pretty fancy is that the child is awakened by the kiss or the touch of the angel. In "Where Shall the Baby's Dimple Be?" by J. G. Holland, the dimple is represented as the impression of the angel's finger.

Page 149. "Bye, Baby, Birds Are Sleeping," and "Bye, Baby, Night Has Come" in "St. Nicholas Songs" are almost identical, although there are some variations in the text.

Page 153. An interesting Mexican lullaby included in "Little Light," by Ruth Gaines, refers to the holy voices singing and to blest Saint Anthony who "leaneth down in love."

Page 155. Nature analogies seem to rise spontaneously in the mind of the mother singing her child to rest and so the lullaby world is a land of animals and birds, of trees and flowers. So common are these comparisons that a large number of the poems grouped elsewhere might with equal appropriateness have been considered nature lullabies.

Page 157. The French song with its reference to the angel which passes at nightfall is as follows:

Il est tard, l'ange a passé,
Le jour a déja baissé;
Et l'on n' entend pour tout bruit
Que le ruisseau qui s'enfuit.
Endors toi,
Mon fils! c'est moi.
Il est tard et ton ami,
L'oiseau bleu, s'est endormi.

Page 161. A pretty "Slumber-Song," by James Whitcomb Riley, which personifies the twilight, may be found in his "Armazindy."

Page 163. One stanza has been omitted.

Page 167. In the well-known "Slumber-Song" of E. O. Cooke, the sun goes to bed like the king in a story, the wind sings to the rushes, and the katy-

dids call good-night. Each stanza begins with the familiar, "Hush, baby, hush!"

Page 171. "A Romany Lullaby." The "Gipsy Lullaby" of Lulu W. Mitchell, and the "Sierran Lullaby" of Marian Warner Wildman are similar in their interest. Both will be found in the *Century Magazine*.

Page 181. "An Old Gaelic Cradle Song." One of the best lullabies for use with children and one of the most popular. The text as given in different collections varies slightly. The third line of the second stanza is frequently printed, "Brother seeks the wandering sheep."

Page 183. Other good-night songs by Mrs. Richards are included in the volume entitled "In My Nursery."

Page 187. See also "Rock-a-bye," by Willoughby Weaving, in "Fifty New Poems for Children."

Page 191. A lullaby by Marie Van Vorst has the same title. It commences, "Over the crust of the hard white snow," and has the refrain, "And mother's voice is singing." The safety and warmth within the home are contrasted with the storm without, through which the father is supposed to be traveling. Aside from the word pictures, the children like this for its musical rhythm.

Page 195. For a study of Indian songs and their sources the reader is referred to "The Indians' Book," published by Harper and Brothers.

Page 205. With the lullabies for the different seasons of the year may be mentioned "A Summer-Night Song," by Maud Going, and "A Summer Lullaby," by Eudora Bumstead, both of which appeared in *St. Nicholas Magazine;* also two winter lullabies with music by Taubert which are included in "The New Educational Music Course." "A

Winter Lullaby," by Mrs. Miller, has been set to music by Professor Silas Pratt of Pittsburgh.

Page 207. "Sleep, baby, sleep." One of the most popular of all lullabies. This version has been attributed to Elizabeth Prentiss and to Caroline Southey. There are minor variations in the different collections in which it appears and the fourth and fifth stanzas are usually omitted for children. A different rendering is given in "Essays in the Study of Folk-Songs" and in this version another stanza is added:

Sleep, baby, sleep;
I'll give you then a sheep
With pretty bells, and you shall play
And frolic with him all the day:
Sleep, baby, sleep.

As the editor comments, the lullaby is a "truly Teutonic mixture of piety, wonder-lore, and homeliness."

Page 212. "Bed-Time Song." "Going to Sleep," by Emilie Poulsson, is similar in its interest. This has been set to music by Eleanor Smith and is included in their "Songs of a Little Child's Day." Many other lullabies not noted here will be found in the various collections of songs for children.

Page 219. Pokagon II was the hereditary chief of the Pottawatomies. This lullaby was found among his papers after his death and is supposed to have been written by him. It is a song of his own home. An-na-moosh and Zowan are the dogs, Na-ko-mis is the grandmother, and Nonnee is the child's little brother.

Page 222. *Leanbháin.* Pronounced lyan-a-wan. The English rendering is "White child."

Page 229. The "Slumber-Song" of Louis V. Ledoux is somewhat similar in theme.

Page 238. See also "The Flower's Cradle Song,"

by Lydia Avery Coonley, which is included with music in "Playtime Songs," by Alice C. D. Riley and Jessie L. Gaynor.

Page 241. Kipling's "Seal Lullaby" would seem to have a prescriptive right to a place with this group; but it is easily accessible in "The Jungle Book" and so is not reprinted here.

The "Dutch Slumber Song" of Viola Chittenden White and the "Cradle-Song" of Sarojini Naidu may also be considered nature lullabies and both are very lovely in expression.

Page 244. "O Sleep, O Sleep." One of Signor Dal Medico's *ninne-nanne* quoted by the Countess Martinengo-Cesaresco. "The comparison of the child's gradual falling asleep with the slow ignition of fresh-cut wood is the common property of all the populations whose ethnical centre of gravity lies in Venice."

Page 245. "Dreams! cheer the child." This version is from "The Songs of Greece; translated into English Verse," by C. B. Sheridan; but there are several other English translations. One under the title, "The North Wind and the Child" is included in "The Children's Garland of Verse," edited by Grace Rhys:

> "Gentle sleep, if you will take him,
> I will post three watchers round him."

Another rendering, beginning, "Sleep, carry off my son, o'er whom three sentinels do watch," is included in "Essays in the Study of Folk-Songs;" and Sir James Rennell Rodd in his "Customs and Lore of Modern Greece" provides still another version, the first line of which is: "Take him in charge, kind Sleep; three sentinels I'll give him." The Greek lullaby on page 304 also contains an invocation to

sleep. The Countess Martinengo-Cesaresco notes that the mothers of La Bresse, near Lyons, invoke sleep under the name of "le Souin-souin":

Le poupon voudrait bien domir;
Le Souin-souin ne veut pas venir;
Souin-souin, vené, vené, vené;
Souin-souin, vené, vené, donc!

"Mr. Dream-Maker," by Samuel Minturn Peck, is an example of a modern lullaby which begins with an invocation. This first appeared in *St. Nicholas Magazine*. Reference has previously been made to Sidney Lanier's invocation to the Sleep-Angel.

Page 249. This suggests "The Shut-Eye Train," by Eugene Field, with its refrain, "All aboard for Shut-Eye Town." Somewhat similar in character is "A Bed-Time Song," sometimes called "Shadow-Town Ferry," by Lilian Rice. In this case the rocking-chair becomes a ferry which leads to Shadow-Town. It always sails at the end of day and "a sleepy kiss is the only fare."

Page 253. See also "To a Grandmother," in "Chimneysmoke," by Christopher Morley.

Page 254. The following two stanzas from a nursery rhyme in "The Only True Mother Goose Melodies" easily suggest the monotonous rhythm of a rocking-chair:

Hey, my kitten, my kitten,
And hey my kitten, my deary,
Such a sweet pet as this
Was neither far nor neary.

Here we go up, up, up,
And here we go down, down, downy,
Here we go backward and forward,
And here we go round, round, roundy.

And this calls to mind "The Baby's Dance" in "Rhymes for the Nursery," by Ann and Jane Tay-

lor, which, though it is not a lullaby, may bear repeating here:

> Dance, little baby, dance up high:
> Never mind, baby, mother is by;
> Crow and caper, caper and crow,
> There, little baby, there you go;
> Up to the ceiling, down to the ground,
> Backwards and forwards, round and round:
> Then dance, little baby, and mother shall sing,
> While the gay merry coral goes ding, ding-a-ding, ding.

Page 262. There is also a children's song, entitled "The Dream Fairy," and beginning "A little fairy comes at night." The words are by Thomas Hood and the music by Lambert. See also the poems of fairies and enchantments, pages 321 to 336.

Page 271. In James B. Kenyon's "This is the Road to Sleepy-Town," there is a Sandman who

> waits with blinking eyes,
> Selling fresh dreams from Paradise.

And each stanza ends with the refrain:

> "Who buys, who buys,
> Fresh new dreams from Paradise?"

The conception of the "Dream Man" in the song by Rose Miles is similar. He is represented as coming from Sleepy Town with "fairy dreams all loaded down." In France it is an old woman, called La Dormette, who throws sand in children's eyes. Field's "Lady Button-Eyes" who comes,

> In ethereal raiment dight,
> From the realm of fay and sprite,

is another variation of the Sandman. Similar in character is the beautiful "Dream-One" who, in his "Nightfall in Dordrecht," comes to "button the eyes" while she softly sings, "Sleep, little tulip, sleep!"

Page 272. A German song called "The Little Dustman," with music by Brahms, will be found in "Every Child's Folk Songs and Games," by Carolyn S. Bailey, and also in "The New Educational Music Course." The latter collection contains also "The Dustman," by Mary Vaughan. This begins, "Sleep, the Dustman now is nigh."

Page 291. The idea of the children sailing away to Dreamland is found in many lullabies. "Wynken, Blynken and Nod," by Eugene Field, is one of the best known poems of this type and one that is greatly loved by the children. "The Slumber Boat," beginning, "Baby's boat the silver moon," is included in "Playtime Songs," by Alice C. D. Riley and Jessie L. Gaynor, and "Land o' Dreams," by Alice Allen and Louise Stickney, is another song of this type. Eben E. Rexford's "Ho, For Slumberland" may be remembered for its refrain of the boatmen: "For the Slumber Islands, ho!" In Norah M. Holland's "Bed-Time Song," the children, who are promised the Moon-Man for a playmate, float away in a golden boat; and in her "Lullaby," the galleys of Night bear them away, "out on a tide of dream and dew." This poem presents also a pleasing word picture of the sunset light and the coming of darkness. The image of the boat is varied somewhat in the familiar lullaby of Mrs. Cavazza, beginning, "Through Sleepy-Land doth a river flow." Here the little sheep, snow-white, are ferried over, one by one, by the boatman; and by the time twelve little sheep have been taken across to the flowery fields on the other side, the baby herself has gone with them to sleep. In Stevenson's "My Bed Is a Boat," the same thought is presented from the child's point of view.

Page 298. Readers of Joseph C. Lincoln's "Cape Cod Ballads" will recall his "Sunset-Land," "where

the cloud-hills rise in the western skies." The images of the Sandman and the boat are employed; and all the delights of Sugarplum Town are vividly depicted. Eugene Field's child who is rocked away to the garden of "Shut-Eye Town" finds a marvelous tree with fruit wondrously sweet; and "So, So, Rock-a-by So!" "The Fly-Away Horse," and others of his poems portray alluringly the enjoyments of the child's dream paradise. Frank Dempster Sherman's "Dreams," in his "Little-Folk Lyrics," also describes this realm of joys, and Stevenson's "The Land of Nod" will be remembered in this connection. Some of the lullabies included in other sections of this book also present pictures of the far-away lands of which children are supposed to dream at night. As these inducements, so delectably set forth, are in the nature of promises to persuade little folk to go to sleep, these lullabies have much in common with those on pages 300 to 311 in which various rewards are offered for infantile virtue.

Page 300. The following lullaby is quoted in an article on cradle songs which appeared in 1893. It is said to be American and to have been contributed by Bret Harte:

Hush, my baby, sleep my sweet,
Father's trying to sell his wheat.
Hush, little baby, don't you cry,
You'll be an alderman by and by.

Page 301. A note in *Folk-lore* for 1914 states that this Welsh rhyme is also common in Cambridgeshire, England. The second line is varied according to need, "Sleep like a gentleman," and four additional lines are given:

Father is the butcher,
Mother cooks the meat,
Johnnie rocks the cradle
While baby goes to sleep!

Page 302. The little French girl who watches her baby brother thinks of the goodies being prepared and the nice chocolate the father is brewing. The French text is as follows:

Fais dodo, Colas, mon p'tit frère,
Fais dodo, t'auras du lo-lo.
Maman est en haut
Qui fait du gâteau;
Papa est en bas
Qui fait du chocolat:
Fais dodo, Colas, mon p'tit frère,
Fais dodo, t'auras du lo-lo.

A variant of this is quoted in "Essays in the Study of Folk-Songs." The French text and a literal rendering in English are included in Widor's "Old Songs and Rounds for Children." This book has the merit of illustrations by Boutet de Monvel and the music is given. Another translation will be found in "Every Child's Folk Songs and Games," by Carolyn S. Bailey. The little sister is also the singer in a Filipino lullaby. In this case she promises to "buy tiny bananas." In another lullaby the mother is represented as gathering fruit to be sold. With the money she is to buy a little new shirt for the baby "and a hat with a tassel of gold." These and other lullabies may be found in Book One of the Philippine Literature series, published by the Macmillan Company.

Page 303. From "The Songs of Greece."

Page 305. "Sleep, my child." This version is from Mrs. Ayrton's "Child-Life in Japan;" but there are several other English renderings. The Japanese words and melody are included in "Cradle Songs of Many Nations," together with a translation, beginning, "Sleep, sleep on the floor, oh! be good and slumber." Another translation is given in "Essays in the Study of Folk-Songs." Japanese

words and music and a translation by A. V. R. Eastlake will be found in volume fifteen of *St. Nicholas Magazine*.

"O hushaby, baby!" A more familiar version is that beginning,

> Hush, baby dear, weep not awhile,
> And o'er thee shall such treasures smile,
> As did thy regal sires once own
> In the green land of Conn and Owen.

Page 309. "Sleep, baby, sleep!" The words and melody are in "Songs of the West."

Page 311. "Hush ye, hush ye." During the time of warfare between Scotland and England in the fourteenth century the name of Douglas became so terrible to the English that according to tradition the women used to frighten their children with it. As the story goes, at the taking of Castle Dangerous a soldier's wife was singing this song to her child when a voice beside her said, "You are not so sure of that," and looking round she saw the very Black Douglas that she had been singing about. A rhyme somewhat similar in its general import is reported from Wilts, England:

> Hush-a-bye, babby,
> The beggar sha'n't have 'ee,
> No more shall the maggoty pye;[1]
> The rook nor the raven
> Sha'n't car' thee to heaven,
> So hush-a-bye, babby, by-bye.

"Sleep, baby, sleep." The translation is by C. G. Leland.

Page 312. "The tree leaves are murmuring" was translated by Dr. Isaac T. Headland.

Page 315. The last stanza of "Willie Winkie"

[1] Magpie.

is often omitted, especially in collections intended for children:

> Weary is the mither that has a storie wean,
> A wee stumpie stoussie, that canna rin his lane,
> That has a battle aye wi' sleep before he'll close an ee;
> But a kiss frae aff his rosy lips gies strength anew to me.

Page 317. See also "The Boogah Man," by Paul Laurence Dunbar.

Page 323. The "Fairy Lullaby" is supposedly sung by a mother who was borne away to nurse a fairy's babe; she was snatched off her palfrey and now, from within the ramparts of a fairy fort (or old rath) she sees a woman washing at a stream. To her she appeals, whilst assiduously hushing the fairy-babe to sleep. She relates her story, and reveals how she may be delivered, whilst at the close of every stanza she sings the lullaby more loudly to avert suspicion from within the fort. . . . She implored quick relief for "fairy captives are redeemable within a year and a day, but after that they are lost for ever."—*Translator's note.*

Page 325. "The Fairy Nurse" is a traditional song, included by Alfred M. Williams in his "Poets and Poetry of Ireland." A girl is supposed to be led into the fairy fort of Lissoe, where she sees her little brother, who had died about a week before, laid in a rich cradle, and a young woman, singing as she rocks him to sleep.—*Translator's note.*

*Sleagh shie:* fairy host. *Keol-shie:* fairy music.

Page 329. "Peak and Puke." A poem, "The Changeling," by Norah M. Holland, deals with the same theme.

Among other lullabies of superstition and enchantment may be mentioned "Thou White Swan" which has been translated by Alex Carmichael and may be found in his "Carmina Gadelica." Accord-

ing to Highland belief, swans were supposed to be ill-used religious ladies under enchantment. Driven from their homes and forced to wander, they were accustomed to dwell where they were most kindly treated. As the story goes, a woman whose child was ill found a wounded swan on a frozen lake. Taking it home, she cared for it tenderly and, as the broken wing healed, the health of the child also improved. The lullaby was composed to show the mother's gratitude.

Page 330. Fairies also play a part in a number of Eugene Field's lullabies. Little Dear-my-Soul hears fairy voices calling, in another poem the fairy is promised a lump of sugar and a posie to bring back the "wee croodlin' doo," and in "Balow, My Bonnie," there are references to the fairies who come to dance on the baby's "slumbering een." Another modern lullaby, liked by children, is "Fairy Town," by Mary Carolyn Davies, which has the alluring refrain,

All the Fairy babies, so,
Off to Dreamland softly go.

This is one of the poems in her book of child verse, "A Little Freckled Person." See also the lullaby of Walter De la Mare in the fairy play, "Crossings," and the poems of dream fairies, pages 259 to 262.

Page 335. "Lully, lulley." Interesting use of the lullaby refrain. The Bleeding Knight represents Christ and the "May" is His mother. The falcon, Miss Rickert remarks, "is introduced apparently to suggest that the body of the poem is a vision." It is probable that the carol was inspired or suggested by the legend of the Holy Grail and it is supposed to date from the fifteenth century. The source is a reprint of the Early English Text Society where

it is included under the heading: "Ballads and Worldly Songs."

The Elizabethan "Lullaby" of George Gascoigne is also interesting for its allegorical use of the mother's cradle song. The lullaby, which is full of quaint conceits, begins:

> Sing lullabies, as women do,
> With which they charm their babes to rest;
> And lullaby can I sing too,
> As womanly as can the best.
> With lullaby they still the child,
> And if I be not much beguiled,
> Full many wanton babes have I
> Which must be still'd with lullaby.

Page 337. "Bye O my baby" is from "Gammer Gurton's Garland." "Lullabye, mine owne deere child" is from the ballad, "Child Waters." It is pleasing to know that in this case there is a happy ending:

> "Peace now," he said, "good Faire Ellen,
> And be of good cheere, I thee pray,
> And the bridall and the churching both,
> They shall bee upon one day."

The first stanza and the refrain of "O can ye sew cushions" are also printed:

> O can ye sew cushions? or can ye sew sheets?
> An' can ye sing ba-la-loo when the bairnie greets?
> An' hee an' ba, birdie, an' hee an' ba, lamb,
> An' hee an' ba, birdie, my bonnie wee man.
>
> Hee O, wee O, what'll I dae wi' ye?
> Black is the life that I lead wi' ye,
> Mony o' ye, little to gie ye,
> Hee O, wee O, what'll I dae wi' ye?

There are also variations in the text of the other stanzas.

Page 342. Translation of a lyrical fragment

which has been preserved through twenty-four centuries. Mr. Symonds calls it one of the most perfect pieces of pathetic poetry in any literature. According to the Greek story, King Acrisius had been warned by an oracle that he would be killed by the son of his daughter Danaë. And so "it came to pass that in time Danaë bore a son; so beautiful a babe that any but King Acrisius would have had pity on it. But he had no pity; for he took Danaë and her babe down to the sea-shore, and put them into a great chest and thrust them out to sea, for the winds and the waves to carry them whithersoever they would" (*Charles Kingsley*). This is the incident which Simonides took for the subject of his poem and he pictures Danaë afloat upon the waves at night, singing to her infant son. Another translation will be found in "The Greek Poets; an Anthology," by Nathan Haskell Dole, and there are other literal renderings. The other poems included here are in the nature of paraphrases of the lyric of Simonides or they have been inspired by it.

The story of Constance, told by the man of law, in Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales," contains a similar incident. The queen with her child is placed on board a ship, with only her faith for rudder and sail:

> Her litel child lay wepyng in hir arm,
> And knelynge, pitously to hym she seyde,
> "Pees, litel sone, I wol do thee noon harm!"
> With that hir coverchief of hir heed she breyde,
> And over hise litel eyen she it leyde,
> And in hir arm she lulleth it ful faste,
> And into hevene hire eyen up she caste.

Page 347. Compare with "O can ye sew cushions?" on page 337. Except for minor variations two of the stanzas are the same.

Page 348. From "The Arbor of Amorous Devises" and commonly accredited to Nicholas Breton;

but, according to Mr. Palgrave, it is "a stronger and finer piece of work than any known to be his."

Page 350. From Bishop Percy's "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry," but the spelling has been modernized. The editor notes that when sugar was first introduced into Europe it was considered a very great dainty and therefore the epithet, "sugred," was used by writers of the time to express extreme and delicate sweetness.

Page 359. Readers of Eugene Field will recall his "Jewish Lullaby" with its reference to the time

> Ere yet Judea's heart was wrung
> By centuries of woe.

Page 374. The following is another lullaby for the fatherless child:

> O my precious little gem,
> While I hold thee to my breast,
> May some heav'n inspiring dream
> Soothe thy spirit into rest.
>
> But thy mother's heart is riv'n,
> Bitter anguish she must feel;
> Nothing but the balm of heav'n
> Can her wounded spirit heal.
>
> Dark the night and dread the hour
> When thy father lay so low;
> When he felt the monster's pow'r,
> Who could tell thy mother's woe!
>
> But thou, image of his love,
> May'st in heav'n thy father see;
> Ere his spirit soar'd above
> 'Twas his latest prayer for thee.

Page 377. "His Lullaby." "Mammy's Lullaby," by Howard Weeden, is also for the motherless child. The song is supposed to be sung by an old negro mammy to the little one sobbing on her breast. It may be found in his "Bandanna Ballads."

Page 382. "The Last Lullaby," by Richard Wightman, is similar in theme. It begins "Little heart, a bird is flying."

In Eugene Field's thought the angels beguile the child with their singing and sometimes "beare him to ye garden that bloometh farre awaye." In his "Hushaby, Sweet My Own," the death angels rise out of the sea; and when they go back to "the misty deep" they carry "a little one fast asleep."

Page 388. "The Nipper's Lullaby." One of the songs of Albert Chevalier, the English comedian.

Page 394. Another lullaby for dolls is found in "Rhymes for the Nursery," by Ann and Jane Taylor. It is called "The Little Girl to Her Dolly:"

There, go to sleep, Dolly, in own mother's lap;
I've put on your night-gown and neat little cap;
So sleep, pretty baby, and shut up your eye,
Bye bye, little Dolly, lie still and bye bye.

I'll lay my clean handkerchief over your head,
And then make believe that my lap is your bed;
So hush, little dear, and be sure you don't cry:
Bye bye, little Dolly, lie still, and bye bye.

There, now it is morning, and time to get up,
And I'll crumb you a mess in my own china cup;
So wake, little baby, and open your eye,
For I think it's high time to have done with bye bye.

See also "Three Lullabies" on page 149.

Page 395. "A Cradle-Song of the Virgin." These lines from a German carol are similar in spirit:

Sleep, my Child; sleep, my Boy,
The pure Virgin mother sings.
Sleep, dear Heart; be quiet, little Treasure,
Tenderly says the father too.

Page 396. "The Virgin's Cradle-Hymn." The print mentioned was one of a series of twelve executed in the Netherlands and presenting a history

of the childhood of Christ. To each was appended an appropriate Latin verse. A description of these prints is given in "Legends of the Madonna," by Mrs. Jameson.

Page 397. The Latin original may be found in "Essays in the Study of Folk-Songs." The date is uncertain; but the custom of composing lullabies in the person of the Virgin Mary appears to have been common from an early period. The people in the early centuries of the Christian era undoubtedly accepted such songs in all good faith as the actual words of the Virgin herself.

Page 399. The difference in spirit between the Latin hymns and the Italian folk-songs and English carols, on which the shadow of the cross falls, is clearly evident.

The Sicilian lullaby was contributed by Carmelo Grassi to an Italian folk-lore review. "As the transcriber . . . truly says, it is a unique specimen blending the poetry of unselfish love, which weeps for others who cannot weep for themselves, with the dramatic mental forecast of the Mother who, watching the eyes of the Christ-Child close in natural, refreshing slumber, sees in this act of nature that day of gloom and agony foreshadowed when she will see those same loved eyes close on the cross." *E. C. Vansittart.*

Page 403. "The Virgin's Lullaby." "The sentiment of maternal love, as illustrated, as transfigured, in the love of the Virgin for her Divine child, furnished the great Italian painters with their master motive, whilst in his humble fashion the obscure folk-poet exemplifies the self-same thought." *Countess Martinengo-Cesaresco.*

Grace Warrack quotes a part of this folk lullaby, with a translation of her own, in her "Florilegio di

Canti Toscani." She notes that the song is widely spread; and says that the version she has used is in language Tuscan, though the little pamphlet from which it is taken states "that it is sung by the young girls of Lombardy; and elsewhere it is set down to Piemonte. (In a recent French book on the Folk Songs of Corsica it is quoted as a specimen.)"

The reference to the "cattle standing round" in the sixth stanza is a reminder of the old tradition that on the birthnight of Christ the ox and the ass acknowledged the Child and knelt in their stalls in adoration of the infant Saviour. It is also said that the breath of the animals brought the child to life, that under the influence of their warmth he opened his eyes and uttered his first cry. The following lines from a German carol have reference to this belief:

Come, my Child, look at the little bed
Which is prepared for Thee;
Come, my Boy, step in the manger,
Which is covered with hay;
Shut your eyes, cover your little hands,
For a keen wind is blowing outside;
Sleep, my Child, the ass
And the ox will give Thee warmth.

Jeremy Taylor in his "Festival Hymns" says:

But He hath other waiters now;
A poor cow,
An ox and mule stand and behold,
And wonder,
That a stable should enfold
Him that can thunder.

Page 405. Another lullaby of the Virgin, a lovely Tuscan folk-song with an English translation, is included in "Florilegio di Canti Toscani," by Grace Warrack. The English title is "Slumber-Song of the Blessed Mother." A traditional song from Sar-

dinia, "The Lullaby of the Fair Babe," is given in her "From Isles of the West." This has the refrain:

O Lord, my babe foretold,
Fairer than finest gold.

Page 406. The popularity of the legendary and religious carols in England may be inferred from their number and the many variants which exist. They grew up among the people and they have the spirit of ballad poetry. Some are lovely in thought and in expression, one of the most exquisite being the familiar,

He came all so still
  Where His mother was,
As dew in April
  That falleth on the grass.

. . . . . .

Mother and maiden
  Was never none but she;
Well may such a lady
  God's mother be.

All have the charm of quaintness. The carol lullaby is a special type which often takes the form of a narrative story relating incidents in the life of Christ. These carols were generally sung at the Christmas season until the Puritans came into power; but in 1647 it was decreed that the feast of the Nativity of Christ should no longer be observed. As a consequence of this prohibition they fell into disuse. Only a few typical carols are included here and some of these have been modernized in spelling. For a discussion of the history of carol literature and additional examples the reader is referred to the various special collections, some of which include music.

Page 408. "Carol." "The simplest of all the lullabies is probably the oldest. The MS. in which

it is found was said by T. Martin to be in the writing of John Brackley, friar minor of Norwich. . . . Although Brackley was still alive in 1461 a memorandum by John Whyte attributes the songs in the manuscript to the time of Richard II and Henry IV." *Edith Rickert.*

Mange: manger. Knavë child: a boy. Fode: nursling. Smerte: cause of grief. Ezyl: vinegar.

Page 409. "A Carol at the Manger." From the pageant of the shearmen and tailors, one of the Coventry mystery plays. It is reprinted in "Ludus Coventræ," edited by J. O. Halliwell, and is commonly known as the "Coventry Carol." Mr. Walter De la Mare introduces a lullaby with the refrain, "Lullaby, thou little tiny child," into his poem of "The Ogre." In his fairy play, "Crossings," there is a lullaby with the refrain, "Then sing, lully, lullay."

Page 410. "Nativity Carol." Two stanzas from "Ane Sang of the Birth of Christ" which is given in full in "Ancient English Christmas Carols," by Edith Rickert, and in "Christmas Carols," by William Sandys. The song is taken from "Ane Compendious Buik of Godlie Psalmes and Spirituall Sangis," published in 1621. Compare the two following stanzas from "Luther's Carol" as arranged by the Rev. Mr. Bramley in his "Christmas Carols:"

> Ah! Jesu, my heart's Treasure blest,
> Make Thee a clean, soft cradle-nest;
> And rest and dwell within my heart,
> That I from Thee may never part.
>
> So shall I evermore rejoice,
> And bounding sing, with heart and voice,
> A lullaby which Thou wilt own,
> The spirit's song of sweetest tone.

This is the carol which Luther wrote for his little

boy, Hans, when the child was five years old. In "Luther as a Hymnist," it is given the sub-title, "A Child's Song at Christmas Concerning the Little Child Jesus."

"The Madonna and Child." Three versions and the variants of a fourth are reprinted by the Early English Text Society in their "Songs, Carols, and Other Miscellaneous Poems." (Extra series, 101.) A modernized rendering by the Rev. H. R. Bramley is included in his "Christmas Carols." An additional stanza, given in one version, is thus modernized by Miss Rickert.

"My mother sheen, of heaven queen, your asking shall I speed,
So that the mirth displease me not, in words nor yet in deed,
Sing what ye will,
So that ye fulfill,
My ten commandments ay;
Ay you for to please,
Let them not cease
To sing, *by, baby, lullay.*"

The form of dialogue between the mother and the child is a common one.

Page 415. "Lullay, Lullay." Miss Warrack quotes from an Italian poem in which the child in response to the mother's question, "What dreamest Thou?" answers, "I dream how I for thee shall suffer death." Compare also:

One winter's night I saw a sight,
A maid an Infant keep;
And ever she sung, and said among,
"Lullay, my Child, and sleep.
I may not sleep, but I may weep,
I am so wo-begone;
For sleep I would, but I am cold,
And clothing have I none."

Methought I heard the Child answer'd,
And to His mother said,
"My mother dear, what do I here
In crib where I am laid?

Lo, I was born and laid before
The cattle, ox, and ass;
My mother mild, I am thy Child
But God my Father was.

"Mankind was spilt by Adam's guilt,
That sin it grieved Me sore;
O man, for thee here I shall be
For thirty years and more.
A spear so sharp shall pierce My heart
For deeds I never have done;
Father of grace, hide not Thy face,
Forsake Thou not Thy Son.

"No pity shall My soul befall,
But death shall course full sore;
First man! I wys, this death it is
For thee and many more."
Then let us sing to heaven's high King
And praise His wondrous love,
Since man to save, His Son He gave,
That we might reign above.

Page 416. "The King in the Cradle." From "Tenor Psalmes, Sonets, and Songs of Sadness and Pietie," by William Byrd of the Queenes Maiesties Royall Chappell," published in London in 1587. Byrd was probably responsible for the music only and the words may be older. Herod's cruel massacre is a common subject for the early carols.

Page 418. "Latin choruses to Godly Songs or Carols in the vernacular arose from the use of Latin prayers and chants in the churches in those days. Education, prior to the Reformation, being for the most part conducted at or under supervision of the monasteries, Monkish Latin was tolerably familiar to the people." *Joshua Sylvester, in his "Garland of Christmas Carols."*

Page 419. There is a Christ-Child lullaby in "Songs of the Hebrides" and Ethne's croon for the child Columba may be mentioned in this connection, for, although not addressed to the Infant Christ, it is similar in its spirit. The mother is crooning her

simple song when the child who is a day and a year old looks up into her face and adds a verse of his own.

Page 420. It is evident that "mediæval" and "modern" have not been used with their usual historical significance, nor has "modern" been used in the sense of contemporary or recent. Some of the carols included can be definitely assigned to the fifteenth century, others belong to the sixteenth, and some are from seventeenth century collections, although the words are probably older. They are alike, however, in spirit and general character; and it has not seemed desirable to separate them by period divisions. The poems of Richard Rowlands and Lope de Vega also represent the seventeenth century; but they do not belong to the folk type of literature and they have been used, therefore, to introduce the "modern" poems. This usage of terms is in accordance with Lewis Carroll's plan of making words mean what we want them to mean.

"Our Blessed Lady's Lullaby" was published in "Odes" in 1601, under the pseudonym of Richard Verstagen. An excerpt was included in a musical collection arranged by Martin Peerson in 1620 and these verses sometimes appear separately.

Page 449. This suggests the familiar Christmas hymn with its lullaby refrain varying with each stanza:

> Sleep, sleep, My Babe Divine,
> Sleep, God's Son, and mine.

Page 454. For another recent lullaby, addressed to the Christ-Child, see "Sleep, Baby Jesukin," in the mystery play, "When Half Gods Go," by Norah M. Holland.

Page 456. The lullabies in this group are ad-

dressed to the ordinary child, or they represent such a child as the speaker; but they all have reference to the infant Christ.

Page 457. The "Cradle Hymn" of Luther is especially notable for its child-like simplicity.

"A Rocking Hymn" is from "Haleluiah; or, Britan's Second Remembrancer," published in 1641. The "Hymn" has something of the lyrical quality of Wither's early verse when he was a cavalier and sang of love and light delights. Unfortunately in becoming a Puritan he seems to have lost much of his metrical skill and his later poetry is dogmatic in character and marred by the curious conceits in which the seventeenth century delighted. The lullaby is introduced with the quaint remark: "Nurses usually sing their children asleep, and through want of pertinent matter they oft make use of unprofitable, if not worse, songs; this was therefore prepared that it might help acquaint them and their nurse children with the loving care and kindness of their heavenly father."

Page 460. The familiar "Cradle Hymn" of Watts is from "Divine and Moral Songs," published in 1720.

Page 462. "It may be said that in [Blake's] mind childhood was largely resolvable into infancy, and that when he looked upon a babe, he saw life in its purest form, and that most suggestive of the divine, as in the exquisite cradle song, into which is woven the weeping of the child Jesus for all the human race." *H. E. Scudder.*

Page 464. This poem has been set to music by Louise Ayres Garnett. It has also been published under the title, "Come Back Along to Me," with music by Tod Galloway.

Page 467. Eleanor Farjeon's "Cradle-Song for

Christmas" may be mentioned as another modern lullaby on this theme.

Page 468. A song from French Flanders.

Page 475. The second couplet of "Now I lay me" is sometimes varied:

> In peace and safety till I wake,
> And this I ask for Jesus' sake.

The following prayer from a sampler is introduced in Miss Lamprey's "Days of the Colonists:"

> Lord, make me gentle, meek, and good,
> To mind my duty as I should;
> And so to order all my days
> That I may live unto Thy praise.

The guardian saints are invoked in the familiar:

> Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John,
> Guard the bed that I lay on!
> Four corners to my bed,
> Four angels round my head;
> One to watch, one to pray,
> And two to bear my soul away!

A variant of which is,

> Matthew, Mark, Luke, John,
> Bless the bed that I lye on,
> And blessed guardian angel keep
> Me safe from danger while I sleep.

Bishop Ken in the early eighteenth century writes,

> O may my Guardian while I sleep
> Close to my bed his vigils keep.

(" *Evening Hymn*," *text of 1709*)

And Walter De la Mare in the twentieth century:

> You Angels bright who me defend,
> Enshadow me with curvèd wing,
> And keep me in the darksome night
> Till dawn another day do bring.

This is from "The Child in the Story Goes to Bed," which ends in the prayer quoted. See also the Italian children's prayers in "Florilegio di Canti Toscani" and the chapter on "The White Paternoster" in "Essays in the Study of Folk-Songs."

Page 476. "A Little Hymn." The original title is "Encouragement for Little Children." One stanza has been omitted.

Page 480. "The Tender Shepherd" was published in "Rhymes for My Children," 1842, no copy of which has been available for comparison. There are variations in the lines as they appear in modern collections. The last line of the first stanza sometimes reads, "Keep me safe till morning light" and the first line of the second stanza is printed, "Through this day Thy hand hath led me," and the third line, "Thou hast warmed me, clothed and fed me."

Page 484. Written in 1865 and printed in the *Church Times* the same year.

Page 487. "Father, Hear Thy Children," is from *Aunt Judy's Magazine*. The author is probably some member of the Gatty family.

# INDEX OF AUTHORS


PAGE

Abbott, Edgar W. . . 249
Abbott, Samuel . . . 63
Aiken, A. Holcombe . . 256
Aldrich, Thomas Bailey 10, 233
Allen, Willis Boyd . . 185
Alma Tadema, Laurence 67, 203, 224, 228
Anderson, Alexander 65, 312
Austin, Alfred . . . . 20
Ayrton, Mrs. M. C. . . 305
Bacon, Josephine Daskam 229
Baring-Gould, Sabine 468, 484
Barker, Edward D. . . 240
Barker, T. T. . . . . 364
Barnes, William . . . 100
Barton, Bernard . . . 494
Bashford, H. H. . . . 437
Bates, Katharine Lee . 259
Begbie, Agnes H. . 395, 449
Bennett, William Cox . 21
Blake, William . . . 26, 159, 299, 462
Bowen, Mary M. . . . 114
Boyle, Virginia Frazer . 227
Brackley, John, Friar . 408
Bramley, H. R. . . . 395
Bremer, Fredrika . . . 474
Breton, Nicholas . . . 348
Brine, Mary Dow . . . 248
Brininstool, E. A. . . 178, 281
Brooke, Caris . . . . 225
Brooks, Fred Emerson 80, 149
Brown, Kate Louise . . 205
Browning, Elizabeth Barrett . . . . . 30, 428
Bryan, Claude . . . . 51
Buck, Richard Henry . 316
Bunyan, John . . . . 486
Burdette, Robert J. . . 54
Burns, Robert . . . . 43
Butts, Mary F. . . . 255
Bynner, Witter . . . . 290

PAGE

Camp, Pauline Frances 172, 202
Campbell, Wilfred . . . 201
Carbery, Ethna . . . 315
Carlin, Francis . . . 176, 453
Carman, C. Kathleen . . 161
Carter, Mrs. Ann Augusta . . . . . 209, 253
Cary, Alice . . . . . 193
Caswall, Edward . . . 425
Chadwick, John White . 268
Clark, James Gowdy . 147, 361
Clarke, George Herbert . 479
Clough, Arthur Hugh . 28
Coates, Elmer Ruán . . 268
Coates, Florence Earle 74, 258
Cocke, Zitella . . . . 124
Coleridge, Hartley . . . 109
Coleridge, Samuel Taylor . . . . . 396, 478
Coleridge, Sara . . . . 353
Coll, J. A. . . . . 196
Colum, Padraic . . . . 123
Comstock, Sarah . . . 192
Cone, Helen Gray . . 234
Conkling, Grace Hazard . 230
Cooper, George . . 265, 281
Crapsey, Adelaide . . . 465
Crew, Helen Coale . . 464
Cunningham, Alice Hathaway . . . . . 9

Daly, T. A. . . . . 267
D'Arcy, Hal . . . . . 327
Dare, Shirley . . . . 255
Davidson, Thomas . . 345
Davies, William H. . . 379
Davis, Fannie Stearns . 221
De Charms, Edith . . 171
Dekker, Thomas . . . 2, 19
De la Mare, Walter 162, 175, 329, 332

Dobell, Sydney . . . 72, 289, 355, 374
Dodge, Mary Mapes . 149
Dorr, Julia C. R. . . . 472
Duncan, Mary L. . . . 480
Edwardes, Richard . . 101
Edwards, H. S. . . . 23
Edwards, Matilda B. . 483
Elson, Louis C. . . . 391
Ewing, Juliana Horatia . 392
Ferguson, James . . . 276
Field, Eugene . . . 168, 191, 275, 471
Foley, F. W. . . . . 216
Follen, Eliza Lee . . . 83
Fransen, Natanaël . . 52
Franz, Willis Walton . 79
Furlong, Alice . . . . 326
G., A. . . . . 487
Gall, Richard . . . . 10
Gannett, William Channing . . . . . 439
Garnett, Louise Ayres . 164, 284, 451
Gielow, Martha S. . . 370
Gilder, Richard Watson . 56
Gillilan, Strickland W. . 241
Glasgow, G. R. . . . 366
Going, Charles Buxton . 224
Graves, Alfred Perceval 93, 140, 287
Greene, Robert . . . 352
Gregan, Paul . . . . 143
Hardy, Arthur Sherburne 122
Harrison, Virginia Bioren 116
Hastings, Thomas 81, 133, 134
Hawkins, H. P. . . . 486
Healy, Robert . . . . 377
Heber, Reginald . . . 478
Higginson, Ella . . 123, 383
Hill, George . . . . . 166
Hoffman von Fallersleben 236
Hogg, James . . . . 379
Holland, Josiah Gilbert 16, 138, 173, 247
Hood, Thomas . . . . 385
Hopper, Nora . . . 280, 438
Housman, Laurence . . 258
Howitt, Mary . . . . 474
Hueffer, Ford M. . . . 217
Hughes, John Ceiriog . 158
Hugo, Victor . . . . 32
Hull, Eleanor . . . . 324
Ingelow, Jean . . . . 89
Jacobs-Bond, Carrie . . 252
Jannaris, A. N. . . . 304
Johnson, E. Pauline . . 211
Johnson, James Weldon 99
Johnstone, Henry . . . 497
Jones, I. L. . . . . 77
Jordan, Charlotte Brewster . . . . . 235
Kenyon, James B. . 83, 189, 292, 464
Keynton, John . . . . 283
Kilmer, Joyce . . . . 331
Lamprey, Louise . . . 321
Lang, Andrew . . . . 344
Larcom, Lucy . . . . 187
La T., M. . . . . 182
Lazarus, Emma . . . . 57
Leamy, Edmund S. . . 146
Le Gallienne, Richard . 222
Leigh, Henry S. . . . 310
Lermontoff, M. Y. . . 47
Leslie, Shane . . . . 369
Lewin, Lionel H. . . . 233
Lindsay, Lady . . . 45, 254
Litchfield, Addie . . . 238
Lope de Vega . . . . 425
Lover, Samuel . . . 85, 141
Luke, Mrs. . . . . 496
Luther, Martin . . . 456, 457
Macbean, Lachlan . . 46
McClusky, Kate Wisner . . . . . 86
MacDonald, George . 114, 488
MacDonald, Greville . . 330
Mack, Robert Ellice . . 185
M'Kenzie, William P. 247, 277
Maclean, Nannie Fitzhugh 78
McLeod, Crofton Uniacke 186
"Macleod, Fiona" (William Sharp) . . 73, 115, 454
MacManus, Seumas . . 222
Macnamara, Francis . . 441
Mangan, James Clarence 305
Markham, Edwin . . . 488
Massey, Gerald . . . 94
Melton, Wightman F. . 154

Meynell, Alice . . . . 161
Miller, Madeleine Sweeny 203
Miller, Thomas . . . 96, 177
Miller, William . . . 314
Miner, Leigh Richmond . . . . . 251, 317
Mitchell, Grace . . . . 188
Mitchell, Langdon E. . 440
Monroe, Harriet . . . 382
Montgomery, George Edgar . . . . . 62
Morris, Harrison S. . . 473
Muir, Henry D. . . . 330
Mulock, Dinah Maria (Mrs. Craik) . . . 367
Myall, Charles . . . . 126
Nairne, Lady Carolina . 347
Nesbit, E. . . . . 232
Nichol, H. E. (Colin Sterne) . . . . . 427
Noel, Roden . . . . 181, 198
Noyes, Alfred . . . . 442
O'K., L. L. . . . . 436
O'Keeffe, Adelaide . . 490
O'Reilly, Mary Anne . 11, 286
O'Sullivan, Owen Roe . 305
O'Sullivan, Seumas . . 190
O'Sullivan, Vincent . . 334
Palgrave, Francis Turner . . . . . 489, 490
Peabody, Josephine Preston . . . . . 151
Pearse, P. H. . . . 121, 206
Peck, Samuel Minturn . 36
Pickthall, Marjorie L. C. 466
Pierpont, John . . . . 478
Plass, William H. . . 220
Pokagon, Simon . . . 219
Poulsson, Emilie . . . 212
Poynter, Mary H. . . . 179
Pratt, Harry Noyes . 97, 287
Prentiss, Elizabeth . . 15
Prescott, Mary Newmarch . . . . . 145
Procter, Adelaide A. . . 357
Radford, Dollie . . . . 61
Rands, William Brighty 167, 184
Raskin, Philip M. . . 359
Rexford, Eben E. . . . 64
Richards, Laura E. . 183, 293
Rider, George T. . . . 426
Ritchie, Alexander A. . 354
Ritter, Fanny Raymond 21
Roberts, Charles G. D. . 274, 496
Roche, James Jeffrey . 387
Rodd, Sir James Rennell 156
Rossetti, Christina G. 3, 72, 141, 223, 351
Roundy, William Noble . 147
Rowlands, Richard . . 420
Sargent, H. F. . . . . 298
Satterlee, Walter . . . 341
Scott, Sir Walter . . . 44
Sewall, Alice Archer . 100
Shakespeare, William . 328
Shane, Elizabeth . . . 49
Sheridan, C. B. 108, 245, 303
Sherman, Frank Dempster 261
Shirley, James . . . . 157
Sidney, Sir Philip . . . 19
Sigerson, George . . 60, 322
Simonides . . . . . 342
Skinner, Constance Lindsay . . . . . 194
Slade, Mary B. C. . . 381
Slater, Mary White . . 263
Smith, James . . . . 136
Spofford, Harriet Prescott . . . . . 117
Spurr, M. B. . . . . 388
Stafford, Wendell Phillips . . . . . 97
Stanton, Frank L. . 13, 365
Starr, Hattie . . . . . 319
Stedman, Edmund C. . 343
Sterling, John . . . . 338
Stevens, Rowan . . . 214
Stevenson, John . . . 294
Stewart, Alexander . . 43
Stoddard, Elizabeth . . 139
Strettell, Alma 157, 372, 397
Swinburne, Algernon Charles . . . . . 27, 237
Symonds, John Addington . . . . . 342, 435
Tabb, John B. . . . 56, 160
Talbot, Ellen V. . . . 239
Tastu, Madame . . . . 477

Taylor, Joseph Russell . 236
Taylor, Ann, or Taylor, Jane . 90, 476, 485, 498, 526
Tennyson, Alfred, Lord 189, 231
Thaxter, Celia . 65, 77, 91
Thomas, Edith M. . . . 213
Thompson, Francis . . 491
Trench, Richard Chenevix . . . . . 29
Turnbull, Monica Peveril 174
Tynan, Annie E. . . . 261
Untermeyer, Jean Starr . 357
Upson, Arthur . . . 35
Vandegrift, Margaret (Margaret Thomson Janvier) 269
Van Dyke, Henry . . . 88
Van Rensselaer, Mrs. Schuyler . . . . 162, 393
Van Vorst, Marie . . . 333
W., M. E. . . . . 257
W., R. . . . . 493
Walshe, Edward . . . 325
Watts, Isaac . . . . 460
Weatherly, Frederick Edward . . . . . 272
Weir, Arthur . . . . 469
Wesley, Charles . . . 481
White, Henry Kirke . . 361
Wilcox, Ella Wheeler . 296
Wilkins, Mary E. . . . 90
Wilkinson, Elizabeth Hays . . . . . 167, 297
Wilson, McLandburgh . 363
Wither, George . . . 457
Wordsworth, Dorothy . 196
Worth, Patience . . . 117
Wright, Merle St. Croix 118
Yeats, William B. . 148, 346
Young, Charlotte . . . 159

# INDEX OF TITLES


| | | PAGE |
|---|---|---|
| Amantium Iræ | *Edwardes* | 101 |
| American Cradle-Song | *Burdette* | 54 |
| Andalusian Cradle-Song | *Aldrich* | 10 |
| Angel's Whisper, The | *Lover* | 141 |
| As a Blossom Sweet and Rosy | *Graves* | 140 |
| At Evening | | 476 |
| At the Dreamland Gate | *Wilkins* | 90 |
| Auld Daddy Darkness | *Ferguson* | 276 |
| Baby Dear | *Lover* | 85 |
| Baby Song, A | *Stoddard* | 139 |
| Baby-Song | *Tennyson* | 231 |
| Baby's Evening-Song | *Thomas* | 213 |
| Ballad of Baby Bunting, The | *Leigh* | 310 |
| Baloo, My Bairnie, Fa' Asleep | *Smith* | 136 |
| Balooloo, My Lammie | *Nairne* | 347 |
| Be Hush'd | *Hastings* | 133 |
| Beautiful Land of Nod, The | *Wilcox* | 296 |
| Bed-Time | | 218 |
| Bed-Time Song | *Poulsson* | 212 |
| Belgian Lullaby, A | *Gielow* | 370 |
| Birdie in the Cradle | | 232 |
| Birds in the Night | *Lewin* | 233 |
| Black Mammy's Lullaby | *Melton* | 154 |
| Blessing for the Blessed, A | *Alma Tadema* | 67 |
| Boats of Slumberland, The | | 278 |
| Bohemian Cradle-Song | | 135 |
| Boston Lullaby, A | *Roche* | 387 |
| By-By, Lullaby | | 407 |
| By the Alma River | *Mulock* | 367 |
| By the Cradle | *MacDonald* | 114 |
| Bye, Baby, Night Is Come | *Dodge* | 149 |
| Bye-Low Song, The | | 226 |
| Bylo Land | | 142 |
| Bylo-Land | *Kenyon* | 292 |
| Carol | *Brackley* | 408 |
| Carol | *Mitchell* | 440 |
| Carol at the Manger, A | | 409 |
| Carol of Jesus Child | *Macnamara* | 441 |
| Cecil | *De la Mare* | 332 |
| Child-Song | *Sidney* | 19 |
| Childless Mother's Lullaby, The | *Higginson* | 383 |
| Child's Desire, The | *Luke* | 496 |
| Child's Evening Hymn, A | *Clarke* | 479 |
| Child's Evening Hymn, A | *Palgrave* | 489 |

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Child's Evening Prayer, A | *Coleridge* | 478 |
| Child's Evensong, A | *Le Gallienne* | 222 |
| Child's Prayer, A | | 475 |
| Child's Prayer, A | *Edwards* | 483 |
| Child's Prayer at Evening, A | *Roberts* | 496 |
| Child's Song of Christmas, A | *Pickthall* | 466 |
| Christmas Eve | *Field* | 471 |
| Christmas Lullaby, A | *Weir* | 469 |
| Christmas Prayer, A | *MacDonald* | 488 |
| Come, O Wind | *Kenyon* | 189 |
| Cossack Cradle-Song | *Lermontoff* | 47 |
| Cottager to Her Infant, The | *Wordsworth* | 196 |
| Cradle-Boat, The | *Keynton* | 283 |
| Cradle Hymn | *Luther* | 457 |
| Cradle Hymn, A | *Watts* | 460 |
| Cradle of Gold, The | *Graves* | 93 |
| Cradle Song | | 82 |
| Cradle Song | | 120 |
| Cradle Song | | 132 |
| Cradle Song | | 311 |
| Cradle Song | *Arabic* | 110 |
| Cradle Song | *German* | 131 |
| Cradle-Song | *Italian* | 75 |
| Cradle Song | *Swedish* | 74 |
| Cradle-Song | *Russian* | 329 |
| Cradle Song | *Aldrich* | 233 |
| Cradle Song, A | *Blake* | 26 |
| Cradle Song, A | *Blake* | 462 |
| Cradle Song | *Bowen* | 114 |
| Cradle Song | *Brooke* | 225 |
| Cradle Song | *Camp* | 172 |
| Cradle Song | *Cary* | 193 |
| Cradle Song | *Coates* | 74 |
| Cradle Song, A | *Colum* | 123 |
| Cradle-Song | *Crapsey* | 465 |
| Cradle Song, The | *Gall* | 10 |
| Cradle-Song | *Gilder* | 56 |
| Cradle Song | *Hoffman von Fallersleben* | 236 |
| Cradle Song | *Holland* | 16 |
| Cradle-Song | *Housman* | 258 |
| Cradle Song | *Hugo* | 32 |
| Cradle Song | *Peabody* | 151 |
| Cradle Song | *Rexford* | 64 |
| Cradle Song | *Stevens* | 214 |
| Cradle-Song, A | *Tabb* | 56 |
| Cradle Song | *Thaxter* | 65 |
| Cradle Song | *Van Rensselaer* | 162 |
| Cradle Song | *Wright* | 118 |
| Cradle Song, A | *Yeats* | 148 |

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Cradle Song, A | *Yeats* | 346 |
| Cradle-Song at Twilight | *Meynell* | 161 |
| Cradle Song for Summer | *Noel* | 198 |
| Cradle Song of a Soldier's Wife | *Barker* | 364 |
| Cradle Song of Amy | *Dobell* | 355 |
| Cradle-Song of the Fisherman's Wife | *Higginson* | 123 |
| Cradle-Song of the Night Wind, A | *Allen* | 185 |
| Cradle-Song of the Poor, The | *Procter* | 357 |
| Cradle-Song of the Virgin, A | | 395 |
| Cradle Songs | *Swinburne* | 27 |
| Cuddle Doon | *Anderson* | 65 |
| Danaë's Cradle Song | | 345 |
| Danaë's Lullaby | *Lang* | 344 |
| De Li'l' Jesus-Baby | *Garnett* | 451 |
| De Li'l' Road to Res' | *Miner* | 251 |
| Death Lullaby, The | | 380 |
| Dey Don' Know | *Miner* | 317 |
| Dixie Lullaby, A | *Daly* | 267 |
| Doll's Cradle-Song | *German* | 390 |
| Dolly's Lullaby | *Ewing* | 392 |
| Dolly's Lullaby | *Van Rensselaer* | 393 |
| Dream Boat, The | *Garnett* | 284 |
| Dream Carol, A | | 414 |
| Dream-Song | *De la Mare* | 162 |
| Dustman, The | | 271 |
| Dustman, The | *Weatherly* | 272 |
| East Coast Lullaby | *Lindsay* | 45 |
| Erris Fairy, An | *D'Arcy* | 327 |
| Even-Song | *Polish* | 477 |
| Evening | *Young* | 159 |
| Evening Hymn | | 479 |
| Evening Hymn | | 495 |
| Evening Hymn | *W., R.* | 493 |
| Evening Hymn | *Baring-Gould* | 484 |
| Evening Hymn | *Heber* | 478 |
| Evening Hymn, An | *Taylor* | 485 |
| Evening Hymn for a Child | *Pierpont* | 478 |
| Evening Hymn for a Little Family, An | *Taylor* | 498 |
| Evening Prayer, An | *Barton* | 494 |
| Evening Song | *Davis* | 221 |
| Eve's Cradle-Song | *Satterlee* | 341 |
| "Ex Ore Infantium" | *Thompson* | 491 |
| Fairies' Lullaby, The | *Irish* | 324 |
| Fairy Lullaby | *Irish* | 322 |
| Fairy Nurse, The | *Irish* | 325 |
| Falling to Sleep | | 119 |
| Father, Hear Thy Children | *G., A.* | 487 |
| Fisher-Wife's Song, The | *McLeod* | 186 |
| Flower Lullaby | *Litchfield* | 238 |
| Fragment of a Sleep-Song | *Dobell* | 289 |

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Gentle Jesus, Meek and Mild | *Wesley* | 481 |
| Ghetto Cradle-Song, A | *Raskin* | 359 |
| Gloria Tibi, Domine | | 418 |
| Go Sleep, Ma Honey | *Barker* | 240 |
| Going to Bed at Night | *O'Keeffe* | 490 |
| Good-Night | *German* | 112 |
| Good-Night | *Hill* | 166 |
| Good-Night | *Morris* | 473 |
| Good-Night | *Taylor* | 90 |
| Good-Night | *Wilkinson* | 167 |
| Good-Night Prayer for a Little Child | *Johnstone* | 497 |
| Good Shepherd, The | *Hawkins* | 486 |
| Greek Mother's Lullaby | *Cocke* | 124 |
| Hammock Lullaby | *Jordan* | 235 |
| Harvest Slumber Song | *Campbell* | 201 |
| Haymaker's Lullaby, The | *Carlin* | 176 |
| Hazeleye's Lullaby | *Pokagon* | 219 |
| Highland Balou, The | *Burns* | 43 |
| Highland Croon, A | | 207 |
| His Lullaby | *Healy* | 377 |
| Holy Innocents | *Rossetti* | 141 |
| Hottentot Cradle-Song | *Ritter* | 21 |
| Hush Song, A | *Gregan* | 143 |
| Hush Song | *O'Reilly* | 286 |
| Hush Song | *Shane* | 49 |
| Hushaby | *Hastings* | 81 |
| Hushaby | *Wilson* | 363 |
| Hushaby, Darling | *Macbean* | 46 |
| Hushabye Sea | *Pratt* | 287 |
| Hushing Song | *Macleod* | 73 |
| In a Garden | *Swinburne* | 237 |
| In a Low Rocking-Chair | *Crew* | 464 |
| In the Tree-Top | *Larcom* | 187 |
| Indian Cradle Song | | 171 |
| Indian Lullaby, An | | 95 |
| Indian Lullaby, An | *Bryan* | 51 |
| Indian Lullaby | *Comstock* | 192 |
| Indian Lullaby | *Myall* | 126 |
| Invocation to Sleep, An | *Holland* | 246 |
| Irish Lullaby, An | *Graves* | 287 |
| "Jenny Wi' the Airn Teeth" | *Anderson* | 312 |
| Johnny's By-Low Song | *Richards* | 293 |
| Kentucky Babe | *Buck* | 316 |
| King in the Cradle, The | | 416 |
| Lady Anne Bothwell's Lament | | 350 |
| Lamentation of Danaë, The | *Simonides* | 342 |
| Land o' Nae Surprise, The | *Stevenson* | 294 |
| Land of Dreams, The | *Blake* | 299 |
| Land of Dreams, The | *Sargent* | 298 |
| Land of Nod, The | *Wilkinson* | 297 |

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Last Cradle Song, The | *Hogg* | 379 |
| Li'l' Yaller Cradle | *Garnett* | 164 |
| Little Alabama Coon | *Starr* | 319 |
| Little Blue Pigeon | *Field* | 168 |
| "Little Boatie" | *Van Dyke* | 88 |
| Little Child's Hymn, A | *Palgrave* | 490 |
| Little Dreamers, The | *Stanton* | 365 |
| Little Girl to Her Dolly, The | *Taylor* | 526 |
| Little Hymn, A | *Taylor* | 476 |
| Little One Weary | *Rossetti* | 351 |
| Lollai, Lollai, Litil Child | | 406 |
| Lullaby | | 53 |
| Lullaby | | 108 |
| Lullaby | | 109 |
| Lullaby | | 113 |
| Lullaby | | 169 |
| Lullaby | | 208 |
| Lullaby | | 309 |
| Lullaby | *From "Erminie"* | 92 |
| Lullaby | *French* | 111 |
| Lullaby | *Irish* | 60 |
| Lullaby | *Welsh* | 111 |
| Lullaby, A | *Alma Tadema* | 224 |
| Lullaby | *Barnes* | 100 |
| Lullaby, A | *Begbie* | 449 |
| Lullaby | *Boyle* | 227 |
| Lullaby | *Brooks* | 80 |
| Lullaby | *Bynner* | 290 |
| Lullaby | *Chadwick* | 268 |
| Lullaby | *Coates* | 258 |
| Lullaby | *Coleridge* | 109 |
| Lullaby, A | *Cone* | 234 |
| Lullaby | *Dare* | 255 |
| Lullaby | *Davidson* | 345 |
| Lullaby | *Dekker* | 19 |
| Lullaby | *De la Mare* | 175 |
| Lullaby, A | *Elson* | 391 |
| Lullaby | *Foley* | 216 |
| Lullaby | *Follen* | 83 |
| Lullaby, A | *Franz* | 79 |
| Lullaby, A | *Glasgow* | 366 |
| Lullaby | *Hardy* | 122 |
| Lullaby | *Harrison* | 116 |
| Lullaby, A | *Hueffer* | 217 |
| Lullaby | *Kenyon* | 465 |
| Lullaby | *Leamy* | 146 |
| Lullaby, A | *McClusky* | 86 |
| Lullaby, A | *Mack* | 185 |
| Lullaby | *Maclean* | 78 |
| Lullaby | *Macleod* | 115 |

Lullaby . . . . . *MacManus* . . 222
Lullaby . . . . . *Massey* . . . . 94
Lullaby . . . . . *Mitchell* . . . . 188
Lullaby . . . . . *Monroe* . . . . 382
Lullaby, A . . . . . *Montgomery* . . 62
Lullaby . . . . . *Muir* . . . . . 330
Lullaby, A . . . . . *O'Reilly* . . . . 11
Lullaby, A . . . . . *O'Sullivan, O.* . . 305
Lullaby . . . . . *O'Sullivan, S.* . . 190
Lullaby, A . . . . . *Prescott* . . . . 145
Lullaby . . . . . *Rands* . . . . . 167
Lullaby . . . . . *Rands* . . . . . 184
Lullaby, A . . . . . *Ritchie* . . . . 354
Lullaby . . . . . *Rossetti* . . . . 223
Lullaby . . . . . *Sewall* . . . . 100
Lullaby . . . . . *Sherman* . . . . 261
Lullaby, A . . . . . *Shirley* . . . . 157
Lullaby . . . . . *Stafford* . . . . 97
Lullaby, A . . . . . *Stanton* . . . . 13
Lullaby, A . . . . . *Stewart* . . . . 43
Lullaby . . . . . *Taylor* . . . . 236
Lullaby, A . . . . . *Thaxter* . . . . 91
Lullaby, A . . . . . *Turnbull* . . . . 174
Lullaby . . . . . *Worth.* . . . . 117
Lullaby Carol . . . . . . . . 413
Lullaby for a Baby Fairy . . . . . *Kilmer* . . . . 331
Lullaby for a Man-Child . . . . . *Untermeyer* . . 357
Lullaby for a Sick Child . . . . . *Italian* . . . . 378
Lullaby for Christmas, A . . . . . *Symonds* . . . . 435
Lullaby for Titania . . . . . *Shakespeare* . . 328
Lullaby in Bethlehem . . . . . *Bashford* . . . . 437
Lullaby-O, By-O, Babe . . . . . *Pratt* . . . . . 97
Lullaby, O Lullaby . . . . . *Bennett* . . . . 21
Lullaby of a Female Convict to Her Child . . . . . *White* . . . . 361
Lullaby of a Woman of the Mountain . . . . . 121
Lullaby of an Infant Chief . . . . *Scott* . . . . . 44
Lullaby of Danaë, The . . . . . *Stedman* . . . . 343
Lullaby of the Iroquois . . . . . *Johnson* . . . . 211
Lullaby of the Pict Mother . . . . *Lamprey* . . . . 321
Lullaby of the Virgin . . . . . 397
Lullaby Song . . . . . *M'Kenzie* . . . 277
Lullabye, A . . . . . *Roundy* . . . . 147
Lullay, Lullay . . . . . 415
Lullay! Lullay! Lytel Child . . . . . 408
Lully, Lulley . . . . . 335
Madonna and Child, The . . . . . 410
Magruder's Lullaby . . . . . 386
Mammy's Li'l Boy . . . . . *Edwards* . . . . 23
Mammy's Lullaby . . . . . *Gillilan* . . . . 241

Mary to her Babe . . . . . *O'K., L. L.* . . . 436
Mary's Manger-Song . . . . . *Gannett* . . . . 439
Mater Amabilis . . . . . *Lazarus* . . . . 57
Mexican Lullaby, A . . . . . *Conkling* . . . . 230
Midsummer Lullaby . . . . . . . . . . 201
Morning Lullaby, A . . . . . *Coll* . . . . . 196
Mother-Song . . . . . *Austin* . . . . 20
Mother-Song, A . . . . . *Dorr* . . . . . 472
Mother-Song, A . . . . . *Spofford* . . . . 117
Mother to her Infant, The . . . . *Miller* . . . . . 96
Mother to her Sick Child, A . . . *Davies* . . . . 379
Mother's Evening Hymn, A . . . . *Luther* . . . . 456
Mother's Song . . . . . . . . . . 76
Mother's Song, A . . . . . *Dobell* . . . . 72
Mother's Song, The . . . . . *M'Kenzie* . . . 247
Mother's Song, A . . . . . *Rossetti* . . . . 72
My Baby Dear . . . . . *Abbott* . . . . 63
My Dearest Baby, Go to Sleep . . . *Miller* . . . . . 177
My Drowsy Little Queen . . . . . *Peck* . . . . . 36
My Little Bo-Peep . . . . . . . . . . 14
My Little Dear . . . . . *Radford* . . . . 61
Nativity Carol . . . . . . . . . . 410
Neece the Rapparee . . . . . *Carbery* . . . . 315
Night . . . . . *Butts* . . . . . 255
Nipper's Lullaby, The . . . . . *Spurr* . . . . . 388
Norman Cradle-Song . . . . . *O'Sullivan* . . . 334
Norse Lullaby . . . . . *Field* . . . . . 191
Norwegian Cradle-Song . . . . . *Fransen* . . . . 52
Now Let Me Lay the Pearl Away . . *Prentiss* . . . . 15
Nursery Hour, A . . . . . *Lindsay* . . . . 254
Nursery Song, A . . . . . *Carter* . . . . . 209
Nurse's Song . . . . . *Blake* . . . . . 159
O Sleep, My Babe . . . . . *Coleridge* . . . 353
Old Gaelic Cradle Song, An . . . . . 181
Our Blessed Lady's Lullaby . . . . *Rowlands* . . . 420
Peak and Puke . . . . . *De la Mare* . . . 329
Poppy-Land Limited Express, The . . *Abbott* . . . . 249
Prairie Mother's Lullaby, A . . . . *Brininstool* . . . 178
Prayer, A . . . . . *Markham* . . . 488
Prayers . . . . . . . . . . 475
Rebel Mother's Lullaby . . . . . *Leslie* . . . . . 369
Rizpah's Lullaby . . . . . . . . . . 79
Road to Slumberland, The . . . . . *Brine* . . . . . 248
Rock-a-by Lady, The . . . . . *Field* . . . . . 275
Rockaby, Lullaby . . . . . *Holland* . . . . 173
Rocking Hymn, A . . . . . *Wither* . . . . 457
Romany Lullaby, A . . . . . *De Charms* . . . 171
Rosy-Posy . . . . . *Carter* . . . . 253
St. Bride's Lullaby . . . . . *Macleod* . . . . 454
Sand-Man, The . . . . . 265

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Sand-Man, The | *Coates* | 268 |
| Sand-Man, The | *Cooper* | 265 |
| Sandman, The | *German* | 264 |
| Sandman, The | *Slater* | 263 |
| Sandman, The | *Vandegrift* | 269 |
| Say, Little Maiden | *Upson* | 35 |
| Sea Slumber-Song | *Noel* | 181 |
| Seaside Nursery Song | *La T.* | 182 |
| Sephestia's Song to her Child | *Greene* | 352 |
| Serenade, A | *Hood* | 385 |
| Servian Lullaby, A | *Hopper* | 280 |
| Shepherd Boy's Song, The | *Bunyan* | 486 |
| Sleep, Baby Dear | | 82 |
| Sleep, Baby, Sleep | *Jones* | 77 |
| Sleep, Beloved, Sleep | | 84 |
| Sleep, Darling, Sleep | *Slade* | 381 |
| Sleep Fairy | *Tynan* | 261 |
| Sleep! Holy Babe | *Caswall* | 425 |
| Sleep, Little Dove | *Alsatian* | 406 |
| Sleep, My Infant Saviour | *Rider* | 426 |
| Sleep, My Little 'Simmin-Colored Coon | *Plass* | 220 |
| Sleep, My Treasure | *Nesbit* | 232 |
| Sleep, O Sleep! | *Hastings* | 134 |
| Sleep, Robin, Sleep. | *Clark* | 147 |
| Sleep, Sleep, My Babe | *Kenyon* | 83 |
| Sleep Song, A | *Irish* | 206 |
| Sleep-Time in Darktown | | 170 |
| Sleeping and Watching | *Browning* | 30 |
| Sleepy Man | *Roberts* | 274 |
| Sleepy Song, The | *Bacon* | 229 |
| Sleepy Song, A | *Going* | 224 |
| Sleepy Song, A | *Jacobs-Bond* | 253 |
| Sleepy-Time | *Talbot* | 239 |
| Slumber Fairies | *Bates* | 259 |
| Slumber Song | | 50 |
| Slumber Song | | 132 |
| Slumber Song, A | *German* | 207 |
| Slumber Song, A | *Aiken* | 256 |
| Slumber Song | *Furlong* | 326 |
| Slumber Song | *Poynter* | 179 |
| Slumber Song | *Tabb* | 160 |
| Slumber Song | *Thaxter* | 77 |
| Slumber Song | *Van Vorst* | 333 |
| Slumber-Songs of the Madonna | *Noyes* | 442 |
| Song | *Carman* | 161 |
| Song | *Tennyson* | 189 |
| Song for a Babe | *Ingelow* | 89 |
| Song of Eve to Cain, The | *Sterling* | 338 |
| Song of Mary, A | *Begbie* | 449 |

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Song of Sleep-Time, A | | 250 |
| Song of the Dove | *Bremer* | 474 |
| Song of the Indian Mother | *Clark* | 361 |
| Song of the Little Winds | *Richards* | 183 |
| Stars' Song, The | *MacDonald* | 330 |
| Sweet Lullaby, A | *Breton* | 348 |
| Sweet Mary Lulled her Blessed Child | | 427 |
| Sweetly Sleep | | 135 |
| Swing, Cradle, Swing | *Cooper* | 281 |
| Swing Low, Swing Low | | 273 |
| Syrian Lullaby | *Cunningham* | 9 |
| Tender Shepherd, The | *Duncan* | 480 |
| Three Kings' Song | *Baring-Gould* | 468 |
| Three Lullabies | *Brooks* | 149 |
| To a Sleeping Child | *Clough* | 28 |
| To an Infant Sleeping | *Trench* | 29 |
| To Slumber Town | *W., M. E.* | 257 |
| To the Guardian Angel | *Tastu* | 477 |
| Tree Buds, The | *Brown* | 205 |
| Unto Us a Child is Born | *Begbie* | 395 |
| Virgin Mary to the Child Jesus, The | *Browning* | 428 |
| Virgin's Cradle-Hymn, The | *Coleridge* | 396 |
| Virgin's Lullaby, The | *Sicilian* | 399 |
| Virgin's Lullaby, The | *Piedmontese* | 403 |
| Virgin's Lullaby, The | *Hopper* | 438 |
| Virgin's Slumber Song, The | *Carlin* | 453 |
| Voyage to Lullaby Land, The | *Brininstool* | 281 |
| Warm Cradle, The | *Alma Tadema* | 228 |
| Welsh Lullaby, A | *Hughes* | 158 |
| Where Shall the Baby's Dimple Be? | *Holland* | 138 |
| Whispering Palms | *Lope de Vega* | 425 |
| Widow, The | *Sicilian* | 373 |
| Widow's Lullaby, The | *Welsh* | 372 |
| Widow's Lullaby, The | *Dobell* | 374 |
| Wild Woman's Lullaby, The | *Skinner* | 194 |
| Willie Winkie | *Miller* | 314 |
| Winter Lullaby, A | *Miller* | 203 |
| Winter Song, A | *Camp* | 202 |
| Wintry Lullaby, A | *Alma Tadema* | 203 |
| You's Sweet to Yo' Mammy Jes' De Same | *Johnson* | 99 |

# INDEX OF FIRST LINES


| | PAGE |
|---|---|
| A baby was sleeping | 141 |
| A beautiful bird at the casement sings | 256 |
| A herald am I from the Land of Dreams | 298 |
| A-la-lô, my son is a beauty | 105 |
| A-la-lô, the Sanctus has rung | 105 |
| A song for the baby, sweet little Bopeep | 255 |
| "Ah, my dear Son," said Mary, "ah, my dear" | 414 |
| Ah, rest to the morrow, for many the sorrow | 369 |
| All by the sides of the wide wild river | 193 |
| All is still and restful now. | 82 |
| All is still in sweetest rest | 132 |
| All of the flowers are going to bed | 238 |
| All the lands are filled with soldiers | 363 |
| Another day is numbered with the past. | 476 |
| Another day its course hath run | 478 |
| As a blossom sweet and rosy | 140 |
| As I walked over the hills one day | 209 |
| As soon as the fire burns red and low | 229 |
| At sunset our white butterflies | 236 |
| Auld Daddy Darkness creeps frae his hole | 276 |
| Awake, awake, my little boy! | 299 |
| Away across the yellow plain | 230 |
| Away in a manger, no crib for a bed | 457 |
| Baby, baby bright | 27 |
| Baby, baby dear | 27 |
| Baby, baby, hush-a-bye | 224 |
| Baby is a sailor boy | 281 |
| Baby is sailing away in a boat | 283 |
| Baby, see the flowers! | 237 |
| Baby, sleep! shadows creep | 364 |
| Baby wants a lullaby | 167 |
| Baby was lonely with mother away | 327 |
| Baby's brain is tired of thinking | 387 |
| Baloo, baloo, my wee, wee thing | 10 |
| Balooloo, my lammie, balooloo, my dear | 347 |
| Balow, my babe, lie still and sleep! | 350 |
| Bawloo, my bonnie baby, bawlililu | 379 |
| Be hush'd, my dear | 133 |
| Because some men in khaki coats | 366 |
| Bee baw babby lou, on a tree top | 1 |
| Bee baw bunting | 1 |
| Before I close my eyes in sleep | 494 |
| Birds in the night that softly call | 233 |

Birds in their nests are softly calling . . . . . 188
Blow, wind, blow . . . . . 203
By-by, lullaby, by-by, lullaby . . . . . 407
Bye, baby, day is over . . . . . 149
Bye O my baby . . . . . 337
Cease, warring thoughts, and let his brain . . . . . 157
Chickens am a-roostin' in de old plum-tree . . . . . 220
Child, my child, how sound you sleep . . . . . 344
Close her eyes; she must not peep! . . . . . 114
Close to the heart that is throbbing in love for you . . 79
Closely to my heart I hold thee . . . . . 449
Come, baby, and swing in the hammock with me . . . 235
Come, cuddle your head on my shoulder, dear . . . . 296
Come hither, Sleep, from Chio's isle! . . . . . 247
Come little babe, come silly soul . . . . . 348
Come, little one with drowsy eyes . . . . . 202
Come, O Sleep, from Chio's isle . . . . . 247
Come, white angels, to baby and me . . . . . 139
Crying, my little one, footsore and weary? . . . . . 351
Dance, my baby diddy . . . . . 37
Dante saw the great white Rose . . . . . 442
Dat ol' Possum in de tree, he is waitin' jes' to see . . . 317
Day has barred her windows close, and gangs wi' quiet feet . . . . . 45
Day is ending; night is falling . . . . . 268
Day is stealing down the West . . . . . 258
De! de! lambskin mine . . . . . 4
De li'l' Jesus-Baby . . . . . 451
Dear mother, in dreams I see her . . . . . 92
Deirín dé, Deirín dé! . . . . . 206
Dere's a li'l' yaller cradle . . . . . 164
Dollie, the night has come . . . . . 391
Don't grow old too fast, my sweet! . . . . . 76
Down the goldenest of streams . . . . . 57
Dream, dream, thou flesh of me! . . . . . 117
Dreams! cheer the child with sights of joy . . . . . 245
Drowsily hum, drowsily hum . . . . . 71
Duru, duru, duru, lia! . . . . . 71
Eiapopeia, my baby, sleep on . . . . . 71
Eilidh, Eilidh . . . . . 73
Ere on my bed my limbs I lay . . . . . 478
Ere the moon begins to rise . . . . . 233
Evening is falling to sleep in the west . . . . . 119
Evening shades are falling . . . . . 109
Far and away in the Land of Nod . . . . . 207
Father, hear Thy children . . . . . 487
Father, unto Thee I pray . . . . . 497
Father, who keepest . . . . . 496
Fold thy hands, little one . . . . . 381

Foolish Wide Eyes! Lullaby! . . . . . 107
From his cradle in the glamourie . . . . . 329
Furl your sail, my little boatie . . . . . 88
Gentle Jesus, meek and mild . . . . . 481
Gently dream, my darling child . . . . . 361
Give me thy hand, pretty, pretty . . . . . 5
Go t' sleep, li'l honey, white chile . . . . . 154
Go to sleep, you poor little darling . . . . . 302
God is so good that He will hear . . . . . 476
God, make my life a little light . . . . . 483
God, that madest Earth and Heaven . . . . . 478
Golden slumbers kiss your eyes . . . . . 19
Good night . . . . . 2
Good night . . . . . 112
Good night, good night . . . . . 129
Good night, good night! the day is done . . . . . 473
Happy eve, happy eve! . . . . . 72
He peeps in through the keyhole . . . . . 265
He that is down needs fear no fall . . . . . 486
Heaven is a fine place, a fine place entirely . . . . . 464
Hee balou, my sweet wee Donald . . . . . 43
"Heigho, my precious!" sings the little brown Mary . 261
Here on our rock-away horse we go . . . . . 293
Here's the way to Slumber Town . . . . . 257
He's run his little legs orff, and at last he's gone to sleep 388
High up on the mountain the wind bloweth wild . . . 107
Hither, Sleep! A mother wants thee . . . . . 246
Holy angels and blest . . . . . 425
Hope of my heart, in thy cradle reposing . . . . . 71
How do we know . . . . . 162
How like a tender mother . . . . . 159
Hush-a-ba, birdie, croon, croon . . . . . 207
Hush-a-baa, baby, dinna mak' a din . . . . . 301
Hush-a-by, baby! *Your* baby, mamma . . . . . 392
Hush-a-by, hush-a-by! . . . . . 3
Hush-a-bye, baby . . . . . 2
Hush-a-bye, baby . . . . . 301
Hush-a-bye, lie still and sleep . . . . . 300
Hush and balou, babie . . . . . 2
Hush, baby, hush . . . . . 228
Hush, baby, hush, while the shadows are falling . . . 186
Hush, hush! . . . . . 52
Hush, hush, baby mine . . . . . 3
Hush, hush, hush! . . . . . 2
Hush, hush, my little babe! . . . . . 303
Hush, hush; rest my sweet . . . . . 145
Hush! I cannot bear to see thee . . . . . 357
Hush! lulla, lullaby! So mother sings . . . . . 8
Hush, my baby, sleep . . . . . 107

Hush, my darling; hush, my darling . . . . . 38
Hush, my darling, sleep quickly . . . . . 312
Hush! my dear, lie still and slumber . . . . . 460
Hush, my little one! Hush! Lie down . . . . . 259
Hush, my little round-faced daughter . . . . . 6
Hush! the waves are rolling in . . . . . 181
Hush Thee, hush Thee, little Son . . . . . 438
Hush thee, my baby . . . . . 1
Hush thee, my baby . . . . . 4
Hush thee, my baby boy, hush thee to sleep . . . . . 43
Hush thee, my baby O! never thee cry . . . . . 321
Hush thee, my baby, oh hush thee to sleep . . . . . 135
Hush thee, sweet baby . . . . . 345
Hush ye, hush ye, little pet ye . . . . . 311
Hushaby, darling, and hushaby, dear, O . . . . . 46
Hushaby, hushaby . . . . . 81
Hushaby! Hushaby! Sheep-bells are tinkling . . . . . 171
Hushaby, lullaby, rockaby, dear . . . . . 203
Hushaby, my darling boy . . . . . 39
Husheen, the herons are crying . . . . . 190
Hushy baby, my doll, I pray you don't cry . . . . . 390
I hear no voice, I feel no touch . . . . . 479
I lay me down to rest me . . . . . 475
I saw a fair maiden sit and sing . . . . . 413
I saw a sweet and seemly sight . . . . . 408
I think, when I read that sweet story of old . . . . . 496
I'd rock my own sweet childie to rest . . . . . 93
If Granny but knew how . . . . . 3
If my boy sleep quietly . . . . . 302
I'll put you, myself, my baby, to slumber . . . . . 60
I'll send you now sailing across the sea . . . . . 290
In days gone by, when a baby I . . . . . 149
In going to my naked bed as one that would have slept . 101
In the cradle of my heart my sweet one will I lay . . 143
In the darken'd alcove . . . . . 32
In the embers shining bright . . . . . 56
In the green boughs on the tree-top . . . . . 232
In the wingèd cradle of sleep I lay . . . . . 65
In this hush of night . . . . . 330
In thy hammock gently sleeping . . . . . 85
I's a little Alabama Coon . . . . . 319
Isabellita, do not pine . . . . . 130
I've found my bonny babe a nest . . . . . 287
Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me! . . . . . 480
Kind Shepherd, see, Thy little lamb . . . . . 486
Lay thy head upon this pillow . . . . . 80
Lennavan-mo . . . . . 115
Lie a-bed . . . . . 3
Light and rosy be thy slumbers . . . . . 74

Lips, lips, open! . . . . . 28
Little babe, while burns the west . . . . . 89
Little baby, lay your head . . . . . 90
Little brown baby-bird, lapped in your nest . . . . . 211
Little child, good child, go to sleep . . . . . 221
Little gold head, my house's candle . . . . . 121
Little golden sun, the rain is coming, coming . . . . . 280
Little hungry baby—do not cry . . . . . 370
Little Jesus, wast Thou shy . . . . . 491
Little one, thy mother's weeping . . . . . 343
Little waves, happy waves . . . . . 182
Lo, in the west . . . . . 160
Lollai, lollai, litil Child . . . . . 406
Lord Gabriel, wilt thou not rejoice . . . . . 151
Lord, I have passed another day . . . . . 485
Lord, teach a little child to pray . . . . . 475
Love me,—I love you . . . . . 72
Lovely, lovely is my son! . . . . . 243
Loving looks the large-eyed cow . . . . . 488
Low in the troubled west . . . . . 82
Lull-lully, my baby, oh, would that thy mother . . . . 372
Lulla-lullaby . . . . . 301
Lullaby and good-night . . . . . 129
Lullaby, child of the Madonna . . . . . 7
Lullaby, my little one . . . . . 38
Lullaby, my pretty baby . . . . . 329
Lullaby, O lullaby . . . . . 21
"Lullaby, O, lullaby" . . . . . 385
Lullaby, oh, lullaby . . . . . 223
Lullaby, sweet baby mine! . . . . . 301
Lullaby, sweet lullaby . . . . . 5
Lullay! lullay! lytel Child, myn owyn dere fode . . . 408
Lullay, lullay, thou lytill Child . . . . . 415
Lully, lulla, thow littell tiné Child . . . . . 409
Lully, lulley; lully, lulley . . . . . 335
Madonna, Madonna . . . . . 465
Mary, the mother, sits on the hill . . . . . 440
*Mo cheann ban beag,* lie still and rest . . . . . 11
My baby is sleeping . . . . . 9
My bonnie wean! my darlin' bairn! . . . . . 136
My counterpane is soft as silk . . . . . 466
My dear cockadoodle, my jewel, my joy . . . . . 5
My dearest baby, go to sleep . . . . . 177
My heart is like a fountain true . . . . . 69
My heart makes mock at the long day's harms . . . . 78
My little Bo-Peep is fast asleep . . . . . 14
My little dear, so fast asleep . . . . . 61
My little girl is nested . . . . . 36
My little one, sleep softly . . . . . 382

My little son, I wish you well . . . . . 6
My love, I wish thee well! so lullaby! . . . . . 7
My mirth and merriment, soft and sweet art thou . . . 324
My sweet little Babie, what meanest Thou to cry? . . . 416
Night is over; through the clover globes of crystal shine . 331
Now bylow, baby, and slumber sweet and soundly . . . 113
Now condescend, Almighty King . . . . . 498
Now I lay me down to sleep . . . . . 475
Now I'll put on your nice little evening coat . . . . . 252
Now it grows late—the angel has passed by . . . . . 157
Now let me lay the pearl away . . . . . 15
Now may'st thou take sweet sleep, my babe . . . . . 304
Now sleep, my baby, sweetly sleep . . . . . 106
Now the day is over . . . . . 484
Now the golden day is ending . . . . . 179
Now the little white sheep . . . . . 213
Now the starry day is ended . . . . . 330
Now the sun has passed away . . . . . 495
Now while rest the happy herds . . . . . 234
O blue eyes close in slumber . . . . . 225
O can ye sew cushions and can ye sew sheets . . . . . 337
O, close your bright eyes, brown child of the forest . . 219
O! de sun quit a-shinin' fo' dis arternoon . . . . . 267
O, hush thee, my babie, thy sire was a knight . . . . . 44
O hush thee, my child . . . . . 337
O hush thee, my child! thy mother bends o'er thee . . . 345
O hushaby, baby! Why weepest thou? . . . . . 305
O Lord, Who, when Thy cross was nigh . . . . . 489
O lullaby, my baby. The bee has gone to sleep. . . . 64
O Mary, mother, if the day we trod . . . . . 122
O men from the fields . . . . . 123
O my deir hert, young Jesus sweit . . . . . 410
O saftly sleep, my bonnie bairn! . . . . . 354
O sleep, my babe, hear not the rippling wave . . . . . 353
O Sleep, O Sleep, O thou beguiler, Sleep . . . . . 244
O sleep, sweet infant, for we all must sleep . . . . . 109
O Sleep, who takest little ones . . . . . 245
O slumber; washed on Saturday . . . . . 8
O! still my child, Orange . . . . . 300
O woman, washing by the river! . . . . . 322
Och, hush ye then, och hush ye . . . . . 49
O'er the haycocks comes the moon . . . . . 100
Oh, Baby Christ, so dear to me . . . . . 454
Oh drinking deep of slumber's holy wine . . . . . 29
Oh, honey, li'l honey, come and lay yo' woolly head . . 146
Oh hush thee, little Dear-my-Soul . . . . . 471
Oh, many's the time in the evening . . . . . 383
Oh! ninna and anninia . . . . . 18
Oh! rest, my baby, rest! . . . . . 338

Ol' mammy gwine to tell yo' . . . . . 251
Over the cradle the mother hung . . . . . 138
Plump little baby clouds . . . . . 169
Receive my body, pretty bed . . . . . 490
Rest asthoreen, down the boreen . . . . . 286
Rest, my babe, rest! . . . . . 108
Rock-a-by, baby . . . . . 205
"Rock-a-by, baby, up in the tree-top!" . . . . . 187
Rock-a-by, hush-a-by, little papoose . . . . . 126
Rock-a-by, rock-a-by, little brown baby . . . . . 95
Rock-a-bye, baby, in the tree-top . . . . . 54
Rock-a-bye, baby, thy cradle is green . . . . . 1
Rock well my cradle . . . . . 300
Rockaby, baby, thy cradle is green . . . . . 53
Rockaby, lullaby, bees on the clover . . . . . 173
Rockaby, rockaby . . . . . 239
Rosy, my posy . . . . . 253
Santa Maria! cover the child . . . . . 108
Saw ye Neece O'Hagan . . . . . 315
Say, birdies, when your bed-time comes . . . . . 226
Say, little maiden with dewdrop eyes . . . . . 35
Sea-birds are asleep . . . . . 181
See how the poppies nod . . . . . 449
She droops like a dew-dropping lily . . . . . 374
Shee said: Lullabye, mine owne deere child! . . . . 337
Shepherd Jesus, in Thy arms . . . . . 479
Shet yo' eyes, ma little pickaninny, go to sleep . . . . 99
*Shokeen sho!* There's a new moon setting . . . . . 326
Shoon-a-shoon . . . . . 453
Sich a li'l feller, en he settin' up so wise!. . . . . 13
Silver clouds are lightly sailing . . . . . 201
Sing, I must sing to my dear dolly, sing . . . . . 393
Sing it, Mother! sing it low . . . . . 56
Sister Simplicitie . . . . . 289
'Skeeters am a-hummin' on de honeysuckle vine . . . . 316
Sleep a ni-na-na, a nice long sleep . . . . . 106
Sleep, baby mine, enkerchieft on my bosom . . . . . 361
Sleep, baby, sleep! . . . . . 77
Sleep, baby, sleep! . . . . . 116
Sleep, baby, sleep! . . . . . 132
Sleep, baby, sleep . . . . . 185
Sleep, baby, sleep! . . . . . 207
Sleep, baby, sleep! . . . . . 309
Sleep, baby, sleep . . . . . 311
Sleep, baby, sleep! . . . . . 380
Sleep, baby, sleep! The Christmas stars are shining . . 472
Sleep, Baby, sleep! The mother sings . . . . . 435
Sleep, beloved, sleep . . . . . 84
Sleep, Child—Thy mother's first-born, Thou . . . . . 397

Sleep, dear child, as mother bids . . . . . 378
Sleep, Dolly, sleep . . . . . 390
Sleep, holy Babe, upon Thy mother's breast . . . . . 425
Sleep, li'l boy, an' I rock-a you low . . . . . 250
Sleep, li'l chillun—daddy gone ter fight . . . . . 365
Sleep, little baby of mine . . . . . 120
Sleep, little baby, sleep . . . . . 141
Sleep, little baby, sleep, sleep, sleep . . . . . 201
Sleep, little Dove, the sky's dark above . . . . . 406
Sleep, little moon of my delight . . . . . 9
Sleep, little one, and be good . . . . . 231
Sleep, little one, in thy tiny bed . . . . . 63
Sleep, little pigeon, and fold your wings . . . . . 168
Sleep, mah li'l pigeon . . . . . 241
Sleep make, baby . . . . . 4
Sleep, my babe, lie still and slumber . . . . . 111
Sleep, my babe, your road of dreams . . . . . 258
Sleep, my baby, all the night! . . . . . 97
Sleep, my baby, sleep, my boy . . . . . 83
Sleep, my baby, sleep, my darling . . . . . 75
Sleep, my baby, while I sing . . . . . 212
Sleep, my boy, the night is treading . . . . . 359
Sleep, my child, my darling child, my lovely child, sleep! . 155
Sleep, my child, no care can cumber . . . . . 124
Sleep, my child, sleep, my child . . . . . 305
Sleep, my childie, sleep . . . . . 198
Sleep, my darling, calm and fearless . . . . . 130
Sleep, my darling, sleep! . . . . . 91
Sleep, my daughter, sleep an hour . . . . . 38
Sleep, my dear one, sleep . . . . . 62
Sleep, my dear one, sleep, my laddie . . . . . 41
Sleep, my eye, sleep, sleep a slumber hale . . . . . 110
Sleep, my infant Saviour, on Thy lowly bed . . . . . 426
Sleep, my little flax-haired fairy . . . . . 47
Sleep, my little Jesus . . . . . 439
Sleep, my little papoose, sleep on . . . . . 51
Sleep, my own baby, my darling thou art . . . . . 131
Sleep, O my babe, not thine a manger . . . . . 464
Sleep, O my darling, sleep . . . . . 161
Sleep, O my little Babe, my Son, my King! . . . . . 436
Sleep, O sleep! . . . . . 134
Sleep, oh sleep, dear Baby mine . . . . . 403
Sleep on, baby, on the floor . . . . . 30
Sleep, Robin, sleep . . . . . 147
Sleep! sleep! beauty bright . . . . . 26
Sleep, sleep, little Cain! . . . . . 341
Sleep, sleep, little mouse! . . . . . 312
Sleep, sleep, lovely white soul . . . . . 175
Sleep, sleep, mine Holy One! . . . . . 428

Sleep, sleep, my babe, night will not harm thee . . . . 83
Sleep, sleep, my darling . . . . . 111
Sleep, sleep, my treasure . . . . . 232
Sleep, sleep, sleep! . . . . . 158
Sleep, Sleep, that comest from the mountains . . . . . 243
Sleep, Sleep, that hover'st round . . . . . 244
Sleep, sleep,—the south wind blows . . . . . 79
Sleep soft, baby mine! . . . . . 174
Sleep, sweet Babe, my cares beguiling . . . . . 396
Sleep sweetly, little child; lie quiet and still . . . . . 130
Sleep well, my dear, sleep safe and free . . . . . 456
Sleep, white little angel of God, a lullaby . . . . . 105
Sleepe, babie mine, Desire's nurse, Beautie, singeth . . 19
Sleepy little, creepy little goblins in the gloaming . . . 216
Slumber and dream of the fast coming years . . . . . 50
Slumber, my darling, no danger is near . . . . . 96
Slumber, slumber, darling, the old mocking-bird is singing 107
Slumber, slumber, dearest, sweetest treasure . . . . . 311
Slumber, slumber, little one, now . . . . . 261
Slumber, sweet Slumber . . . . . 243
Soft breezes blowing, and low in the west . . . . . 287
Soft sleeps the earth in moonlight blest . . . . . 117
Softly now the burn is rushing . . . . . 222
Softly sink in slumbers golden . . . . . 94
Sun am des a golden ball . . . . . 170
Sunlight, moonlight . . . . . 162
Suppose I put my baby to sleep . . . . . 86
Sweet and low, sweet and low . . . . . 189
Sweet babe, a golden cradle holds thee . . . . . 128
Sweet babe, a golden cradle holds thee . . . . . 325
Sweet baby, sleep; what ails my dear . . . . . 457
Sweet dreams, form a shade . . . . . 462
Sweet Mary lulled her blessed Child . . . . . 427
Sweet, my child, in slumber lie . . . . . 373
Sweetly sleep in peaceful pleasure . . . . . 135
Swing low, swing low . . . . . 273
Swing thee low in thy cradle soft . . . . . 171
Swung in the hollows of the deep . . . . . 123
Teach me, Father, how to go . . . . . 488
The angels are stooping . . . . . 148
The baby child of Mary . . . . . 456
The bairnies cuddle doon at nicht . . . . . 65
The birdies may sleep, but the winds must wake. . . . 183
The butterfly swings on the flower asleep . . . . . 224
The child not yet is lulled to rest . . . . . 161
The crickets in the corner sing . . . . . 214
The Danaan children laugh, in cradles of wrought gold . 346
The days are cold, the nights are long . . . . . 196
The evening is coming, the sun sinks to rest . . . . . 218

The first train leaves at six P. M. . . . . 249
The flowers have gone to bed . . . . . 264
The heaven is bright . . . . . 18
The Knight is away in the merry greenwood . . . . . 310
The Magi came out of the Orient Land . . . . . 468
The mountains waver through my tears . . . . . 357
The pines have gathered upon the hill . . . . . 185
The restless clock is ticking out . . . . . 469
The ribs of new moons . . . . . 176
The Rock-a-By Lady from Hushaby Street . . . . . 275
The rooks' nests do rock on the tree-top . . . . . 100
The rose is sleeping beside the marjoram . . . . . 156
The rosy clouds float overhead . . . . . 269
The sky is dark and the hills are white . . . . . 191
The snow is white, the wind is cold . . . . . 255
The stars shine forth from the blue sky . . . . . 477
The sun has sunk behind the hills . . . . . 166
The sun is sleeping in the skies . . . . . 167
The sun is weary, for he ran . . . . . 222
The sunset deepens in the West . . . . . 178
The tree leaves are murmuring hua-la-la . . . . . 312
The Virgin stills the crying . . . . . 395
The Virgin thus to Jesus did sing . . . . . 399
The wind is awake on the mountain's breast . . . . . 196
The wind is tapping the window-pane . . . . . 147
The wind whistled loud at the window-pane . . . . . 184
The winds are whispering over the sea . . . . . 118
The winds go down in peace, dear child . . . . . 90
The years they come, and the years they go . . . . . 355
There, go to sleep, Dolly, in own mother's lap . . . . . 526
There hath come an host to see Thee . . . . . 437
There is a Child born of our blessed Virgin . . . . . 418
There sitteth a dove, so white and fair . . . . . 474
There, there, there . . . . . 386
There's a baby moon rocking far up in the sky . . . . . 172
They are fluttering and fluttering, like birds upon the tree 227
This endris night . . . . . 410
Thou canst not understand my words . . . . . 379
Thou, from whom we never part . . . . . 493
Thou little child, with tender, clinging arms . . . . . 77
Thou that once, on mother's knee . . . . . 490
Thy heart and mine are one, my dear . . . . . 74
'Tis night on the mountain . . . . . 114
To sleep the corn is sinking . . . . . 236
Toutouie la, la, my little child . . . . . 70
Trylle the ball, again, my Jacke . . . . . 2
Twilight is here and the baby is weary . . . . . 268
Up and down, up and down . . . . . 254
Upon my lap, my Sovereign sits . . . . . 420

Watch over me while I'm asleep . . . . . 477
We are sailing away in a Wonder-Boat . . . . . 284
Wee Willie Winkie rins through the town . . . . . 314
Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee . . . . . 352
We've wandered all about the upland fallows . . . . . 217
What a plague is this o' mine . . . . . 312
What danger, Mary . . . . . 441
What do they do in Bylo-land . . . . . 292
What does little birdie say . . . . . 231
What has this man got? A sack . . . . . 265
What is the little one thinking about? . . . . . 16
What is the road to Slumberland . . . . . 248
What shall I sing to thee, babe, on my back? . . . . . 194
When all the little birds have gone to rest. . . . . 97
When all the West is fold on fold . . . . . 278
When bairns on pillows lay their heids . . . . . 294
When children lay them down to sleep . . . . . 129
When, in the carven chest . . . . . 342
When little birdie bye-bye goes . . . . . 208
When out of the West long shadows creep . . . . . 142
When prayers have been offered and good-nights are said 281
When the lights are lit . . . . . 263
When the little children sleep . . . . . 128
When the low flying wind, awake . . . . . 333
When the moon is afloat . . . . . 334
When the shades of night are falling, and the sun goes down . . . . . 271
When the Sleepy Man comes with the dust on his eyes . 274
When the sun has left the hill-top . . . . . 67
When the toys are growing weary . . . . . 272
When the voices of children are heard on the green . . 159
Where does my sweetheart baby go . . . . . 277
Where the waves are lapping, lapping softly o'er the pearly pebbles . . . . . 192
Where was a jewel and pretty . . . . . 300
While the angels sang hosannas! . . . . . 395
Whipp'will's singin' to de moon . . . . . 240
Whisper, whisper out of the west . . . . . 189
White little hands . . . . . 20
Who all time dodgin' en de cott'n en de corn? . . . . 23
Who is it opens her blue bright eye . . . . . 10
Why dost thou weep, my child? . . . . . 21
Willie, fold your little hands . . . . . 367
Ye little elves, who haunt sweet dells . . . . . 333
You cried in your sleep for your mother, dear . . . . 377
You spotted snakes with double tongue . . . . . 328

# LINES FROM REFRAINS


PAGE

Ah, sleep, ma li'l baby . . . . . 146
And it's O! sweet, sweet! and a lullaby . . . . . 69
Baby, baby! . . . . . 377
Balow, la-low! . . . . . 350
Bide but a little longer . . . . . 50
Blossom, blossom, nestle close! . . . . . 330
Bye, bye, drowsiness o'ertaking . . . . . 92
Bye oh! Baby bye! . . . . . 227
Byo, baby boy, oh bye . . . . . 23
Go to sleep, my little pickaninny . . . . . 319
Heigh-ho, my baby, O . . . . . 284
Heigh O! Heugh O! what'll I do wi' ye? . . . . . 338
Hush-a-by, babe not mine . . . . . 322
Hush-a-by, rock-a-by, brown little papoose . . . . . 219
Hush thee, darling, sleep! . . . . . 184
It's time little people were going to bed . . . . . 218
La lullaby, sleep on, my child . . . . . 132
Lennavan mo . . . . . 369
Lul-la-by-o, by-lo, baby . . . . . 80
Lulla, la lulla, lulla, lullaby . . . . . 416
Lulla, lulla, lullaby . . . . . 328
Lullaby and lullaloo; sleep, lammie, noo . . . . . 45
Lullaby, baby . . . . . 233
Lullaby, baby, lullaby dear! . . . . . 277
Lullaby, lullaby—lullaby . . . . . 262
Lullaby, lullaby, rock-a-by, baby . . . . . 150
Lullaby, my gentle boy . . . . . 362
Lullaby, sweet lullaby! . . . . . 83
Lullaby, sweet lullaby, at closing of the day . . . . . 143
Lullay, lullow . . . . . 408
Lullay, mine Liking . . . . . 413
Now rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, pretty babie! . . . . . 468
O hushaby, little one, sleep . . . . . 172
O hushy, hushy ba' . . . . . 137
O sleep, my baby, sleep . . . . . 64
Oh, hush thee—hush thee—hush-a-by, darling . . . . . 383
Oh, weary, my Dearie, so weary! . . . . . 274
Rest thee, rest thee, little one! . . . . . 343
Rock, little baby, rock . . . . . 283
Rock them, rock them, lullaby . . . . . 19
Shoheen sho, lu-lu-lo! . . . . . 326
Shoheen, shoheen, shoheen, shoheen . . . . . 323
Shuheen sho, lulo, lo! . . . . . 325

Silvah moon am sailin' low . . . . . 98
Sing a low! . . . . . 170
Sing, lullaby, my little boy . . . . . 420
Sleep, Kentucky Babe! . . . . . 316
Sleep, little one, sleep . . . . . 191
Sleep, my baby, sleep! . . . . . 47
Sleep, my baby, sleep . . . . . 264
Sleep, my darling, thou art weary . . . . . 357
Sleep, my Heart's Desire . . . . . 427
Sleep, my little one, sleep . . . . . 147
Sleep, sleep, sleep . . . . . 234
Sleep, softly sleep, my pretty one . . . . . 469
So blyssid be the tyme . . . . . 408
So hush-a-by, wearie my Dearie . . . . . 274
Sweet one, sleep to my lullaby . . . . . 94
Sweetly sleep; Jesus doth keep . . . . . 119
Swing, li'l' cradle, swing, swing . . . . . 164
To and fro, lu la lo . . . . . 61
To Thee a thousand times we raise . . . . . 397
Where all the flowers go niddlety nod . . . . . 293

# LULLABIES IN THE NEGRO DIALECT


| | | PAGE |
|---|---|---|
| Anonymous | Sleep-Time in Darktown | 170 |
| Anonymous | A Song of Sleep-Time | 250 |
| Barker, E. D. | Go Sleep, Ma Honey | 240 |
| Buck, R. H. | Kentucky Babe | 316 |
| Daly, T. A. | A Dixie Lullaby | 267 |
| Dulaney, Emma | Honey-Bug Baby.[1] | |
| Dunbar, P. L. | Lullabies.[1] | |
| Edwards, H. S. | Mammy's Li'l Boy | 23 |
| Garnett, L. A. | De Li'l' Jesus-Baby | 451 |
| Garnett, L. A. | Li'l' Yaller Cradle | 164 |
| Gillilan, S. W. | Mammy's Lullaby | 241 |
| Johnson, J. W. | De Little Pickaninny's Gone to Sleep.[1] | |
| Johnson, J. W. | You's Sweet to Yo' Mammy Jes' De Same | 99 |
| Jones, G. M. | Old Mammy's Lullaby Songs.[1] | |
| Leamy, E. S. | Lullaby | 146 |
| Melton, W. F. | Black Mammy's Lullaby | 154 |
| Miner, L. R. | De Li'l' Road to Res' | 251 |
| Miner, L. R. | Dey Don' Know | 317 |
| Plass, W. H. | Sleep, My Little 'Simmon-Colored Coon | 220 |
| Pratt, H. N. | Lullaby-O, By-O Babe | 97 |
| Stanton, F. L. | The Little Dreamers | 365 |
| Starr, Hattie | Little Alabama Coon | 319 |
| Weeden, Howard | Mammy's Lullaby.[1] | |
| Young, Martha | Black Mother's Lullaby.[1] | |


[1] Not included in this collection.

DATE DUE

APR 20 '86
MAY 4

GAYLORD

PRINTED IN

P N 33760
6110
C 4
S 57
Smith
Book of lullabies
DATE | ISSUED TO

PN 33760
6110
C 4
S 57

COLON
4
New Yor